

FAMILIAR
LETTERS

BETWEEN THE
Principal Characters

IN
DAVID SIMPLE,

And SOME OTHERS.

To which is added,

A V I S I O N.

By the AUTHOR of
DAVID SIMPLE.

V O L. II.

D U B L I N:

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FAMILIAR LETTERS.

VOL. II.

LETTER XX.

LYSIMACHUS to CRATANDER at London.

S I R,

[From Cambridge.]

A

S you permitted me, when I left Town, to hope for the Pleasure of your Correspondence, I cannot help taking the first Opportunity of shewing I am not insensible of the Favour.

MY Journey was very dull ; for, altho' the Coach was full, I found it very difficult to make the least Entertainment out of any of the Company. We were all Men, which made me hope, we should soon become acquainted : So indeed we did, and too much so ; for I found every one of them without any Ceremony gave way to the natural Bent of his own Disposition, without any Consideration for any thing but himself. One was an Objection-Maker (a Character, I dare say, you are no Stranger to.) It was impossible to propose any thing he had not something to say against ; and all his fright seemed to be, that any thing he had not first thought on, should be right. Another was so tenacious of his own Humour, that he could not bear the least Contradiction, and keep his Temper. You may be sure these two agreed extremely, at least if Noise and Wrangling about nothing can be called agreeing.

WE dropped the latter at the End of the second Day's Journey ; and then the Objection-maker, if no-

body else happened to form any Scheme, or make any Proposal, would do it himself one minute, and contradict it the next, rather than not keep his favourite Talent in play. I was sometimes diverted with the Oddness of his Humour, but could not help reflecting, if he had any family, what a Life they must lead; for, without his appearing to command, they can never follow the most innocent Inclination in peace.

A THIRD of my Gentlemen was so delicate, he could meet with nothing upon the Road to please him; Inns were such horrid places, it was impossible to bear the Inconveniencies of them. At every Meal we were stunned with his swearing, and finding fault with all the Servants, and fretting, because he could meet with nothing nice enough to satisfy his Hunger; and all the way in the Coach, we were entertained with the Badness of what we had already met with, and Proposals of what we should have next, eternally contradicted by the abovemention'd Gentleman; tho' by the way he was very indifferent as to himself, what he eat or drank. The Epicures Family, you may be sure, enjoy Meals *quiet*, and *pleasant* enough to help *Digestion*.

THE Fourth took it into his head to govern the Stage-Coachman; and, as that is generally a pretty hard Task, he took care to quarrel with him at every Place we arrived at; and then fell into Passions with us in the Coach, because we would not all do the same thing; and insisted that we should give him nothing. But the Objection-Maker swore, if he persisted in such *Folly*, he alone would give him double as much as he used to have from the whole Coach. The governing Gentleman must be a delightful Master of a Family, undoubtedly vastly *beloved*, and not *at all feared*.

THE fifth Traveller said nothing the whole way, but yes, or no: but lest he should have no share in making the Noise, he voluntarily hum'd a Song in a disagreeable Voice from Morning till Night, whilst every now and then the Objection-Maker peevishly desired him to be quiet; which had no other Effect, than to make him sing something the louder; as much

as to say; "If I take a Place in a Stage Coach, and
"pay for it, I have a right to do what I please in it"

You may be sure, these were all very agreeable Companions to me, who have always laid it down as a Maxim and Rule for the Conduct of my Life, to take every thing as I meet with it, and make the best of whatever I cannot remedy. And there is hardly any of the common Occurrences in Life, but what are very supportable, and often might be made even pleasant, if not loaded with Inconveniencies, by the Folly of those, who, by fretting and fuming, provoke and inflame a small Scratch into a painful Wound. However, I thank God, I am in very good Health, and rid of my troublesome Company, (for, by being confined to them so long, they grew very much so,) and at liberty to leave what is disagreeable to me whenever I please.

I DINED three Days ago with *Minutius*, and three other Gentlemen: He is a single Man; so we had no Ladies with us; and the Conversation turned mostly on Learning. After we had run through a Criticism on the Surface of all the best Authors amongst the Classics, it was natural for *Shakespear* not to escape coming under our Observation. The Play that was chiefly talked on, was *King Lear*. You know I am so great an Admirer of that Play, I cannot help being pleased whenever it is mentioned; as I think it is impossible ever to read or consider of it, without finding new Beauties unobserved before. I hoped to hear something new on that Head, therefore hearkened at first with the strictest Attention; but I soon perceived the Characters, the Moral, the nice Touches of the Passions, were not the Points to be considered; but in their stead, the finding out the Meaning of some obsolete Words, and obscure Expressions made use of by *Edgar*, when he was personating a Madman, and by the Fool, when he was rattling on, to divert his poor distressed Master, seemed to be the only thing worthy Attention. *Minutius* has a very good Library in the next Room to that in which we sat, and in a quarter of

an Hour all the several Editions of *Shakeſpear*, and all the old Dictionaries that could be thought on, overſpread the Table. Each Man took one, and was very buſy in looking over it. But now I ſoon found, that the finding out the Meaning was not the Deſign neither; but the Point chiefly aimed at by every Perſon was to prove his own Conjeſtures right, and, as ſoon as any one mentioned a Hint, that he thought he had diſcovered the Author's Meaning, all the reſt, without conſidering of it, ſet themſelves immediately to prove him in the wrong, with ſo eager an Emulation, that they would hardly give one another Leave to ſpeak.

WHEN I was convinced this was the Caſe I left them, alternatively diſputing and poring over their Books; and yet I will answer for it, if they ſat all Night, they were never the nearer concurring in their Opinions. I could not forbear ſmiling, to ſee them ſo long neglect what was really valuable, to employ themſelves with ſuch Earneſtneſs about a Trifle; not that I have any Fault to find with this Branch of Criticiſm; for the buſy, reſtleſs Mind of Man is well employed, when it is innocently amused: But I ſhould be ſorry to ſee the Farmer, altho' Straw and Stubble may be uſeful properly applied, take a fancy that he could make them into Bread, whiſt he litter'd the Stable, and fed his Hogs with Wheat and Oats.

TRUE Wiſdom conſiſts in making the right Uſe of every thing, even what is moſt trifling, but always ſo as to keep the Power of diſtinguiſhing what is eſtimable in itſelf, from that which at beſt can only be ſaid not to be hurtful. But the Reflection on this, has ſince become a melancholy Conſideration to me, by obſerving that the Eagernels for this Sort of Criticiſm in thoſe Gentlemen, really ariſes from a Motive which ſpoils their Characters, hardens their Hearts, and makes them ſecret Enemies to each other: for, altho' a Delight in the ſame Subject of Converſation brings them often together, yet they rather meet like Prize-Fighters, in hopes of gaining a Victory, than like Friends

Friends to instruct and please each other; and, like Prize Fighters, they shake Hands at meeting, tho' each knows in his Heart, he comes there to slash and cut his Antagonist without Mercy, deep enough to draw the Blood, only to shew his own Strength and Skill. In all their Arguments, the great fear of granting too much, lest what followed should make against their own favourite Conjectures, and the Expressions they made use of, such as, *I am sure that is unanswerable; Now I have gained that Point, &c.* were strong Proofs, what Point they proposed to gain, namely, the Honour of having first found out what, in *their Opinions*, appeared of too great Consequence, to yield the Glory of it to any but themselves.

ANOTHER Art too I found they made use of, was this, that when they could not presently recollect any thing to the purpose, they raised their Voices to such a pitch in *talking from the Purpose*, as visibly shewed a Resolution, that no one else should be heard. And, whenever one of these Gentlemen are catched separate from the rest, the sly Innuendos, and depreciating Expressions they think proper, from their great *Friendships*, and *Love* to their Companions, to afford one another, are plain Proofs how much Affection or Taste, and how little *Vanity* is concerned in the Choice of their Company. And I was told last Night by a Gentleman, who has had a long acquaintance with them all, that he has known them do a hundred sly underhand Tricks, to hurt one another, notwithstanding they seem so well pleased to be together; and whilst one of them is in Company, the Conversation never ceases on the Failings of the rest, from the great *Sorrow* and *Compassion* he has for them. Unfortunate for him, poor Man! that his Mind could choose to dwell so long on a Subject, that so visibly makes him uneasy.

BUT, to prevent my falling into the same Error myself, I will dwell no longer on this disagreeable Subject; for, I am very certain, what I have said, joined with your own Experience of the World, will

give you as full an Idea of these Gentlemens Characters and Turn of Mind, as if I was to write a Quire of Paper about them.

I am, &c.

LYSIMACHUS.

LETTER XXI.

CRATANDER to LYSIMACHUS at Cambridge.

S I R,

[From London.

I AM very sorry you met with such dull Company in your Journey; but as you was out of their reach when I had the Pleasure of your Letter, I could not help being entertained with your Account of their various Characters; because my mind immediately ran over so many Scenes of my Life, where the whole Company have been displeased, for no other Reason but a *noble* and *wise* Resolution of being so. Your Account of the Criticks is so just a Picture of many Conversations, and so lively a Representation of the Motives to numberless ill-natur'd Actions we are at first startled at, and puzzled to find out any Motive at all for; that it forced me to place before my Eyes several of my Acquaintance whom I should be very glad not to see in that light. But there are many Scenes in the common Intercourse with Men, that in themselves would appear ridiculous, and be the Subject of Laughter, if Experience did not prove them such strong and indelible Marks of Mens Characters, as makes the Reflection painful. I will now give you an Example of what I say.

I SPENT the Evening before last at *Rufus's*, where was also *Pirithous*, *Empedocles*, and *Tiberius*. When I came in, they were all in such an uproar of laughing, that it was some time before I could find out the Cause of their Mirth, (and I believe was I to give you a
hundred

hundred Years to guess the Joke, you would still be ignorant of it.) But at last *Rufus* told me, as well as he could speak in the Intervals of his Fits of Laughter, that *Caius*, a particular Friend of theirs, was utterly ruined by *his own Fault*; for that he had taken it into his head to fall in love with *Priscilla*, who had first undone, and then jilted him: "Now, continued he, I loved the Man very well; he has often made me merry, and I should have *pitied him*, if any unforeseen Accident had befallen him; but it is so much his own *Folly* to be so *deceived*, that I cannot help being diverted with it. I warrant he thought the Lady liked him; yes, no doubt, she was in love with him.—Here he stopt, for this mighty Jest renewed the *Mirth*, and the Roar continued, till I really grew quite peevish, and could not forbear saying, I suppose, Gentlemen, if you had any Friend so ill of the Small-pox, that his Recovery was despaired of, and if you could find that he had got the Disease, by going out when he might have stayed at home, and you could discover by that means that you might any way call it *his own Fault*; you would think him the Object of Mirth. They all stared at me for some time as if I had been a Monster, for not participating in their *Jollity*, as they were pleased to think it. At last *Empedocles*, with a Shrug of his Shoulders, and a contemptuous Sneer, thought proper to answer me thus: "And pray, Sir, are you the weeping Philosopher? "Are you too *wise* to be merry? Pray what are the proper Objects of *Ridicule*, but those Misfortunes which *Folly* and *Ignorance* bring upon People? I don't know what one has to do in this World, but to divert one's self at other's Expence. For it is their own Fault: Why do they give us that Advantage over them? I assure you, I would not lose the Capacity or Opportunity of being merry, and enjoying the Company of my Friends, for all your fancied Wisdom and cynical Philosophy."

ALL this Wit, added to the whimsical Gestures of the Speaker, caused another loud Roar; and then *Pirithous* took me to task as follows: "Now, Friend,

“ says he, I will tell you a Story, which if you don’t
 “ think ridiculous, I will give you up to your own
 “ *four Disposition*, and utterly despair of curing you.
 “ A Friend of mine the other day was arrested, and
 “ carried to Prison : And what do you think was the
 “ Cause of it ? Neither Extravagance nor Misfortunes ;
 “ but he was so great a *Fool*, that he could never en-
 “ joy any thing, unless his Friends shared it with him ;
 “ and so strenuously he served one at one time, and
 “ another at another, that at last he could support it
 “ no longer ; and has now no hopes of Relief. He
 “ sent to me to have been Bail for him ; but I knew
 “ better things. No, no, thought I, who would be
 “ *Fool then ?* I have often advised him not to go on
 “ so ; but the *silly Wretch* would not hearken to me.
 “ And now I suppose you would have me cry, because
 “ he finds to his *own Cost*, how much I was in the
 “ right. But indeed I shall not ; for I am pleased
 “ with it. If indeed a Banker had broke, or any
 “ thing of that kind——Here *Tiberius*, in haste to
 “ vent a fine Sentence, interrupted him, and cried
 “ out, “ Right, *Empedocles* ; if after all the prudent
 “ Considerations for *himself* a Man ought to have, any
 “ Misfortunes had attended him, and he had not been
 “ to *blame*, he certainly had been *the Object of Pity* ;
 “ Christianity then would have obliged us to Com-
 “ passion.”

The Word Christianity uttered in this manner, by a
 Wretch who in the same Breath dared to plead in justi-
 fication of indulging cruel Sensations, struck me with
 such Horror, that I left the Room with the utmost
 Precipitation. But as I went out, I heard echoing
 Laughter resound so loud, that I was convinced they
 were enjoying the Triumph they thought due to the
 Victory of having drove me from the Room, as they
 imagined, by the Strength of their Arguments, and
 the Force of their Understandings. You may be sure
 I did not give myself any trouble about what they
 thought ; and I really was shocked to reflect, what
 must be the real Motive of all the Actors in this, to
 me horrid, to them entertaining Scene. I did not
 want

want any further light into their Characters ; but happening this Morning to speak of this Conversation to a Gentleman with whom I breakfasted, he told me he knew them all four, and the History of their Lives very well ; and he would tell me a particular Story of each of them, which he thought as strong Characteristicks as could be given. Although I thought I knew them full *enough*, yet Curiosity to know how their Lives tallied with their late Discourse, led me to accept my Friend's Offer ; and he began as follows :

“ *RUFUS* lost his Mother when he was ten Years
 “ old. His Father married again, as soon as Decency
 “ would permit. He chose a young Lady born and
 “ bred a Gentlewoman, altho' she had no Fortune to
 “ bring with her. But if it was possible for any Behaviour to make amends for the want of it, *Delia*
 “ (for that was the young Lady's Name) might justly
 “ be said to do so. Contrary to most Step-Mothers,
 “ she endeavoured by an unaffected Love for her Husband's Son, to lose that Distinction ; and by all the
 “ Marks of a parental Fondness, tried to make *Rufus*
 “ forget she was not his Mother by nature. But as her
 “ Husband was very covetous in his Disposition, and
 “ as his Love for her was only an ungovernable
 “ Passion for her Person, soon grown weary of that,
 “ he looked upon her as having cost him greatly too
 “ dear ; and continually calculated how much Money
 “ he was out of Pocket through her Means, by considering the Fortune his Estate might have demanded
 “ with another Woman. *Rufus*, who has all the
 “ little low Cunning that generally waits on Folly,
 “ made use of every mean Artifice to aggravate his
 “ Father's Dislike to his Wife ; and the Life the poor
 “ Woman led between them, was too miserable to
 “ admit of a Description. When *Rufus* was One-and-twenty, his Father died : he had taken care to settle
 “ but half enough to keep his Wife, before he was
 “ married, that she might be debarred from any
 “ Claim afterwards. This he did, only to try if by
 “ her Behaviour she would deserve more ; which she
 “ certainly did not : for she was guilty of that great
 “ Offence

“ *Offence* of not being able to prevent his being tired
 “ of her Person, and to enhance her *Crime*, behaved
 “ in such a manner, that he could not possibly throw
 “ the fault on her. He therefore left her nothing
 “ more than he had at first settled; and the Moment
 “ he was dead, *Rufus* barbarously turned his Mother
 “ (for so she was in all her Actions towards him) and two
 “ little Girls she had by his Father, out of his House,
 “ to wander and provide for themselves as they could.
 “ *Delia* did not long survive this Treatment, and he
 “ has since allowed her two Daughters just enough to
 “ say he keeps them, and to prevent their Application
 “ to any other Person from having any Effect. And
 “ all the Justification he can bring for this Behaviour
 “ is, that he has a Right to do as he pleases with his
 “ own Property. But here I will leave him, as I
 “ think his Character must be so very clear to you as
 “ to want no further Explanation.”

“ *TIBERIUS* contracted what is called a *Friend-*
 “ *ship* at School with a young Gentleman called *Pho-*
 “ *cion*; they were then Equals: but ever since they
 “ came into the World, *Tiberius* has been in the pos-
 “ session of a very good Estate, and *Phocion* has been
 “ always in great Distress. However, *Tiberius* was so
 “ generous as to lend him a small Sum upon a Scheme,
 “ which had it succeeded, must certainly have made
 “ his Fortune, with a Promise of its being repaid with
 “ more Interest than a common Usurer would have
 “ demanded. The Scheme, contrary to a very high
 “ degree of Probability, failed; *Phocion* was undone,
 “ and *Tiberius* disappointed; but would not bear the
 “ Disappointment, without somewhere wreaking his
 “ Revenge. The unfortunate *Phocion* then must be
 “ the Object of it; all Reasons were vain, a total In-
 “ capacity of paying the Money was not admitted as
 “ an Inducement to Mercy. *Tiberius* demanded but
 “ *his own*, and *Phocion* in justice could not deny com-
 “ plying with his Demand, whether it was in his
 “ power or no. *Phocion*, irritated with repeated In-
 “ sults, and more galled with *Tiberius*’s cruel Beha-
 “ viour than his own unhappy Circumstances, could
 “ not

“ not help at last representing to him, how unreasonable it was thus to upbraid him with the not performing Impossibilities. This was an unpardonable Fault, and poor *Phocion* like the Lamb in the Fable was in the power of a Wolf, whose own Inclination and Resolution to devour him, was not to be altered or softned by any thing he could say or do. The Result was ; *Tiberius*’s prosecuting all the Rigour of the Law, and *Phocion*’s being unmercifully thrown into Prison. A melancholy Consideration! when we reflect that the Prosecutor, even in *Interest*, is so far from being the better for it, that he is obliged to support, or rather to prolong the Life of his *imaginary Adversary* in that Misery he has barbarously and willingly thrown him into.

“ *PIRITHOUS* has a large Estate ; infomuch that in one Parish where he is Lord of the Mannor he has 1500 *l.* a Year. Mr. —, the Parson of the Parish and he always agreed extremely. He demanded nothing unreasonable, was a kind Patron ; and Mr. —, full of Gratitude for his Goodness, loved and esteemed him. About five Years ago *Pirithous* married a Lady, whose whole Soul was filled with Vanity, and who never was sensible of any other Pleasure, but that of trampling her Inferiors under her Feet. Mr. — soon found that the Change of the old Customs of the House made it so disagreeable to him, that he absented himself more and more, till at last he attended very seldom amongst the Lady’s Train. She immediately, without any Reflection that her good Behaviour caused this Alteration, wondered what the Creature meant ; sure he was guilty of the highest Ingratitude to *Pirithous*, for which she could not forgive him, altho’ she was of the most forgiving Temper alive.

“ THIS was her Pretence for railing against him ; but in her heart her chief Anger was, his once beginning Prayers, before she thought proper to parade up the Church, when he thought it would be Mockery and Indecency, to make a whole Congregation, who were solemnly met to attend Divine

“ Service.

“ Service, wait longer for the insolent Lady of the
 “ Squire of the Parish. This she construed to be
 “ Pride, (a Word constantly retorted on all who fail
 “ to pay the proper Adoration to those who are their
 “ own imaginary Deities.) In short, she so much in-
 “ censed her Husband, who before only wanted a
 “ Temptation to be wicked, that he lets his whole
 “ Estate of 1500 *l.* a Year lie fallow and uncultivated,
 “ only that he may not pay Tythes. Since he has
 “ been guilty of this Cruelty, he takes all Opportu-
 “ nities of arguing in the Defence of Cruelty. The
 “ Clergyman bears a very good Character, has a large
 “ Family, which, with himself, are almost starved by
 “ this inhuman Treatment of his former Patron.
 “ And yet what he owed to *Pirithous* for being his
 “ former Patron, has so much raised his Gratitude,
 “ that he suffers all with a true Christian Meekness.
 “ And it was by very great accident I happened to
 “ hear this Story, which I should be glad to forget.
 “ But it made so deep an Impression, that my Me-
 “ mory retains it too faithfully ; as it does also what
 “ I am now going to tell you of *Empedocles*. He has
 “ lived most part of his time in the Country ; and
 “ there he once took it into his head to breed up a
 “ Fawn in so tender and familiar a manner, that he
 “ fed it from his Table with his own Hand. He de-
 “ lighted to make it his Play-thing, whilst the poor
 “ artless innocent Fawn took his Behaviour for real
 “ Fondness, and gratefully returned it in kind. When
 “ this Creature became a full-grown Hind, she still
 “ continued as tame as ever, waited on her Master’s
 “ Will, attended his Call, and obey’d his Commands,
 “ and daily learned some new Method of playing
 “ little harmless Tricks to divert and entertain him.
 “ Poor Wretch ! that Food which Nature craved,
 “ became doubly sweet, and was heightened into the
 “ greatest Pleasure by the Kindness of the Hand that
 “ gave it. And she grew at last so fond of her Ma-
 “ ster, that she refused Nourishment from any other
 “ Hand than his. But not being totally exempt from
 “ the Frailties of her Kind, the Servants accused her
 “ of

“ of having gnawed some old coarse Linen, and being
 “ otherwife troublesome in some trifling things with-
 “ out doors, she was proved guilty ; and *Empedocles*,
 “ her kind Master, her Friend, her merciful Judge,
 “ without one Fear, or one fond Struggle to alleviate
 “ the Sentence, pronounced her Punishment to be
 “ Death ; and, lest any Spark of Humanity should
 “ appear, did not chuse a Gun or Pistol at once to end
 “ her, but chose to send to a neighbouring Squire
 “ the welcome News, that, if he would appoint the
 “ Day, he would give him the Diversion of Hind-
 “ hunting. Accordingly the Day was fixed, and this
 “ favourite Hind, accustomed to meet none but
 “ Friends, and unused to be pursued by merciless
 “ Enemies, was turned out before the Dogs ; how-
 “ ever, spurred on by Fear, she held a pretty long
 “ Chace, and, when drove to the last Extremity,
 “ panting for Breath, and already almost half-dead,
 “ she took Shelter in a Barn behind some Corn, in
 “ such a manner, that the Dogs could not easily get
 “ in upon her ; but the *Sportsmen*, not willing to lose
 “ their Diversion, tryed every Method they could
 “ think of to cajole her out, but all their Endeavours
 “ proved vain, till *Empedocles* (for fear Cruelty was not
 “ sufficient, unless he joined it to Treachery) ordered
 “ the Dogs to be called off at a distance, whilst in the
 “ same familiar Names he had formerly given her, and
 “ with the same friendly Voice with which he used to call
 “ her to take her Food, or to attend and play before him
 “ in the Fields, allured the poor deceived Hind from the
 “ place of Safety she had chose ; then craftily stroaked
 “ her Head, whilst she in gratitude for the Refuge her
 “ trembling Limbs wanted, and she now thought she
 “ had found, licked his Hand, and, half-dead with
 “ Fear and Fatigue, laid herself down at his Feet ; at
 “ the same time looking at him so piteously, as if she
 “ would say, that to him only could she vent her
 “ Grievs, or make her Complaints. This, one would
 “ imagine, must have melted the hardest Heart ; but
 “ *Empedocles* lost to all Sense of Humanity, in the very
 “ moment the poor Creature was expressing, as well
 “ as

“ as she could, her Confidence in him, with both her
 “ Gratitude and Fondness, with Hands scarce ceasing
 “ from stroaking her, took her up, and turned her out
 “ again before the Dogs, more merciful by far, be-
 “ cause their Enmity was open and professed. She
 “ could not stand the Chace much longer, and ran so
 “ weakly after this, that one could be almost tempted
 “ to think, she thought her Life not worth preserving,
 “ since she was thus given up a Sacrifice by her only
 “ Friend, who, instead of reflecting on what he had
 “ done, invited his Neighbours to partake with him
 “ in a Feast, barbarous as that of *Medea*’s, where the
 “ principal Joke was the manner, by which he had
 “ ensnared this poor innocent Creature.”

HERE my Friend ceased, and we sat a quarter of an
 Hour staring at each other, with Tears swelling in our
 Eyes, and could utter no other Words but cruel *Empe-*
docles ! savage barbarous Empedocles !

I am, &c.

CRATANDER.

LETTER XXII.

SOPHRONIA to CELIA at London.

Dear CELIA,

[From the Country.

YOU will see by this, I have not forgot our reciprocal Promise of a Correspondence when we parted ; and, as our Separation is my only Punishment in this Retreat from Noise and Hurry, it is indeed very improbable, I should neglect any Opportunity of conversing with you.

THE present Calm of my Mind, unruffled by Passions, undisturbed by any Perturbation, daily strengthens those Sentiments you always so vehemently oppose ; namely, how much more eligible it is, to be contented
 with

with Ease, and moderate Amusements, than to be continually grasping at Pleasures so refined, that they are at most but barely to be come at; and are generally so greatly overbalanced by the Torments that accompany them.

Books of Philosophy are now my Delight; and I can sit Hours under the Shade of a great Tree, conversing with those Sages of Antiquity, who, by the help of a Translator, are intelligible to an *English* Reader. By their Assistance, I can conquer all my Passions; and you cannot imagine the Pleasure I receive from finding their Sentiments correspond so exactly with my own.

I AM sometimes led to flatter myself that (young as I am) were they alive, and present, they would not disdain to converse with me. This Thought encourages me to proceed in my Philosophy; and I find an Indulgence in it, that fully compensates the Pains I take to subdue my Passions. I have my Companions too among the modern Ethical Writers; and when I read in *Rochefocault*, that it is difficult to conquer our Passions, but impossible to satisfy them; I am so vastly pleased with the Thought, that I have so wisely preferred a Study, in which I can find so much to please me, to the foolish attempt of attaining Impossibilities, that I sit for some time pleased with the delightful Meditation, how much I am in the right.

IN my Pursuits, I look on myself as a Heroine that have combated Giants, and lain them all dead at my Feet; for Peace and Joy fill my Mind, and no tumultuous Passion invades my Breast. But, when I have enjoy'd my own Thoughts, and the Philosophy of others, till my imagination cools, and will dwell no longer on one Subject, there is another that constantly starts up, and confirms me in the Resolution of not pursuing Pleasure; namely, an Observation I have always made, that those People, who are most greedy after it, fail most in the attaining it; for one may say of Pleasure, what a very ingenious Author says of Fame:

Fame

*Fame is a Bubble, the Reserv'd enjoy :
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy.*

For whenever I have met with any thing to please me, it has been without my seeking ; and, when my Mind has taken a philosophical Turn, and I have in my Thoughts given up the World, and all its Enjoyments.

THUS I can beguile many Hours, independent from the rest of Mankind ; and when I am tired with my own Contemplations, walk home satisfied with my Sentiments, and yet convinced, that, if any thing above this state of Ease is reserved for me, *when it will come* without my being at any trouble or pains to find it. But you and I have had so many Arguments on this head, that I think it almost time to leave it.

Your old Acquaintance *Chloe* is married to *Filius*, and my near Neighbour in this Country ; you know she used to be always of your Opinion ; and her great Love of Pleasure is ended in the usual unfortunate Manner. Her Husband has no Characteristic, and yet there are very few Characters, which may not be said at different times to belong to him. As the Chameleon assumes the Colour of every Object to which he approaches nighest, so *Filius* varies his Sentiments, and changes his Disposition by every new Acquaintance he meets with. When he courted *Chloe*, his greatest Crony was a passionate Lover : She had then no reason to imagine, but he was of that Class ; returned his apparent Love with a true Affection, and put herself into his power for Life. His first Friend, after he was married, was of a sour severe morose Disposition : *Filius* immediately turned from the tender Lover, into the imperious Husband ; and poor *Chloe* must suffer all the Torments of such a dreadful Change. Then on a sudden, by only spending two Days with *Strepson*, whose Fondness for his Wife, is always brought as an Example by all the Ladies in the Neighbourhood, *Filius* became so very submissive, so totally complying with every Humour of *Chloe's*, that, as she would willingly do whatever would please him best, she lived in
a con-

a continual Fright, lest she should act contrary to his Inclinations ; and yet, from his Over-complaisance, found it was impossible to know what was most agreeable to him. In short, in the little time I have known him, he has assumed such a Multitude of Characters, as in the Repetition would appear almost incredible. He is good or bad, estimable and contemptible, silly and sensible, all by turns, just as Accident throws those various Characters in his way ; but the most unfortunate Whim that ever enter'd into his Head, is that, by which he at present regulates himself : He is become intimate with *Petruchio*, whose Wife is so great a Shrew, that she goes by no other Name, than that of my *Lady Love-rule*. *Petruchio* has Understanding enough not to give way to all her Rages and Passions ; and therefore often affects to be in an equal, or greater Rage, in order to conquer her in her own way. Then home comes *Filius*, storms, fumes and frets at his Wife, and puts himself into a Passion almost frightful to behold, for just nothing at all ; he is resolved to act the Tamer of the Shrew, and only forgets, that it is necessary, in order to top the Part, to have a Shrew to tame ; for that *Chloe* is one of the meekest and most submissive temper'd Women in the World, is a Circumstance that never once enters into his Thoughts. The Lamb in the Fable could not plead for his Life more fruitlessly to the Wolf, than does the innocent *Chloe*, to abate the Rage of her incensed Husband ; incensed only, because it's necessary to keep up his own present assumed Character, without any Provocation from the imaginary Shrew. She has turned this Fable into Verse ; and, as I think it is prettily done, I send it for your Perusal.

A F A B L E from P H Æ D R U S.

S H A L L lawless Force meek Virtue still oppress ?
 And injur'd Innocence find no Redress ?
 Alas ! how easy does the cruel Mind,
 A specious Reason for Injustice find ?

Ob,

*Oh, shun the Wolf's base Reasoning, and his Wrong,
 If Force remains in Fable or in Song.
 In May's fair fragrant Month, a tender Lamb
 Hapless had stray'd far from her Fold and Dam;
 Replete with Innocence, devoid of Fear,
 By Thirst oppress'd, she sought the Water clear:
 The Wolf, rapacious Ranger of the Wood,
 With Heat inflam'd, came also to the Flood.
 But ah! poor Lamb, no more those chrystal Waves,
 And bubbling Fountains, but thy blood he craves:
 And thus he speaks: How, Traitor, dost thou dare
 To sully with thy Mouth these Waters clear?
 So far you stand above, the Lamb reply'd,
 That 'tis from you to me these Waters glide:
 How then can I offend? That boots thee not,
 Says the base Wolf, think'st thou I have forgot
 Thy Insolence six Months ago, when thou
 Did'st stain this Fountain with thy Breath, as now?
 Cry'd the poor trembling Lamb, How weak Defence,
 Before so hard a Judge, is Innocence?
 'Tis not three Months since first I saw the Sun.
 'Twas by thy Father then the Deed was done,
 Reply'd the Wolf: nor adds, but swiftly flies
 To seize his trembling Prey, who guiltless dies.*

C H L O E gave me this herself; but, I believe,
 does not suspect that I know the reason, why this par-
 ticular Fable dwells so strongly on her Mind; for she
 suffers as much from the shape her Husband thinks
 proper to put on, as the poor Lamb did from the
 Wolf's rapacious Nature.

I am, &c.

SOPHRONIA.

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

CELIA to SOPHRONIA in the Country.

Dear SOPHRONIA,

[From London.]

YOUR not changing your Sentiments, by retiring into the Country, you may be very sure; does not greatly amaze me; for a young Woman who was daily courted and admired by a Variety of agreeable Objects, and yet was obstinately bent, in the midst of them, to preserve the Reflection, that an indolent Ease was her only Resource from Pains and Torment, must certainly preserve the same way of thinking in Solitude, where there is no Temptation to alter it: but take care you do not deceive yourself; for it appears to me, that your dwelling so often and so strongly on the Necessity of conquering your Passions, is some small Indication of the great Difficulty you find in doing so.

PERHAPS, whilst you sit and enjoy the Thought of your being worthy to converse with the Sages of Antiquity, all your Passions may not be so entirely lulled to sleep as you imagine. Remember, my dear *Sophronia*, that Pride has a Place, if not the very first Place, amongst those Giants you seem to fancy, you have so like a Heroine combated and overcome.

BUT when you have triumphed in your Conquests, long enough to be tired with your own dazzling Splendor, and have strengthened your laudable Resolutions of avoiding and shunning Pleasure, by the Reflection, that it is generally the Portion of those who least pursue it; then indeed I must confess, that you are perfectly contented with your great, free, and wise philosophical Sentiments. Yes; undoubtedly you despise the End, whilst you are pleased to employ the Means you think most likely to attain that End. This may pass on others; but I, that have known you from your Infancy, cannot be thus imposed on. For I
fancy

fancy, if a Man was to say, that he had left following a Woman, because he found her Disposition was such, that the more he pursued her, the more she fled from him, you would not say that was any Sign of his Indifference to her ; but no Fallacy gains our Belief so easily, *as those which are supported by our inclining to to believe that they are true.

I THANK you for the Fable you sent me, and think it too natural. Poor *Chloe's* Fate really concerns me ; but I cannot, from her Misfortunes, conclude all Happiness to be quite unattainable. If from Instances of that kind we are to draw such Conclusions, in time we may bring ourselves to be as insipid as Stocks or Stones, and as unanimated as that very Tree, you so much delight to shade yourself under. There is no Absurdity we may not by this means give into. We may wish to be born dull, decrepid, old and ugly ; because Spirit, Vivacity, Youth and Beauty have brought with them long Trains of Ills, which might be owing to those very Advantages of Nature.

AFTER all I can say, if you are unalterably fixed to your Choice, and resolve to wish (or at least to fancy you wish) for no higher Bliss than meer Ease, all Arguments will prove vain, and you must continue to act the Part of a Philosopher.

BUT as to my own part, I am convinced I could never make this Scheme agree with my volatile whimsical Temper. My Desires are not so moderate as to be so satisfied ; and I must aim at Pleasure, tho' it serves but to quicken the Sense of Pain.——Well ! let my Life be a fickle *April-Day* ; for though it be attended with Wind or Hail, there will be some gay intervals of blue Heavens and bright Sunshine ; and I should prefer it with all its Changes to the comfortable Constancy of a close, warm, uneasy, low'ring Sky, where one is free indeed from the Terrors of a Storm, but then the Senses are all stupified by a Fog. In short, there is nothing I so much dread as being always asleep ; and yet to repeat Doses of Opium, and sleep away our Time, is not more absurd than to spend our Lives in an Endeavour to keep our Minds but half awake ;

awake; and from a cowardly Fear of ever meeting with an uneasy Sensation, to lull away the very Capacity of enjoying any one that is pleasing.

L A S T Night I spent an Evening so agreeably to my Humour, that it dwells yet upon my Imagination; and by the help of Reflection, I in a manner make it still present to me.

M Y Brother drove me into the Country in a Chaise. The Beauties of the Evening, and the various Prospects we beheld, are not to be described. We sat in our Vehicle on *Wimbledon-Common*, where we could at one View behold the largest and most beautiful Rainbow I ever saw, all the various Colours in Nature were there display'd. The whole city of *London* gilded by the setting Sun, and the Country all around us intermixed with Hills and Valleys, Wood and Water, was placed before our Eyes. You know my Brother's Imagination is so lively, that such a Scene could not be lost upon him; and his Remarks and Taste made me doubly enjoy it.

I N coming home, we accidentally went a small matter out of the Road, to continue the Prospect as long as possible; by which means a little Hillock on one side of the Chaise, which my Charioteer did not perceive, had like to have overturned us. I was frightened for the present Moment; but we came off safe, and the Fright was soon over.

T H I S Accident brought you to my Remembrance; and I could not help thinking how much you and I should differ in our Reflections on such an Occasion. I delighted myself with comparing that trifling Inconvenience with the great Pleasure I had in being with a Person whose Taste was the sole Cause of it; and rejoiced in the Thought, that I had not been saved from that small Fright, by being teased with the Dulness of a Blockhead, who in the midst of that charming Scene would have been incapable of thinking of any thing but the Roads and the Wheels of the Chaise: whereas had it been your Case, you would have gone home, reflecting that there was no Pleasure to be had in this World, forgot all you had enjoyed, and concluded
that

that you had better have stayed at home in Safety, Indolence, and Ease. I am, dear *Sophronia*,

Yours, &c.

CELIA.

LETTER XXIV.

PHARAMOND to CLEOMENES at Oxford.

S I R,

[From London.

THE many Hours you and I have spent in Arguments on the Subject of Vanity, bring you to my Remembrance wherever I go. I believe it is to indulge my own Pride, that I am so willing to recollect our Discourses on that Head; as I fancy I find Proofs in every Company, how much I was in the right, when I asserted, that the Motive to most Conversations was nothing more than a Desire of justifying our own Passions, exulting in our Situations, or shewing our own Parts. The strong Inclination I have to convince you of my Penetration, gives you the trouble of this Epistle. However, I will be generous enough to tell you, that if you cannot bear finding yourself in the wrong, I would not have you read it; because I think you cannot stand out against the Instances I shall here give you, and will be forced to confess, that Vanity has a greater share in the human Mind, than you would ever yet allow me.

I SPENT the Evening yesterday at a Tavern with four young Gentlemen, each of very different Characters, and all Men of Wit and Parts. One is an Epicure, another a Philosopher, a third an ambitious Man, and the fourth actuated chiefly by Avarice.

For some time the Conversation was lively and agreeable; but after the Clock had struck twelve, and the Bottle began to throw them a little off their Guard, we fell into a Discourse on Human Nature, and the Passions

Passions of Mankind. No sooner was this Subject introduced, than the Quixotism of each Man began to exert itself. The good Sense, which they could utter on every other Topick, fled before the very Thoughts of their favourite Passion; and instead of endeavouring to examine and distinguish right from wrong, the only Aim of each Person was to prove, that whatever is the Bent of his own Nature, is the wisest and best Pursuit.

THE Epicure immediately began to wish he had more Senses than Man is endued with, and more Objects than the World produces to gratify them. Discontented with his own Situation, he only modestly wished to rob each Creature of its chief Perfection; the Hawk's Sight, the Hound's Smell, and the Spider's subtle Feeling were all the Objects of his Envy: and then, when he had in *his own Opinion*, a long time eloquently displayed the Wisdom of pursuing Pleasure, he always concluded with a contemptuous Sneer at the rest of Mankind, for the Folly of their various Pursuits.

THE Philosopher could very well answer the Epicure, that his Over-Greediness for Pleasures was the way to lose all Enjoyments; and that by reaching so far beyond the Mark, he lost even what was to be attained. But when this Philosopher came to humour his own Fancy, and to prove that Wisdom alone is Happiness, he argued himself into a Stock or Stone, and talked in such high Flights of the Contempt of Pleasure, as must indeed render a Man utterly incapable of enjoying any.

THE ambitious Man had an equal Contempt for them both, and made a long Harangue on the great Advantage of Power. He never once thought on any of the Anxieties that attend the getting or maintaining it, but turned every Argument on the most pleasing Side, and endeavoured with all his Art to prove, that in that alone true Happiness was to be found. But instead of calling the Desire of Power, Ambition, he gave it the Names of Spirit and Greatness of Mind.

THE avaritious Man said every thing he could think of, to prove that Money alone can give us Happiness; but then he took great care to let us know, that he did not think it valuable for its own sake, but for the Effects it produces; such as Respect, Power, &c. expressing a Detestation for the fordid Miser who hoards up Gold with no farther View; and applauding the Man who by *Prudence* and *Oeconomy* grows rich, and enables himself to purchase what he pleases.

I WAS at first very well entertained; for as all these Gentlemen have good Understandings, every one said as much as the Subject would bear. But when their Vanity began to be piqued by Contradiction, and they were warmed with a Resolution of maintaining what they had once asserted, they really talked such Nonsense, as would have given me an Opinion they were all Fools, had I never seen them before. As I was at last the only Hearer in the Company, they all appealed to me, and at the same time gave me no Opportunity of answering them. It was near two a clock, before they were weary of talking.

I WENT to bed very much tired; but this Morning could not help reflecting on the last Night's Conversation. It appeared odd to me, how Men of Parts could bring themselves to say so many silly things, as every one of these Gentlemen had uttered on the several Subjects which each had engaged himself to defend. And from this Conversation, I thought I found the Reason why Men of great Wit and Parts are generally said to fail in point of Judgment: for there is no Faculty of the Mind or Body, but by being constantly unemployed, may lose its Force and Vigour. Thus when Inclination so far takes up the whole Man as to set him at his wits end to find Reasons for his Conduct, he immediately employs his whole Imagination, and begs the favour of his Judgment not to be so troublesome as to interrupt him in his favourite Scheme, or to be any bar to his Pleasures: for he uses every thing that dares but hint a disagreeable Truth to him, as his greatest Enemy; and nothing but Neglect and Scorn can be the Reward of such *audacious Insolence*. Thus
the

the admirable *Don Quixote* could separate every Idea with the greatest Exactness, join them with the greatest Nicety, and talk judiciously on every Subject, till the Profession of Knight-Errantry became unluckily the Question; and then Sheep were Armies, Windmills Giants, a Barber's Bason *Mambrino's* Helmet, nay a Country Wench winnowing of Wheat was suddenly transformed into a great Princess stringing of Pearls with many other Whimfies of a fantastick distemper'd Brain. His strong Fancy changed every thing he saw into what he desired to see. Even *Sancho Panca*, a poor Country Fellow, who had not read Books of Chivalry, and whose Imagination fell far short of the *Don's* Warmth; altho' he could see an Inn was no Castle, Sheep no Armies, Windmills no Giants, &c. yet no sooner was mention made of the Government of that Island he was to be rewarded with for all his Fatigues; then the tossing in the Blanket with every other Disgrace and Pain he had suffered, vanished from his Thoughts: Honour and Power filled his Mind, and he grew full as mad as his Master.

Now when the strong Bent of a Man's Nature leads him to the indulging one Passion only, on every other Subject he may be a Man of Sense; but when a Man's Pursuits are various, and yet Self is what he considers alone, if he could but find out what would gratify Self most; then, like Mr. *Dryden's Achitophel*,

*In the space of one revolving Moon,
He's Fidler, Player, Statesman, and Buffoon.*

And I doubt not but a Man of Parts would prove, or endeavour to prove, a Buffoon to be the highest Character in Nature, if it was what he chose to be himself. But to tire you no longer with my Observations, I went this Morning to visit all these Gentlemen separately: And to make good what I began with, namely, that Vanity is the Support of most Conversations, I must tell you I found every one of my Gentlemen uneasy, for fear his Antagonists should not think he had got the better. Each boasted his Victory, and found

entire Ease in nothing but a fancied Contempt for all who were so blind as not to be convinced by his powerful Arguments.

THIS Afternoon I fell into company with a Set of Ladies, who were extreme fond of Poetry. One of them had been just reading *The Rape of the Lock*. They all professed their Admiration of that, and the rest of that Gentleman's Poems; and each repeated the Lines that had sunk deepest in her own Memory. I think I can remember every thing that was said, and will send it you just as it was spoke in the first Person, as I think that will give you a stronger Idea of the Conversation.

BELINDA, (a Beauty of Sixteen, who had been married a Week.) What a strong Idea that Line gives?

" There sat Ill-nature, like an antient Maid."

CONSTANTIA, (a Woman of Forty, who had ten Years before refused many Offers.) In my opinion, two of the prettiest Lines that Author ever wrote were these:

" Ah! quit not the free Innocence of Life

" For the dull Glories of a virtuous Wife."

CAMILLA, (who never lost a Lover with her own Consent in her Life.) These Lines are fine:

" The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,

" In search of Mischief still on Earth to roam."

The Answer to this was immediately made by *Prudentia* (who was never known to have admitted a Lover) in a Quotation of these Lines:

" The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,

" And sport and flutter in the Fields of Air."

Then

Then started *Cælia*, a young Lady whose Face it was impossible to find fault with, and with an audible Voice repeated,

“ *If to her share some female Errors fall,
“ Look at her Face, and you’ll forget them all.*”

She had no sooner ceased speaking, than *Clotina*, who had a great deal of invisible Merit, and whose Understanding has never been questioned, stepped forward; and fixing her Eyes on *Cælia*, said, “ I cannot think there is any thing so much worth repeating in those Lines. For my part, I admire what is said in praise of a Woman’s Mind and Behaviour more; such as,

“ *What then remains, but well our Power to use,
“ And keep Good-humour’d still, whate’er we lose?
“ And trust me, Dear, Good-humour can prevail,
“ When Airs, and Flights, and Screams, and Scolding
“ fail:
“ Beauties in vain their pretty Eyes may roll;
“ Charms strike the Sight, but Merit wins the Soul.”*

Cælia was going to answer her, as she took this to be pointed peculiarly at her: but before she had time to speak, the Vanity of each Person began to be piqued; and I could hear nothing more distinctly, but only here and there a Word. *Affectation with a sickly Mein, was uttered by a florid Girl.* All this was spoke with the proper Decorations, such as the insolent Toss of the Head, the contemptuous Sneer, and the angry Flap of the Fan, by which means I was thoroughly convinced they all understood one another’s Meaning.

I HAVE sent you this Conversation, to convince you I was in the right in all our Arguments on Vanity.

I am, S I R,

Your most Obedient,

PHARAMOND.

LETTER XXV.

CLEOMENES to PHARAMOND at London.

SIR,

[From Oxford.]

I THANK you for your obliging Letter, and assure you, it has had the desired Effect on me; for the Scenes you sent me a Description of, and the Reflections I have since made on them, have convinc'd me, I was in the wrong in all our Arguments concerning human Nature; and the Shame I now feel in owning myself so, will be fully compensated by the continual Satisfaction I shall have in knowing, for the future, I am in the right. Every Company I go into, and every Observation I make, is an additional Confirmation of the Justice of your Opinion; and I am so pleased, that Nature has given me Sense enough to understand and admit Truth, when laid before me, and so fond of my new Discovery, that no Child can be prouder, or more delighted with shewing a new Play-thing, than I am with displaying my late got Knowledge; insomuch, that every third Word I speak, and the Conclusion of every Sentence I utter, is Vanity, altho' I take great care to appear as if I had known all this from the time I was born; because it is pleasanter to make our Companions believe we get our Knowledge from Intuition, than that we are beholden to another for any Instructions. Like a Man recovered to Sight after long being blind, Truth breaks upon me with resistless Day; and I think I can account for every Phenomenon in Nature.

I AM now no longer at a loss for the Reason of *Chromulus's* Behaviour; for *Chromulus* was bred up at the University with *Bilbus*. They contracted a strict Friendship, and, in appearance, had a very great affection for each other. *Bilbus* willingly endeavoured to instruct *Chromulus* in every thing he himself had learned; but *Chromulus* found, that his unfortunate Head could not comprehend the Meaning of all that his Friend was so kind

Kind to wish to teach him; and therefore, when he was tired of wasting his Time, and beating his Brains to no manner of purpose, the only Refuge he had left was to decry all Learning, to swear it was a Mark of Dulness, and a want of lively Parts to be able to fix an Attention so strong, as to attain it; and, whenever *Bilbus* is mentioned in his Company, he shrugs up his Shoulders, and affects with a ridiculous Sneer to shew an utter Contempt of him, saying, "that indeed he loved *Bilbus* mightily when he first went to the University, but neither he nor any of his Companions could make any thing of him; for he was so stupid, that he did nothing but pore on *Greek Books*, and grew a perfect Pedant:" concluding with a sort of insulting Pity for him, "that all good Company and merry Fellows were forced to leave him off."

THIS, amongst the People with whom *Chromulus* converses, generally raises a Horse-laugh; and, as he fixes the Idea of Pedantry to learning *Greek*, his Companions are sure it is no Satire upon them, and enjoy the fancied Ridicule, till they are all ready to burst with Pleasure and Joy, that there is any Expedient found out, to make them rest satisfied in their own want of Capacity; and *Pedant, Pedant*, with the Interruption of nothing but Laughter, echoes through the Room; and Smiles or Grins of Approbation grace the Baboon Faces of those who triumph thus in their own Nothingness; and, rather than not exult at all, find out a Pretence of exulting in their own Inferiority.

I AM now at no loss for a Reason, why *Delirius* runs about complaining for every trifling Misfortune which befalls him; for all the Compassion he meets with, is a Proof to him how much he deserves it: for, altho' satisfying his Appetites, taking his Rest, warming himself in the Winter, and cooling himself in the Summer, make up the whole History of his empty Life; yet, as he has been guilty of no Murder, Theft, or Cruelty, he thinks he has Merit enough, to exempt him from the common Misfortunes of Mortals: and his Impatience under them, is really owing to his Pride, in

thinking he deserves to be exempted from all the Miseries that befall his Fellow-Creatures. Nay, I have known him, when he has fancied himself under some great Affliction, get a Cat to purr by him; for, from the melancholy Sound of that Creature, he feeds himself with the Fancy, that his Misfortune affects one living Animal however, besides himself, and this brings him some Consolation.

DORILAS indeed never complains: His Pride is of a superior Degree; and he has a Contempt for others Pity, as well as for their Flattery. He has Vanity enough to satisfy himself without any Assistance; for, as he rests contented that he is the highest Creature in the whole World, he looks down on all Mankind can say, as below his Notice. In Misfortunes, his own Compassion for himself (which he is never without in the highest Degree that can be imagined) is sufficient, and in Prosperity his own Approbation of all his Actions (of which also he is very far from being niggardly) is enough to give him Content, without any foreign Help. He gratifies his Pride, by a fixed Opinion of his own Judgment, and then makes his Judgment so good natur'd, as never to condemn either his Words or Actions. Thus, like the Spider, his own native Stock furnishes him with sufficient Matter for his Gratification, and he fortifies himself with the Cobweb-Net wove by his own Inclination.

BUT, lest you should be tired of his Character, I will say no more of him, but proceed to relate a Conversation I had the other day with four old Gentlemen, the youngest being Threescore. They found fault with every thing they met with; one would not allow the Women to be as handsome as formerly: The Second could not bear the Dresses at present in fashion; insisting upon it, that they are not half so grand, nor do they give that Air of Dignity, as those that were wore when they were young Men. The Third found fault with all our Actors and Actresses, and, with a piteous Shake of his Head, seemed to regret the Loss of what he had seen at Thirty, when every thing was so much more in perfection, than in these degenerate Days.

The

The Fourth could not bear what the young People of these Times call politeness and Good-breeding. In his Youth there was some Civility, some Good-manners; but now indeed, under the pretence of being easy, People throw off all Ceremony and Decency together.

I LET them run on at this rate for some time, without giving them any Interruption. At last I desired the old Gentlemen to consider whether the Fault might not be in themselves; hinting, that it was just possible, a Man of sixty or seventy was not so susceptible of Pleasure, as in his Youth; and consequently things might not appear in so favourable a light to him, as when every Pleasure was heightened by Youth, and a lively Imagination.

THEY all stared at me at once, as if they had seen a Monster. Undoubtedly they took me for one, for being so very unreasonable, as to fancy thirty or forty Years could possibly make any Alteration in them: And I found they were resolved to believe the whole Creation was grown worse, and the Face of Nature changed, rather than there was any Fault in themselves. I left them, not being able to restrain myself from laughing at their Folly; and, I must confess, with a secret Satisfaction in the Thought, that, if I should live to be old, it will be impossible for me ever to be so great a Fool. But I enjoy Life much the better, now I have in a manner got a Key to all the Scenes I meet with.

I SPENT Yesterday in a Party of Pleasure on the Water; but after a very fair Morning, about three a-clock the Clouds suddenly gathered, and we had so violent a Storm of Rain and Wind, that our Boat tossed, and we seemed in great Danger of being over-set. The Ladies screamed, and were so restless in their *apparent Fright*, that I really thought, if we escaped the Dangers of the Waves, they themselves would bring that to pass, of which they seemed so fearful; whilst the Gentlemen employed themselves in nothing, but in hushing the Ladies Fears, and assuring them, that for *their own parts*, they were not in the least apprehensive of any Danger. But as Fear, like all other violent Passions, will shew its Effects in the Countenance, I plainly perceived, that the Ladies

were at that very Instant affecting more Fear than in reality they felt, to prove their Title to that Timorousness and Softness, which are esteemed so amiable in their Sex; and the Gentlemen were equally as much affected in their pretended Unconcern, to shew they were possessed of that Courage so necessary to recommend them. And thus in the Danger of immediate Death, they could not help thinking of making themselves reciprocally Objects of Admiration.

For my own part, I confess I was not pleased with our Situation; and yet the great Contempt I had for the ridiculous Pride so visible in all my Company, a good deal employed my Thoughts. I was pleased to think I was the only Person that was not acting a Part; and I could not help crying out with Solomon, "Every thing is Vanity;" a Discovery I should certainly have made sooner, but that, being almost exempt from Vanity myself, it was sometime before I could see it so strong in others: And I claim no Merit in having now found it out, but that of understanding, and being convinced by, your Reasons.

I am,

SIR,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

CLEOMENES.

LETTER XXVI.

AURELIA to SILVIA at Canterbury.

Dear SILVIA,

[From London.

ON my first arrival in Town, I spent a Day with Cleora. We were very intimate one Winter, when she was first married to Celadon; but, as I have lately resided mostly in the Country, I have had but few

few Opportunities of conversing with her. Her Conversation was always agreeable to me, and I proposed great Pleasure in this Renewal of our Acquaintance.

I WAS conducted by a great Variety of Servants through many Rooms of State, till I came to her Apartment, where she sat mourning in Grandeur, and where Grief, tho' attended with Pomp, was visibly displayed in her Countenance. Instead of the lively-blooming *Cleora* I formerly remembered, her wan-Complexion, and lifeless Manner indicated the Decay of Age, altho' she was too young for Time to have wrought that Change. She seemed glad to see me; and I could hardly refrain from Tears, to behold her thus altered and dejected. At last I asked her, what could have occasioned this melancholy Alteration? "Alas!" replied *Cleora*, you know but little of the History of my unhappy Life; for the Winter I chiefly spent with you, was the gayest and most free from Anxiety I ever knew." I told her, that I was indeed ignorant of the most part of what had befallen her, both before, and since that Winter; but that, if it would not be an impertinent Request, I should desire to be informed of any Particulars that concerned her; on which she, with a Sigh, began to relate the History of her Life in the following Manner.

"DURING my Childhood, nothing very remarkable happened to me. Both my Parents lived till I was Fifteen; and I was educated in a manner so very common, that, if I was to repeat every thing that passed during that whole time, it would be like writing a Journal of what is daily seen, in almost every House throughout this whole Metropolis.

"BUT when I was Fifteen, my Father died. He had a good Estate, which devolved to his only Son; and my Fortune, considering the manner in which I had lived with him, was very small, and could not afford me any thing like what I had been accustomed to: however, I lived on with my Mother in Town, till I was Eighteen, without any farther Consideration, than how I should divert myself, and spend my Time most agreeably.

"I WAS

“ I WAS flattered that I was handsome, and had
 “ a great many general Admirers; but, as they did
 “ not make me any serious Proposals, I thought of
 “ them no farther, than for the present Amusement.

“ ONE day my Mother told me, she could no
 “ longer support the Expences of a Town Life, and
 “ was resolved to take a little House in *Oxford*. I knew
 “ no particular Reason for her chusing that Place; but,
 “ as I had no Attachments, I submitted to what she
 “ liked without any Reluctance. She gave me a great
 “ many Instructions how I should behave myself to-
 “ wards the young Gentlemen there, and cautioned
 “ me what great Care was necessary, to preserve a
 “ Woman's reputation. I obeyed her Commands
 “ with the utmost Exactness, and she for some time
 “ seem'd greatly pleased with my Behaviour.

“ BUT on a sudden I found every thing I did or
 “ said, was far from being looked on with that Par-
 “ tiality that is common for Parents to indulge towards
 “ their Children; on the contrary, my Mother grew
 “ so peevish, and discontented with me, that it was im-
 “ possible for me to keep her in good-humour. I was
 “ very uneasy at this Alteration in her Behaviour, and
 “ resolved to ask her the Cause of it; when, to my
 “ great astonishment, after the Vent of many Tears,
 “ she answered me in these or the like Words: “ Alas,
 “ Child! you do not know what I have done for you:
 “ Since your Father, my dear Husband's Death (here
 “ she was again interrupted by Tears) I have lived so
 “ much beyond my Income, that I am almost ruin'd;
 “ and this I did, in hopes that, whilst you made a good
 “ Appearance, you might have been well married;
 “ for many a Man, who would on no account think
 “ of marrying the most agreeable Woman in the
 “ World without a Fortune, by the false Glare of out-
 “ ward Shew, is drawn in to indulge himself in a Pas-
 “ sion, he cannot afterwards get the better of. My
 “ Mother, continued she, was a wise Woman, and by
 “ this very Means I got my Husband, altho' I had not
 “ above 500 *l.* in the World. If I had been *whimsi-*
 “ *cal*, and fancied I must have been *in Love*, I should
 never

“ never have been so well married; nor, if I had
“ been fond of my Husband, could I have had my
“ own Way so much all my Life time; for he was an
“ obstinate Man, and nothing but my *sensible*, artful
“ Management could have got the better of him.”

“ I WAS at first greatly surprized to hear my Mo-
“ ther run on in this manner, and, without thinking
“ any harm, asked her; If she had no Fondness for
“ her Husband, why she always fell into Tears at the
“ mention of his Name? At first she fell into a great
“ Rage, and said; You are a Fool, and do not know
“ the common Rules of Decency: How can any Wo-
“ man hear all the melancholy Things, which are at
“ first said by *her Friends* on such an occasion, with-
“ out crying? and Custom makes it as natural to shed
“ Tears, whenever we remember a Husband, as if
“ we had really lost something very valuable: Besides,
“ I really had a great Loss; for my Jointure cannot
“ keep me in any respect so well, as I lived in my
“ Husband's Life-time. I was in hopes, by living be-
“ yond my Circumstances, to see you well, that is,
“ grandly, married in *London*. I fail'd in that Scheme;
“ then I came hither, thinking your Beauty would
“ certainly draw in some young Fellow, and that I
“ should live to see you *Wife to a good Estate* before
“ my Death; but you, for your part, have been so
“ silly, as to make use of no Art, otherwise your
“ Person could not have failed of getting you a
“ Husband.”

“ THE Result of this Conversation was, that my
“ Mother instructed me how I was to behave towards
“ Men, in order to accomplish her Scheme; and first,
“ I was to be sure to fly all the Men, to whom I had
“ ever the least Liking; for there indeed I might be
“ in danger of being made the Dupe: but all those
“ that were disagreeable to me, I was to pretend to
“ like. This I thought impossible, but my Mother
“ insisted on it, that there was nothing so easy; for
“ that Words are always at command, where there is
“ no Sensation to prevent their Utterance; and that I
“ had nothing else to do, but to be sure to repeat the
“ Words

“ Words Love, Affection, Tenderness, &c. so many
 “ times a day, or week, according to the Man’s
 “ Temper, with whom I had to deal; and let him
 “ alone, if he liked me, to do all the rest himself;
 “ and, to comfort me, she assured me, that I had no
 “ occasion of telling any direct Lyes; for that, if I
 “ did but repeat those Words, and look at the Man I
 “ I wish’d to impose on; as I lived in a Place, where
 “ I was to deal with young and unexperienced Men,
 “ it would be enough to gain my Point. My not
 “ making any particular Application, would be taken
 “ for Modesty: but above all things, she charged me
 “ not to shew any Liking to any Man, till I had
 “ reason to suspect he was firmly attached to me; for
 “ otherwise I should get the Reputation of a Coquette,
 “ and by that means frustrate all her Designs.
 “ I Did not like this Doctrine, nor did I well know
 “ how to bring myself to comply with it; but my
 “ Mother continually repeated her Lessons, till at last
 “ I began to think it not very unreasonable to follow
 “ her Advice. Ambition, tho’ it was not naturally
 “ very predominant in my Mind, by a Parent’s con-
 “ tinual Endeavour to nourish and increase it, at last
 “ warm’d my Heart into a Desire of Grandeur and
 “ Dignity.
 “ THE moment I caught the Flame, Imagination
 “ blew up the Happiness of Equipage, and all the
 “ Attendants of Fortune, to such a height, that,
 “ blinded by the dazzling glittering View, every solid
 “ Consideration vanished before the glaring Blaze,
 “ and I became so absolutely subjected to this new-
 “ born, or new-sound Fancy, that, like other Slaves,
 “ I did not dare to entertain the Truth, even in my
 “ Thoughts.
 “ WHILST I was thus blinded, I forgot, that to de-
 “ ceive another without the use of lying Words, is the
 “ worst of Treachery, as it not only deceives the poor
 “ unhappy Person we design to make our Dupe, but is
 “ also an impudent Attempt to equivocate even with
 “ the God of Truth.

I SATIS-

" I SATISFIED myself with the Innocence of my
 " Actions, as I thought I would make a very good
 " Wife; and therefore could not imagine a Man
 " would be much hurt by being married to me; but
 " did not consider the irreparable Injury of taking the
 " Advantage of the Fire of Youth, to make a Man
 " irretrievably bind himself to a Woman for Life, at
 " an Age, when he knows not what he shall like or
 " esteem for three Days forward. In short, as soon as
 " Ambition had once got possession of me, I forgot
 " every thing but what was to conduce either to gra-
 " tify or justify this my new imperious, tyrannical Go-
 " vernor.

" My Mother's Maxims I found were all very true;
 " for, the moment it entred into my Head to follow
 " her Scheme, I wanted no Rules to guide me; for it
 " was so very easy to see the Turn of young Men's
 " Passions, that what Sort of Behaviour would best
 " please them, was too obvious, to require any great
 " Penetration or Experience to discover; and the most
 " silly Woman in the World, whilst she is the Object
 " of a Man's Kindness, and at the same time indiffe-
 " rent to him, may easily find out the method of at-
 " taining her own Ends.

" WHEN there is Passion on the one side, and Cun-
 " ning on the other, both Parties must succeed: for
 " Cunning will work its Ends, whenever it has to
 " deal with Passion; and Passion once indulged, till it
 " possesses the whole Mind, will be gratified, notwith-
 " standing any Consequence that may attend it.

" AMONGST the Variety of Lovers my Person and
 " Art (assisted by my Mother's Advice) daily gained
 " me, I had Admirers of all sorts of Characters; and
 " I soon learned the proper manner of treating them all
 " according to their different Humours. A Spectator,
 " who had known my Designs, must have been diverted
 " to see how easy it is to make Men believe whatever
 " their Inclinations prompt them to desire. I found
 " Methods of making the Covetous *persuade themselves*
 " that the cheapest thing a Man could do, was to
 " marry; for a Wife, considering his Interest as her
 " own

“ own, would certainly contrive every Method of
 “ being as saving as she could. The proud and exalt-
 “ ed Mind, by my Contrivance, altho’ I did not ap-
 “ pear in it, was soon brought to despise the Opinion
 “ of the World; and fancy’d, if Men could justify
 “ their Actions to themselves, that was enough; for
 “ it is too common to flatter ourselves with excell-
 “ the rest of Mankind in Judgment.

“ As to the Trifling and Vain, such, whose Vanity
 “ was to be satisfied by the Attainment of outward
 “ Objects, they thought how charming it would be to
 “ have all the World say, they had a handsome Wife.
 “ Thus, by properly applying to Mens various Dispo-
 “ sitions, I turned even those Passions, that in appear-
 “ ance seem’d to make against me, to my own Use.
 “ In a small time I was become such a Proficient in
 “ Cunning, that my Mother’s Instructions were no
 “ longer necessary: The most difficult Part I had to
 “ play, was that of discarding a Lover, without suffer-
 “ ing his Rage at being forsaken to do me an Injury;
 “ for I could not help forsaking one Man for another,
 “ as soon as I came to consider nothing but the Estates
 “ to which my several Lovers were Heirs apparent,
 “ and looked on them in no other light, that that in
 “ which a Tradesman sees the Instrument of his Trade,
 “ by which he is enabled to attain his purposed End
 “ of getting Money.

“ HOWEVER, I was not long, before I found out,
 “ that Men, tho’ at first enraged at being slighted, are
 “ not altogether inconsolable: and when I was re-
 “ solved not to gratify their Love, I appeased their
 “ Anger by satisfying their Pride; and this I did, by
 “ letting them make their Companions believe, that
 “ their own Consideration and Prudence was the cause,
 “ why they followed me no longer; and at the same
 “ time took care to let the new Lover know, that for
 “ his sake I had refused the other. This always in-
 “ creased the Passion of every one of my Lovers, as
 “ it flattered his Love, by making him believe it was
 “ returned; and his Pride, by shewing the Preference
 “ I gave him. A very small Experience was sufficient

“ to

“ to teach me, that, whilst a Woman endeavours to
“ persuade a Man she likes him, what others say to
“ him, will have but a very little chance of persuading
“ him to the contrary.

“ A TWELVEMONTH I passed in this manner; but
“ it would be endless to endeavour to enumerate all the
“ Arts I made use of, and the Success I met with;
“ for I might have been married several times; but,
“ as I saw my power, I was not in haste, still hoping
“ to get better Offers, than any I had hitherto met
“ with.

“ WHILST I was thus fluctuating, and unfixed in
“ my Mind where to chuse, young *Celadon* came to
“ the University: He was Heir to such an Estate,
“ that I immediately threw out all my Lures to gain
“ his Regard. It was not long before I succeeded;
“ for, as he was naturally amorous and sincere, and I
“ was young, handsome and artful, it was almost im-
“ possible I could fail. I delayed the Marriage no
“ longer, than was necessary not to appear too for-
“ ward to him; for, as he was taken great care of by
“ his Tutor, if his Love had been once found out,
“ undoubtedly I must have lost him.

“ As soon as we were married, at my Husband's
“ Request, I left off conversing with any other of the
“ young Gentlemen. I had obtained my Ends, and
“ now thought I had no further use of Art. I knew
“ we could not be unmarried, and did not consider the
“ Consequence of this sudden Change in my Beha-
“ viour; but my last Lover, enraged at my refusing all
“ farther Converse with him, watched me so narrowly,
“ that he discovered *Celadon's* visiting me, was the
“ Cause of my Change, and immediately told it to his
“ Tutor, who thought it his Duty to acquaint his
“ Father with it.

“ THE old Gentleman sent for his Son; and, with-
“ out telling him his Reason for it, informed him,
“ that he designed immediately to send him abroad.
“ Poor *Celadon*, who was sincere and artless, could
“ not hide his Grief at this Resolution of his Father's;
“ and at last confessed he was married. Rage and In-
“ dignation

"dignation at first so overwhelmed the Father's Mind,
 "that he had not power to speak; but, as soon as
 "Passion would give him leave to utter his Words, he
 "commanded his Son to go that moment from his
 "Presence, and never see him more. *Celadon* fell on
 "his Knees, but all was to no purpose, for the Father
 "was inflexible, and would not suffer him even to
 "implore his Pardon. He was ambitious, and de-
 "signed to match his Son where he might make some
 "great Alliance, and could not bear the Disappoint-
 "ment: the Result was, that he sent his Son into the
 "Country, where he allowed him enough to keep
 "him from starving, but would neither see nor hear
 "from him.

"CELADON desired me to come to him; and,
 "with my Fortune, tho' it was but small, yet, as we
 "lived upon the Principal, we wanted for nothing
 "that was necessary or convenient; and, as *Celadon's*
 "Father could not hinder his Son from inheriting his
 "Estate at his Death, my future Prospect was very
 "good, and I made myself happy; besides, as *Cela-*
 "don was very handsome, and had all manner of
 "Accomplishments and amiable Qualities, I had a
 "Passion for him, which till this Retirement, I had
 "no time to discover, even to myself; for my Mind
 "was so possessed at my first Acquaintance with him,
 "with the Thoughts of his Estate, that I never con-
 "sidered whether I liked or disliked him.

"WE lived together half a Year in this Retirement;
 "when *Celadon's* Father died, and left his Son in the
 "possession of his Estate. Then I was produced in
 "the World in a Light neither my own nor my Mo-
 "ther's Ambition could hardly have hoped for: But
 "from the moment all my Schemes were accomplished,
 "my Misery took its birth. *Celadon's* Father would
 "not forgive him, even to his dying day: The poor
 "young Man not yet Twenty, was grieved to the
 "Soul, to think he had thus disobliged his Father;
 "and, as soon as that Melancholy was a little wore
 "off, *Celadon* with Youth, Beauty and Fortune,
 "courted and admired by all the World, grew weary

" of.

“ of a Chain he had hastily, and from the resistless
 “ Force of ungovern’d Passion, fastened on himself
 “ for Life. He was good natur’d enough to treat me
 “ civilly, but had not Hypocrisy enough to feign the
 “ least remaining Passion.

“ Thus was I married to a Man, for whom I had
 “ the most violent Passion, who treated me with a Ne-
 “ glect that made me hate myself, and every thing
 “ around me. I knew it was but what I deserved;
 “ for, altho’ I accidentally met with a Man, whom I
 “ could not help loving, yet I was very sensible, that
 “ no Treachery could be greater than what I designed.
 “ Had *Celadan* been the Object of my Aversion, I
 “ should have married him, and made use of his own
 “ Passions to have undone him; and with all his Ad-
 “ vantages of Nature and Fortune, he would then
 “ have been married to a Woman, who had no Affec-
 “ tion for him; therefore it was but Justice I should
 “ have a fruitless Passion for him, when his for me was
 “ irrecoverably lost. All Signs of Grandeur and Shew
 “ were hateful to me, as they only brought to my
 “ Remembrance, by what means I had obtained them.
 “ I was cursed like *Midas*, for his Wish of having all
 “ things he touched turned into Gold; for I was in
 “ the midst of Riches, and yet could enjoy nothing.
 “ Reflection could bring me no Comfort, but on the
 “ contrary added to my Torments; and, as I was
 “ self-condemned, every fresh Thought increased my
 “ Misery.

“ My Mother, when she saw into what a deplorable
 “ Situation her Advice had brought me, not only lost
 “ all Sense of the Pleasure she imagined she should
 “ enjoy from my Grandeur, but began also to be
 “ touched with Remorse, for having once put it in
 “ my head, that any Treachery could be eligible.
 “ In short, Grief threw her into such Agonies, that
 “ she did not long survive it, but left me to bear the
 “ load of Sorrow she had brought upon me alone.

“ *CELADON* at last fell violently in love with a
 “ young Lady, whose Virtue was too well guarded to
 “ be overcome, but yet whose Love for him was so

“ apparent,

“ apparent, that he must see I was the only Bar to his
 “ Happiness. To say what I felt on this occasion,
 “ would be needless; for, when a Woman lives with
 “ a Husband, who is to her the Object of a violent
 “ Passion, and at the same time he is in love with an-
 “ other, and thinks his Wife prevents his possessing
 “ the Object of his Love, her Misery must be greater,
 “ than is in the Power of Language to express. I
 “ shall not therefore attempt so impossible a Task.

“ I KNOW *Celadon* and the Lady he admires will
 “ marry, as soon as my unfortunate Life is at an end;
 “ for she would never think of any other Man: and I
 “ believe, I cannot now long prevent their mutual
 “ Happiness, for you see the terrible weak State my
 “ Misery has reduced me to. I wish my Story was
 “ published to all the World, as one of the many Ex-
 “ amples, that Treachery should ever be avoided,
 “ even for our own Advantage. 'Tis true, *Celadon*
 “ might have behaved in the same manner, had my
 “ Love been at first the Motive to my marrying him;
 “ but then I should not have had the cruel Reflection
 “ on my Mind, that I sought and deserved my own
 “ Miseries, which are greatly increased by my having
 “ a Daughter now about ten Years of Age, who I
 “ must soon leave unbefriended to the wide World,
 “ and perhaps she may meet with some such wise in-
 “ structions, as have been the Cause of every Misfor-
 “ tune that has attended her unhappy Mother.”

HERE poor *Gleora* ceased; for her Tears, at the
 Remembrance of her Daughter, flowed from her
 Eyes, and prevented any farther Utterance. Com-
 passion made me sympathize with her, and I was really
 heartily concerned to see her in that Condition: But
 the Complication of Distempers, occasioned by her
 continual grieving, must soon end her Misfortunes;
 and I hope her Daughter will meet with a better Fate.

I am, Dear SILVIA,

Yours, &c.

AURELIA.

LETTER XXVII.

SILVIA to AURELIA at London.

Dear AURELIA, [From Canterbury.]

ALTHO' I received your Letter when my Heart was in its utmost Gaiety, and my Vanity elated, (for I was just come from a Ball, where I was much admired and greatly flattered, and where I deign'd not in return, to cast an Eye of Favour on any of my Adorers) yet poor *Cleora's* Fate drew Tears from my Eyes, and wrung my Heart with Sorrow. Her Misery made her the Object of my Compassion; and, tho' she in some sort deserved it, yet when I consider a Parent's Commands were her first Inducements to practise Arts to ensnare Men, by the Strength of their present reigning Passion, that Consideration pleads some excuse for her Misconduct: For terrible it is, that a Mother should mislead her Daughter, and that even Experience should not have informed her, that the Gratification of Vanity is not capable of producing real Happiness: But I am afraid, when Parents give such Advice, their Childrens Happiness or Misery has very little Sway with them.

THIS Story is to me a Confirmation of what I always thought; namely, that most part of the Miseries that attend Human Kind, take their rise from Mens not Understanding, or seriously reflecting, that the chief Point of Wisdom consists in never making the second Consideration the first.

NOW the first Consideration in Matrimony, ought undoubtedly to be the Disposition and Temper of the Man; what Prospect there is of Happiness at home; what Likelihood of his continuing his Passion, and whether you can in all Cases conform to your Husband's Circumstances. In short Fortune should be no farther considered, than as it is conducive to the Pleasure of the Man you marry; and your only Reason for thinking

ing of it at all should be, that you would not, to gratify yourself, drag him down to ruin.

HAD *Cleora* thought in this manner, she would have had time to have found out, that she really liked *Celadon*; and her Fears of his future Dislike would have made her scrupulous, considering his Youth, of immediately consenting to the Match. Perhaps this Delay, as *Celadon's* Father had other Views, might have made her lose her Husband; but at the same time Absence, join'd with Neglect, might have enabled her to have overcome her Passion; and, by such a Loss, I think it very plain, she would have been a very great Gainer in the end.

I HAVE known some Women really marry, only because the Man they *chose* lived in a particular Town, which their present Fancy inclined them to inhabit; when it has generally turned out, that some unforeseen Accident has removed them from the sight of those Walls, to the beholding of which, they had sacrificed their Hearts. On the other hand, I have heard of Women, who have chose their Husbands for their own sakes, without any consideration where they lived, or what was their Profession; and, however stupid this may appear to some Eyes, yet I have generally remarked, that they have not repented their Conduct.

BUT it is not only in Matrimony, that People make themselves miserable, by turning the second Consideration into the first; there are many People, who could enjoy themselves, and see their Friends happy in the Country, and yet will not live out of the great Metropolis, tho' every Diversion there is to them as uncomeatable, as if they were in the Deserts of *Arabia*.

THERE are others, who fill their Heads so full of the Pleasures of a fine Prospect and a pleasant Situation, that they build away their Fortunes, till they find the Pleasures they receive at their Eyes, and the fresh Air they breathe at their Nostrils, will make them but little amends for swallowing all that was to support the long Train of Passions and Appetites they had, and might still have indulged, had not that very Spot of Ground

Ground been necessary for them to build on, and improve, in order to compleat their imaginary Happiness.

BUT Instances of this kind, even in my small Experience, are so numberless, that it would be in vain to endeavour to recount them; yet, altho' they are so common, I can hardly help wondering how Men can be so blind to their own true Interest.

FOR want of Leisure, and Capacity of sending any thing more entertaining, I must conclude, with assuring you,

I am Yours affectionately

S I L V I A.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

CYNTHIA to CAMILLA at London.

Dear CAMILLA,

[From Bath.

AS it is one of the great Pleasures of Friendship, reciprocally to communicate our Thoughts to each other; and, as it is my Opinion, that even my Duty, obliges me thankfully to accept all the Happiness my Nature is capable of, whilst I preserve myself from Guilt; I doubly enjoy every new Idea, every fresh Subject of Observation, by reflecting on what you will think or say upon it.

THUS in my Closet, at a hundred Miles distance, I converse with you, previously form in my Mind what will be your Answers; and I am so well acquainted with your way of thinking, that I flatter myself, that, was you present, you would generally speak the Words I in fancy say for you. Thus I contrive all the Methods I can, to make myself some amends for our Separation; and am now sat down to acquaint you with every thing I have met with since my last Letter, with an incredible Pleasure.

I SPENT

I SPENT the whole Day before yesterday with *Hortensius* and his Wife. He has very lively Parts, a good Understanding, and is in all respects an agreeable Companion. She is very pretty, has a fine Person, and was, as I am told, before she was married, far from being disagreeable in Company; but she has not a Capacity to reflect deeply, or enter into any of the Labyrinths of the human Mind: And yet, as a Man of Sense is fond of her, it is impossible to make her believe, that her Understanding is not equal to his. And thus, from an Affectation of knowing every thing, she is become insupportable, and knows nothing; for that Capacity she naturally had, is totally lost in the Confusion of Ideas, which her strong Desire of being thought wise, creates.

HORTENSIVS employed the Morning in reading to us: *Milton's Paradise Lost* was the Book he pitched on, and I expected to be very much entertained with his agreeable Manner of reading, and his Remarks, which are generally very judicious. But his Wife interrupted every thing he said, in a way almost impossible to describe: However I will try, by a Repetition of one or two of her Mistakes, to make it as plain as I can.

For example, when *Hortensius* was distinguishing the vast Difference between *Eve's* Soliloquy, wherein she gives the Reasons to induce her to tempt her Husband, and admits this as the strongest, that he *should not be happy without her*; and *Adam's* generous disinterested Resolution, that he *would not be happy without her*: The Lady, presuming to know what her Husband meant before he had uttered his Words, turned every thing topsy-turvey; assured him she was very much of his Opinion, that *Eve's* superior *Tenderness* was very visible, from that *exalted* Thought of making it her chief Fear, her Husband should be happy in a future *Eve*, and she alone be forced to suffer the Punishment of her Disobedience. I was really astonished at this Turn, but said nothing, for I knew not what Answer to make.

H O R.

HORTENSIVS read on; and when he came to the Dispute between *Adam* and *Eve*, which had been most in fault, he could not help remarking the great Alteration of *Adam's* Style since the Fall. That pure and disinterested Love, he used before to express, was vanished, and in its stead came Tumult and Discord; and he could not help making unavailing Reproaches against his Wife for an Action, which the utter Impossibility of recalling, should have made him unwilling to remind her of. (*An Example not perfectly forgot by the greatest part of his Posterity.*) Here the Lady again interposed, and said; "she had always thought it one of the greatest Beauties in *Adam's* Character, that he upbraided his Wife, only when she *deserved it*, and therefore she *must feel it most*:" And it was very plain by her Answer, that she was hurt with his Rebuke. For, altho' at first she gives a Hint, that *Adam* might have been tempted as well as herself, yet in the End of her Speech she is visibly penitent, and owns that her Husband's Folly in giving way to her Humour, was the Cause of her Fall; and therefore humbly confesses, it was intirely his Fault, and self-justified, finds her own perfect Innocence in his Crime. This she spoke seriously, and really thought *Eve's* Humility was the Motive of her upbraiding *Adam*.

PERHAPS you will imagine, that *Hortensius*, impatient at his Wife's exposing herself, must have laid down the Book in a rage? No, on the contrary, he seemed vastly pleased with her. As I did not contradict any thing she said, I fancy he was not sure her Folly was visible to me; and I plainly perceived he delighted himself, with the Thoughts of his own Superiority over a Person, who has so much the power of pleasing, as his Wife has. This made him gratify her Vanity in return, and take care she should not see, but that he thought she was quite right in her Judgment of what he had been reading; however, by some Words he let drop, I found he imputed this Behaviour of his to Compassion.

THUS, whilst in reality he was gratifying a low ridiculous Pride, his Imagination had Force enough to in-

troduce into his Mind a false Name for his Sensations ; and consequently to give him more Food for his Vanity, more Cause for exulting, and more Pleasure in the Contemplation of himself.

BUT I could not forbear smiling at the Thought, that, whilst he was thus enjoying his own Perfections, I was placing him in my Fancy in *Gulliver's* Stead on the *Brobdignag's* Table, to play Monkeyish Tricks, and be "the Baby of a Girl," or considering him held up in the Air between the Finger and Thumb of one of those Giants, whilst he was considering what Sort of Animal he might be.

THIS Scene ended in great Good-humour : *Hortensius* walked out in the Afternoon, bought his Wife a Present he could not afford ; she was much pleased with it, (*only as a Proof of his Love* ;) he looked on her Manner of receiving it, as a Mark of *her Affection for him* ; and the Evening passed in Mirth and Pleasantry : they mutually fed each other's Vanity, and imagined it was all real Love. I went home well enough pleased ; for, as they appeared happy, I did not want to open their Eyes, by which their Happiness might have been lessened, and could not have been encreased.

PERHAPS you may think this Scene very unnatural, after my first setting out with *Hortensius's* being a Man of Sense, but he really is so, notwithstanding all I have told you : and, if you will consider it a little while, I believe you will find, that, where Pride is strongly planted in the Mind, there is no Understanding will guard a Man from being sometimes guilty of very great Follies ; and, altho' Pride and Sense are not often dear Friends, yet they do sometimes accidentally fall into each other's Company ; and whenever that happens, they pull separate ways, till the Man, with whom they take up their Abode, appears as inconsistent, as if he was possessed with a Legion of Follies. And this always brings to one's Remembrance those two Lines :

*Who would not laugh, if such a Man there be ?
Who would not weep, if — were he ?*

And

LETTER XXVIII.

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And, as a farther Proof of this Observation, in my next I will let you into a Scene I was yesterday Witness to; a Contrast in appearance to this I have been now describing, and yet the principal Actor in it, was directed by the same Passion with *Hortensius*.

BUT it is now too late to write more, for the Post will be gone, and I can never think the least Disappointment to my Friend, a Trifle.

I am, &c.

CYNTHIA.

LETTER XXIX.

CAMILLA to CYNTHIA at Bath.

Dear CYNTHIA,

[From London.]

I THANK you for the picturesque Scene you displayed before my Eyes, in your Account of *Hortensius* and his Wife. I confess, the Judgment I at first formed of him, from what you say of his Understanding, would not have led me to have guessed what followed; but I find, that the continual Remembrance of his *own* good Sense constitutes the chief Part of his Pleasure, and that (odd as it may appear) in his Wife's *Folly* he finds his own *Wisdom*, and fresh Opportunities every hour of exerting what he is *pleased* to think his *Compassion*.

BUT let him be never so much mistaken in the Motives of his Conduct, as Good-humour and Happiness are the Result from it, the Consideration, in my Opinion, is not at all melancholy; altho' I am better pleased, when I view another's Happiness built on the strong Foundation of Reality and Truth, than on the slippery Bottom of Fallacy and Deceit; because in the latter Case, like Flights of the Imagination, one cannot tell how soon it may fail, and the Foundation be destroy-

ed; whereas in the former, like solid Reason, the Basis is sure, and must be lasting: And, as I know every fresh Instance of either the Goodness or Happiness of your Fellow Creatures is a new pleasure to you, I will indulge myself in indulging you, and tell you the Story, or rather give you the Characters of *Constantius* and his Wife.

CONSTANTIUS's Understanding and Good-nature are equally concerned in the directing every Action of his Life: He keeps up to the strictest Rules of Honour in all his Dealings with Mankind; no one can say he has ever injured them, but numbers, if they will speak the truth, may say he has taken opportunities of doing them good. He does many Actions, other Men would think sufficient to give them a Title to be called real Friends, only from a general Benevolence in his Disposition. This Inclination in the strongest manner leads him to Friendship, but his Understanding will not let him take false Objects for true ones; and therefore he will not allow the many, who could gratify nothing but their Vanity by it, the Pleasure of thinking him their particular Friend. But Acts of Good-nature, instead of being any Expence to him are his real Interest, as they are his chief Delight.

He is perfectly free from all Seeds of Envy, and consequently of Malignity: Indeed some Objects of Envy it is impossible he should meet with, because he cannot see any thing above him in point of Understanding; and therefore he can have no Temptation to wish to pull others down, since being upon a level with him is the utmost any Man can pretend to; but if the Seeds were in him, they might break forth against those, who have in outward things the advantage over him, such as Fortune, Grandeur, &c. But what is to me much more extraordinary, I don't find he is much the Object of Envy to others; the only Reason I can give for it, is, that those few, those very few who can equal him, have the same Reason for not envying him, as he has for not being angry with them; (for in Understanding, contrary to all other things, those at the Top alone can bear to see Equals without thinking them

them Rivals) and other Men, from the great Distance visible between him and them, despair to reach him; and therefore don't attempt it, but rather chuse to prove their *Sense*, in joining the general Cry and admiring him.

CONSTANT IUS is married, and *even in this Point* Passion did not get the better of his usual Judiciousness. He liked *Fidelia*, 'tis true, because she is an Object worthy to be liked; but he did not chuse her, till he found her worthy to be loved: He is at once satisfied with, and improves her Understanding, admires her Person, and loves her Heart; never contradicts her to shew only his Power; and, was she to desire any thing that would be a hurt to herself, he would have Resolution enough in that Point only, to resist his own Inclination of indulging her. He is pleased with the Propriety of her Behaviour on all Occasions, not from the Dignity of having *his* Wife do right, but because he loves her too sincerely, to bear her doing wrong.

FIDELIA is very pretty, and an unaffected Softness in her Look and Manner throws a Lustre over all her Words and Actions. She has a very good Understanding, and, what is almost a Miracle, is thoroughly satisfied with it, not from a vain Affectation, and believing it greater than it is, but because she finds it enough to satisfy the only Man she wishes to please; and, instead of desiring to impose any Fallacy on her Husband, she, by his Instructions, improves herself to be in reality what others only affect to be. Her Inclination to do whatever he desires, makes her Obedience so perfect, that she always spares him the Pain it would cost him to deny her any Request: for, if she can but imagine any thing to be his Will, she never hesitates a moment before she puts it in execution.

THEY may properly be said to have chosen each other; because, as she was the Object of publick Admiration, she preferred him to many other Lovers, and, I doubt not, would have preferred him to all the World; and, as it is impossible that many Women

should have refused him, it is plain the Motive that determined his Choice, was real Love.

If the Height of human Happiness could be painted, *Constantius* and his Wife should sit for the Picture. Thus, upon a solid Foundation, to love and esteem each other, and to give pleasure to all around them (except such, as from the Malignity of their own Hearts, don't deserve to be pleased) is a Situation not to be easily described, and I leave it to your own Imagination.

BUT even *Constantius* does Mischief, not from any Design, as you may suppose from the Character I have already given of him, but as his Wit is much above the Comprehension of the Multitude, and as it is impossible to avoid sometimes conversing with those, to whose Capacities he cannot possibly lower himself, they misunderstand every thing he says; and, from an Ambition of being like him, form themselves by the Sentiments they *wisely* and *judiciously* imagine he utters: for example, notwithstanding what I have already told you of his Behaviour to *Fidelia*, yet he will sometimes, in an ironical manner, be an Advocate for the Tyranny of Husbands; so that I have known Men go home and abuse their Wives, for want of Capacity to enter into his real Meaning, and because they would not for the world be thought defective in any Mark of Good-Sense.

I AM particularly acquainted with one Gentleman, who by mere accident now and then gets into *Constantius's* Company, and when he has heard him jocosely satirize ill-natur'd and morose Dispositions, he is sure to take all his Satire for Approbation of those ill Qualities; and in all Companies, that he may not be wanting in the Character of Wisdom, which he assumes, he contradicts every Word his Wife says, with a *Psaw*, a meaning Shrug of the Shoulders, a muttering of *Womens Folly*, and every Sign of Contempt he can invent or think of. The poor Woman is out of countenance, and does not know what to make of his Behaviour; for, when his *over grown Understanding* does not intervene, he is a very good Husband; nay, at other times he

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he is also a *fond* Father: but when this Fancy possesses him, if his Wife does but mention his Children, he is out of all manner of Patience, bids her hold her foolish Tongue, if she can find no better Subject of Conversation to entertain him with, than that of a Parcel of *howling Chits*, not yet arrived at an Age, in which the *rational Faculties* exert themselves, and make them worthy to be thought on by Men of *his Sense*.

CONSTANTIUS does not, nor cannot foresee the Consequence of what he has said; and whilst from his Words the other Gentleman is using his Wife in this *delicate* manner for no Provocation, he and his *Fidelia* meet with Hearts reciprocally fill'd with Benevolence and Love, and give us one Proof, that real Happiness is attainable, if pursued in the right Method.

I am, &c.

C A M I L L A.

L E T T E R XXX.

CYNTHIA to CAMILLA at London.

Dear CAMILLA,

[From Bath.]

I CAN assure you with great Sincerity, you was not at all disappointed of Success in your good natur'd Design of giving me great Pleasure in your charming Characters of *Constantius* and *Fidelia*. Your Brother and your *Cynthia* are equally fill'd with Admiration and Esteem for them both; and could talk of nothing else the whole day we received your Letter. I wish it was in my power to tell you something as pleasing; but as I must relate things as I meet with them, and do not invent them, I will proceed to fulfil my Promise, in giving you an account of a Scene, a Contrast in appearance, altho' really arising from the same Motive with that I met with at the House of *Hortensius*.

THE next Day I spent at *Leontine's*; he is grave, tho' chearful in his Disposition; he has an Understanding much above the greatest part of Mankind, tho' it falls short of the few who are remarkable for their Genius; expresses himself clearly on every Subject, but has not the Art of raising Images which are diverting, or greatly entertaining: He is good-humoured when he is not offended; and does not plot Mischiefs, when he is displeased: Thus, whatever hurt he does others, either in his Words or Actions, it is owing to some present Passion, and not to any long-laid Design. This, in few words, is as much of his Character, as I have been able to observe.

LEONTIA, his Wife, is one of those Women I really love and esteem. She has, without a regular Set of Features, a Countenance which at once displays the Goodness of her Head and Heart, and makes her very pretty; like a judicious Index to a well-wrote Book, her Looks must give every Beholder a Curiosity to read all the Sentiments contained in the Mind, of which they only point the Heads in a lively and agreeable manner. Her Understanding (forgive the Boldness of the Metaphor) is as free from Art and Painting, as her Face, and consequently grows more amiable by a near and intimate Acquaintance: for the Woman, who from a strong Desire to be thought wise, and from a constant Flow of animal Spirits, vents in all Companies broken Scraps and confused Ideas which she has picked up from others, may raise an Appearance of an Understanding, and impose the Fallacy in general on the Injudicious; but to those, who are able to examine and judge of Things as they really are, her Conversation must be very soon as disagreeable, as the Face of an old Woman is to those, who see her when the Paint is off, and her wrinkled Skin looks more dead, from having just before imitated the Bloom of Youth: for when the false Hair, Eye-brows and Teeth are laid by, the Object is justly turned into Ridicule, that can be so childishly vain, as to imagine Art has Force enough to supply the Defects of Nature.

BUT

BUT to return to *Leontia*: Her very Manner of speaking is a Proof, that, to give others Pleasure, is her Motive to talk, and that neither a Love of Babbling, or a Pride in her own Parts, actuates her in the least; for she never raises her Voice (as is common when People think, that if they deign' to open their Mouths, they have a right to silence others) when another has a mind to speak; on the contrary, that is always a Reason sufficient for her to be silent. To which Cause I impute her being so little known: for as an Eagerness to talk is not very uncommon amongst Mankind, and she never takes any pains to make a Show of her Understanding, it passes generally unregarded.

NOTHING can be a more perfect Description of this agreeable Woman's Conversation, than those delightful Lines in *The Love of Fame, the Universal Passion*:

*Naked in nothing should a Woman be,
But veil her very Wit with Modesty:
Let Man discover; let not her display,
But yield her Charms of Mind, with sweet Delay.*

IN short, whilst I was acquainted with *Leontia*, and had only now and then seen her Husband, I thought he must be the happiest Man in the World, in the possession of a Wife with a Heart formed for all the Endearments of sincere unaffected Love; with an agreeable Person, without the least mixture of any thing masculine or harsh, and withal a Hei'd capable of making her a good Companion to Men of Sense. But how was I deceived! for *Leontine* is unhappy from the very Cause, from which I imagined his Happiness must necessarily arise; and as *Hortensius* enjoys his own Perfections by seeing his Wife's Folly, *Leontine* meets with a continual Disappointment to his Pride, in *Leontia*'s visible Superiority over him, which indeed he himself goes no farther than to think an Equality; but that is more than he can bear with any Patience.

IN the Morning our Conversation ran chiefly on Books, when *Leontia*'s Observations were so judicious,

and her Thoughts so noble and refined, that I could not help attending to her with a Pleasure I seldom find in any Company ; but all she said was with such a Deference to her Husband's Opinion, and uttered with so much Modesty, that I expected him to be as much pleased with her, as I at first expected the Day before, *Hortensius* to be displeased with his Wife : but I soon found I was equally mistaken in both Cases ; for *Leontine* grew so sour and peevish, that *Leontia* was very uneasy, without being able to guess by what Error (hidden even from her own Eyes) she had offended him.

My Eyes were opened by the Scene I had been witness of the Day before ; and, altho' I believe *Leontine* himself did not perfectly know the Cause of his Ill-humour, it was very visible to me, that he was inwardly gnawed by that Vultur Envy, and could not bear his Wife should have so much Sense and Goodness, as to make it utterly impossible for him to gratify his Pride by her means. As he cannot use her better than she deserves, he can drag the Idea of no other Virtue to join to his best Behaviour, than barely not doing wrong. This he thinks no Cause for exulting, and therefore does not care how ill he behaves to her ; and, contrary to *Hortensius*, who is pleased in indulging his Wife in more than he can afford, *Leontine* never lets *Leontia* have the least Indulgence more than common Decency obliges him in his Station to allow her ; and, whatever she has a mind to do, he snatches greedily at the Opportunity to contradict her, always saying, a *Woman of her Sense* should not be pleased, nor set her Heart upon Trifles ; that, if he had a foolish Wife indeed, he might indulge her like a Child, but a *strong Understanding* should be a Guard against all *Levity*.

THUS, under the pretence of paying her a Compliment, he is hoping that he sees a Frailty in her, to let in a glimmering Shadow into his own Mind, of some Superiority in himself ; and poor *Leontia*, because she is not a Fool, must give one of the strongest Proofs imaginable of Folly, namely, that of being above enjoying any of the Amusements of Life, for fear of lessening

lessening her Dignity in the Eyes of others. She has as few Weaknesses as any Woman I ever knew, and it is very happy for her she has no more; for *Leontine* would view them all in that magnifying Glass, his own Pride, and swell every Frailty into an unpardonable Fault.

I COULD observe no Smile upon his Countenance, but he kept up an austere thoughtful Look till Dinner-time, when a Gentleman happened to come in, who has the Reputation of being a great Scholar: *Leontine* too has Learning, and, by now and then talking a Sentence in *Greek*, he contrived to put himself into a tolerable Good humour; and I could plainly read in his Looks what passed in his Mind, and that he said to himself with Joy and Rapture: "Now I am sure we " talk something my Wife doth not understand." The *English* Dialogue, which preceded a *Greek* Sentence, gave her a Curiosity to ask the Meaning of the latter; when *Leontine* would not give the other Gentleman leave to speak, but said, that, altho' he understood it very well in *Greek*, yet he could not explain it in *English* enough to convey the Idea to her; and besides, it was above a Woman's Understanding. And then he ran out into a long Harangue on the great Uselessness of Women's having any Understanding at all, except a Capacity to manage household Affairs, and obey their Husbands.

IF the most exact Oeconomy in her Family, joined to the utmost strict Obedience, could satisfy him, I am certain he must be satisfied with *Leontia*; but his Discontent arises from a Cause she cannot remove, notwithstanding all she suffers by it.

HIS Behaviour put an End to her speaking any more; and, if it had not been in Compassion to her, I should have been diverted at the Ridiculousness of his Triumph. But she is really the Object of Pity: the Match between her and *Leontine* was made, when they were both very young, by their Parents, who wisely took it into their Heads, that, because there had been a long Intimacy in their Families, their Children must be in love with each other; or, to speak more properly,

ly, they blindly followed their own Humour, without troubling their heads about their Childrens Love or Happiness.

THUS they came together with no other Regard, but that of having no particular Dislike to each other, and no Attachment to any other Person.

IF *Leontia* had been left to herself, she certainly would not have made choice of *Leontine*; yet if she had chose him above all the rest of Mankind, she could not have made him a better, a more obedient Wife. It is a Subject too tender for me to mention to her; tho' I am very certain, if she would have more Faults in her Conduct, he would have more *Triumphs*, and consequently be much better pleased than it is possible for him to be with her present unexceptionable faultless Behaviour.

LEONTINE has really, as one would imagine, too much Sense to be so childish, and nothing but the same Reason that I gave you for *Hortensius's* Folly with regard to his Wife, can possibly account for it. But to our sorrow, Pride is a Weed the finest Soils are not free from, and if not watched and constantly rooted out, will overspread and choak every thing valuable they would otherwise produce. Something like this is very common amongst silly Men; but that Fools have Folly is not at all to be wondered at; and, if Accident joins them with Women of Sense, tho' their Conversation must be disagreeable, yet where nothing is expected, the Disappointment is not great; and where two people meet, who are both silly and proud, Compassion is seldom more due to one Side than the other, for they must be reciprocal Plagues and Torments to one another for Life.

Now I am upon this Subject, I cannot conclude, without telling you a ridiculous Instance of this kind, of a stupid Man, at whose House I dined about a Week ago. His Wife and Sister are both very agreeable sensible Women, (how the former came to be married to him I cannot imagine) there was a great deal of Company; the Lady of the House intended we should retire to another Apartment, and leave the
Men

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Men at the proper customary Time ; but the Gentleman shewed such a visible Uneasiness all the while we were in the Room, and looked at his Wife, if he did but imagine she was going to speak, with so much Ill-humour, that she was quite out of countenance, and rose from the Table the moment the Cloth was removed.

ABOUT three days afterwards I met *Lelius*, who was one of the Company that day, and amongst other things in discourse, ask'd him, if they were very merry after we had left them. He laughed, and told me, that the Gentleman who was so impatient to be rid of us, the moment we were gone out of the Room, looked very happy, drank one Bumper of Wine, said, " Now the Women are gone, we may enjoy ourselves ; " then fell fast asleep, and never spoke a word afterwards.

You have often heard me mention *Lelius* as one of the pleasanter Companions in the world, and you may be sure we must be merry on such a Subject. We both concluded the Gentleman was only afraid, he should hear something uttered by Women above his own Understanding, and, whilst he was in that Fear, could not sleep in peace.

I am, &c.

C Y N T H I A.

L E T T E R X X X I.

C A M I L L A t o C Y N T H I A a t Bath.

Dear CYNTHIA,

[From London.

IN return to your Account of *Leontine* and his Wife, and the sleepy Gentleman ; I will send you the Story of a Lady, whom my Father introduced me to. She has a long time been an Acquaintance of his, and I was much pleased with her Conversation ; but I observed

served a settled Melancholy in her Countenance, that made me fear some great Misfortune had befallen her in the Course of her Life. My Husband too observed the same thing, and desired me to endeavour to find out, if she had any Sorrow that could be in our power to relieve.

You may be sure I took the first Opportunity of obeying his Commands; and on the least Hint of my Curiosity, the Lady began in the Words following to relate the History of her Life.

“ MY Life has been a Blank, with the exception of
 “ one Instance only. My Infancy passed in the common way : My Parents had properly no Characteristics at all ; they married, because Chance threw them in each other’s way, and lived together, because it is customary. They were not ill-natured enough to abuse their Children, nor fond enough to have any great Regard to their real Interest or Happiness. We were taught to read, write, dance, and play upon the Harpsichord, but entirely left to ourselves, as to the Regulation of our Hearts, and forming our Sentiments.

“ WHEN I was twelve Years old, my Mother died :
 “ My Father married again in a Twelvemonth ; for he had been accustomed to that State of Life, and was then of an Age which brought with it some Infirmities ; and chose to have in a Wife, at once a Companion and a Nurse. The Lady was much of his own Disposition, and consented to his Proposal, only because she could not find in her heart to refuse the Offer of a Husband ; and they led as quiet and stupid a Life, as the greatest Philosophers, with all their Wisdom and Dignity, can point out to their Disciples.

“ MY Sister and I were sent to a Boarding-School :
 “ for we were only thought troublesome at home, and whilst my Father thought us safe and out of harm’s way, he was contented. My Mother’s Fortune, which was 5000 £. was to be divided between us ; but my Sister dying when she was Eighteen, the whole Sum devolved on me ; and, what was very remarkable,

“ I was

“ I was fully satisfied with it : I did not so much as
 “ wish for more, only from a Desire to give it others ;
 “ for to communicate Happiness to my Fellow-Crea-
 “ tures was always the strongest Passion of my Mind.

“ THIS at first perhaps may sound vain to say, but,
 “ as you earnestly desired me to give you the History
 “ of my Life, I think it necessary, in order to make
 “ what I say intelligible, to let you into my own Dis-
 “ position ; and to me it appears a more foolish Vanity
 “ to endeavour to hide what Good we believe our-
 “ selves possessed of, only in hopes the Imaginations of
 “ others may be warm enough to set our Perfections in
 “ a fairer Light than they deserve, than to speak
 “ honestly our own Thoughts of ourselves. If there
 “ is any Good in my Nature, I am very sensible I did
 “ not give it myself, and therefore humbly direct my
 “ Thanks for it to the great God that made me.

“ MY Temper was calm and easy, which made it
 “ difficult to be ruffled, because I had so perfect an In-
 “ difference in all Trifles which way I acted, that had
 “ not my Love of pleasing my Companions influenced
 “ me to comply with their Inclinations, I should have
 “ been very apt to have sunk into a State of Indolence,
 “ from having no Motive to actuate me ; and yet I
 “ had very strong Passions : but then the Bent of all
 “ those Passions was Love ; whether I was angry or
 “ pleased, Love to the Person, who caused either the
 “ Anger or Pleasure in me, was the sole Motive, by
 “ which my Mind was influenced.

“ WITH this Disposition, as twenty Years of Age,
 “ I was married to the Man in the World I really liked
 “ best ; not because he happened to be my only Lover,
 “ nor (as is commonly the case) did accidental Ac-
 “ quaintance make us fancy ourselves in love with
 “ each other : no ; he was a Man, whom, upon the
 “ most mature Deliberation my Age and Experience
 “ was then capable of, I thought possessed of every
 “ Quality capable of rendering my Life happy. He
 “ also chose me freely, for he had no Parents to con-
 “ sult, and my Father, provided I did nothing to
 “ bring any Disgrace upon myself or him, gave him-
 “ self

“ self very little trouble about me. Besides, he had
“ no reason to be against this Match ; for, in point of
“ Fortune, it was rather advantageous on my side.
“ This indeed weighed very little with me on any
“ other Consideration, than as I thought it a Proof,
“ that, as Love was the only Motive could induce
“ him to make me his Choice, our Affections must be
“ mutual, and our Love perfectly reciprocal.

“ COULD now the warmest Imagination paint a
“ Prospect more fair, more likely to produce all the
“ real solid Enjoyments of Life ? Such Scenes of Har-
“ mony and Content possessed my Mind, as is almost
“ impossible to describe. I in fancy run through all
“ the Methods, in which I could spend every Minute
“ of my Time, and saw new Pleasures arising every
“ hour ; I found the strong Motive of directing every
“ Thought and Word, by an Endeavour and Hope of
“ pleasing my Husband, was capable of warming and
“ rousing me from that natural Indolence which usu-
“ ally prevailed over me in all other things, and would
“ turn the most trifling Actions of my Life into solid
“ Pleasures ; and I found, that pleasing Reflections
“ must be the Result of every Step I took.

“ IF the Man I loved chose to live in the Hurry of
“ the World, I imagined I should be there furnished
“ with continual new Observations, to render my Con-
“ versation agreeable to him. If Retirement was
“ what he most delighted in, I fancied every Flower
“ in the Garden, every wild Beauty of the Field ; in
“ short, all the different Objects in Nature, which at
“ once give us an Idea of Variety and Harmony,
“ would be but so many Pictures of my own Mind,
“ where the Result of every various Thought would
“ be Content and Concord, and all, like the Produc-
“ tions of Nature, have Reference to one great End
“ only.

“ BUT how was I mistaken : All things turned out
“ quite contrary to my Expectation, and I have been
“ miserable from the Time, whence I hoped to have
“ dated my Happiness ; and from a Cause, which,
“ till I have explained myself, you will imagine utter-

“ ly

“ ly impossible, and think me mad for mentioning it,
 “ namely, because my Husband will not distinguish the
 “ Effects of that Passion, which is unsullied by Vanity,
 “ unmixed with any thing but itself, from such Ef-
 “ fects as constantly attend Passions made up of very
 “ different Ingredients; and in forming which (not-
 “ withstanding any Appearance they may make to
 “ short sighted Eyes) real Love has the least Share.
 “ I cannot treat him with Contempt, because I love
 “ him; and he takes that Treatment to arise from
 “ Contempt, which is the Effect of Affection. He
 “ has numberless good Qualities, but the Strength of
 “ his Passions causes him to be sometimes unreasonable,
 “ and the Force of his Imagination helps him to en-
 “ deavour to bend and warp even Truth itself to his
 “ own Justification. But, as Truth and Error are so
 “ very distinct, that it is impossible ever to make them
 “ join, I cannot help suffering the utmost Uneasiness,
 “ when I see him labouring and fatiguing himself, to
 “ drag the solid Weight of Reason, to meet the light
 “ Feather of Deceit; whilst it would be so much easier
 “ for him to blow away the latter with the smallest
 “ Breath, than in the least to bend the former, had he
 “ the Strength of ten thousand *Hercules's*.

“ W H E N E V E R he has a mind thus to impose upon
 “ himself, he brings to my Remembrance a Story I
 “ heard when I was a Child, which, altho' only told
 “ to Children to amuse them, I think is a good Fable,
 “ and may be applied to the Treatment Mankind in
 “ general give their own Minds.

“ I N this Story there is one Man, who is wise
 “ enough to dig all Night in the Earth for Day-light,
 “ fancying by that means he shall obtain it; and ano-
 “ ther who drags a heavy Cow up to the Top of a
 “ House, to eat a little withered Grass, which he for-
 “ got there was any other means of coming at.

“ Now, when I see the Man whom I so much
 “ languish to find in every respect the greatest Object
 “ of Esteem, thus vainly digging for Day-light, in
 “ the dark Gloom of the Earth; or dragging a great
 “ Cow up a House to eat a little Grass; whilst others,
 “ from

“ from their Good nature and Benevolence, laugh,
 “ and are pleased at his Mistake, I cannot help, altho’
 “ in the softest Terms, hinting, that with a little Pa-
 “ tience, and by turning his Eyes upwards, the broad
 “ Day-light of Truth would break in upon him, and
 “ save him the trouble of digging any longer in Mud
 “ and Dirt for what is not there to be found; or that,
 “ if he would fend and cut down the Grass, which at
 “ a distance appears to him so fine and fit for Nourish-
 “ ment, he would find it withered and good for no-
 “ thing, mere Trash not worth any pains.

“ But, if from a Knowledge of his Temper, and
 “ Fear of provoking his Anger, I command myself
 “ enough to say nothing, yet my very Looks declare
 “ my Sentiments; and, altho’ ever since I have been
 “ his Wife, I have never once contradicted him, or
 “ refused to comply with any thing he was positive in,
 “ I cannot believe Treachery towards a Husband, in
 “ falsifying our real Thoughts, either by Words or
 “ Actions, is a Duty, nor will the Sincerity of my
 “ Heart to my Husband suffer me to be guilty of it.

“ Thus, because I cannot *appear* true to him, by
 “ being really false, he fancies my Affection for him
 “ is trifling; nay, sometimes his own Imagination
 “ makes him think I hate him; then he grows out of
 “ humour, and that moment constantly accuses me of
 “ being so. The least Hint of Unkindness from him,
 “ is too much for me to bear, and sometimes Tears
 “ will drop from my Eyes, in spite of all the Resist-
 “ ance I can make. This he immediately calls *Blub-*
 “ *bering, Pride and Affectation*, Words which two
 “ visibly prove (that at least for the present) the Mind
 “ is not overburthened with Fondness for the Person
 “ to whom they can be uttered.

“ But, notwithstanding the numberless Instances in
 “ which Women have by Affectation made use of
 “ Crying, as a Method of making their Husbands
 “ comply with their unreasonable Humours; yet it is
 “ impossible to affect any thing which has never had
 “ any Existence in Nature; and therefore all Affecta-
 “ tion must arise from there having been a Reality.

“ ALL

" ALL Passions have their peculiar Vents, and
 " Tears are as properly the Vents of Tenderness, ei-
 " ther indulged, or hurt to a degree, which the Mind
 " is not able to contain without overflowing. This
 " appears as well in Circumstances of Joy as of Grief.
 " I own indeed, that Pride, when disappointed or op-
 " posed, may exert its Rage the same way, and Tears
 " may be called in, when the Heart, bursting with its
 " own Dignity, makes the Tongue lose its Utterance.
 " But in my Opinion the Distinction is as visible be-
 " tween Rage bursting in this manner from the Eyes,
 " and those flowing Drops caused by a Heart warm'd
 " with Affection and Tenderness; as between those
 " Storms where all the Elements seem in contention,
 " and Thunder, Lightning and Hail are rattling about
 " our Ears; and those kindly refreshing Showers, that
 " make sweet Smells yet more sweet, and allay the
 " scorching Heat as they fall.

" IF he has any the least Grief or Pain, my Heart
 " feels too much, to suffer my Words to find an Ut-
 " terance. This he misinterprets, and would be much
 " better pleased with the Behaviour of any Woman,
 " whose Words might flow in the greatest abundance,
 " in spite of all the Sensations her Heart was capable
 " of.

" I HAVE contrived all manner of ways of placing
 " before him those beautiful Lines in the *Art of*
 " *Cookery*;

" *Friends act with cautious Temper, when sincere;*

" *But flattering Impudence is void of Care:*

" *So at an Irish Funeral appears*

" *A Train of Drabs with mercenary Tears;*

" *Who, wringing of their Hands, with hideous Moan,*

" *Know not his Name, for whom they seem to groan:*

" *Whilst real Grief with silent Steps proceeds,*

" *And Love unfeign'd with inward Passion bleeds.*

" But in vain; for, blinded by his own Love of Flat-
 " tery, I cannot engage him to make the proper Ap-
 " plication.

" I AM

“ I AM very sensible many Women, if married to
 “ my Husband, would be extremely happy ; for, as
 “ it is the Nature of Vanity, when satisfied, largely
 “ to return the Compliment to the Person who gratifies
 “ it ; and he cannot have an Affection, that is not sup-
 “ ported by some Oblations offered to his Pride ; they,
 “ by not caring whether his Aims were right or wrong,
 “ and submitting to treat him with real Contempt, and
 “ seeming Approbation, would be indulged in return
 “ even to Adoration, which they would immediately
 “ place to the account of their own Merit : And thus
 “ both Parties would be pleased, in reciprocally feed-
 “ ing each other’s real Vanity, and fancied Affection.
 “ BUT Love like mine cannot owe its Gratification
 “ to any thing but Love itself, and must dare to think
 “ the Object of it may be treated like a reasonable
 “ Creature, without fear of offending. A contrary
 “ Behaviour, however well it might be received, must,
 “ I think, to a Person really in love, produce perpet-
 “ ual Torment and Perturbation of Mind.

“ MOST part of the Time we lived together, we
 “ spent in the Country, where, instead of those de-
 “ lightful Scenes which I told you I had at first pic-
 “ tured to myself, every thing dark and gloomy
 “ seemed to resemble my Fate. All the beautiful
 “ Prospects in Nature, only brought to my Remem-
 “ brance, that the fair Prospects I once had of Hap-
 “ piness, were now vanished into nothing.

“ BUT I will trouble you no longer, with the many
 “ Reflections and Sensations of my own Mind ; for
 “ Day after Day passed, and the same Wish of Hap-
 “ piness, and the same Impossibility of finding it, ran
 “ through the whole seven Years we lived together.

“ AT length my Husband, wearied out with a Pas-
 “ sion ungratified (for my Disposition was as unsatis-
 “ factory to him, as his was to me) sought his Relief,
 “ in flying to another Woman, who, by sympathizing
 “ with him, could give him much greater Happiness :
 “ For, as Flattery, which is another Word for Con-
 “ tempt, can never be produced by unfeigned Love,
 “ and yet every Affection mixed with Vanity, must re-
 “ quire

“ quire Flattery to be thoroughly satisfied, it is no wonder we could not be happy in each other.

“ EXPERIENCE alone has taught me this; and I should not have endeavoured to relate Sensations which I cannot fully express, had not your manner of living with your Husband convinced me, that you will thoroughly understand me.

“ I WILL not take up your time, in recounting any Particulars concerning our Separation. We parted at his Request; and, whatever Torments it gave me at first, Time has in some measure abated them; and I now think it better to know the Impossibility of being happy, than to be continually tossed between Hopes and Fears. I love him yet, and take every opportunity of enquiring after his Health and Welfare; and, as I have never upbraided him for leaving me, think he cannot hate me; and, by the Character I hear of the Lady who lives with him, I have still some glimmering Hopes, that his Eyes will be sometime opened, and he will return my Love.

“ THUS, Madam, I have complied with your Request, in telling you the History of a Life, in which the Incidents are so few, that I wonder how I could be so long in relating it; but what has for many Years been always uppermost in our Thoughts, we are apt to expatiate on; and forget, whilst we are indulging our own Imaginations, how tiresome we may be to others.”

THUS the Lady finished her Story. I thought there was something very artless and sincere in her representing of her own Sensations on all occasions. I have a great Compassion for her, as I am convinced *Cynthia* will also have, when she reads her Story.

I am, &c.

C A M I L L A.

L E T -

LETTER XXXII.

CYNTHIA to CAMILLA at London.

Dear CAMILLA,

[From Bath.

I HAVE a very great Compassion for the Lady, whose Story you sent me, and can perfectly understand what she must feel, in living seven Years with a Man she loved; who, blinded by his own Passions, would not understand her real Character, nor suffer her to treat him as a reasonable Creature. Had not I been so happy, as to meet with your Brother, this might very likely have been my own Fate; and the Idea of it is so horrible, that I think it is the only Misfortune in life, which it would have been impossible to have supported.

WAS my *Valentine* capable of treating the meanest Creature in the world in a Manner I could not justify in my own Mind, his indulging me even to Adoration, would make me no Amends; nay, on the contrary, I should only be the more unhappy: For the Racer, who is distanced within Sight, and almost within Reach of the Goal, feels a great deal more Uneasiness than he, who, being thrown out at first, immediately dispairs, and leaves the Race.

WHAT the Lady says of Tendernefs, is, in my opinion, so very true, that the palpable Mistake most Men lie under in confounding it with Pride, is an evident Proof to me, that they set up their Passions for Judges in a Case, where Reason alone can distinguish; and, if People would give themselves leave to see clearly but for a minute, and be honest enough to speak the Truth, we should hear many a person own it, and say; " I always argue with myself thus; — Pride is a bad Passion, and Tendernefs a good one; — but I am so perfect a Creature, and so constantly in the right, that, whatever hurts me, must be a Fault in another; and therefore, that Behaviour in a Woman,

" with

“ with which I am displeased, must arise from Pride,
 “ a Vice my own Mind is totally free from, and not
 “ from Tendernefs, a Virtue I have so large a share
 “ of: — As indeed what Virtue is there, which I do
 “ not possess in the highest Degree?”

Now a Man, who has an Imagination warm enough thus to raise a Phantom of his own Goodness, and then to embrace it as a Reality, must look with Hatred or Contempt on every one, who cannot be equally deceived with himself. But it is a melancholy Consideration to me to find, how very difficult it is to come at Happiness, when a Woman, who married the Man she really loved, and where she had the greatest Reason to believe her Husband's Love equal'd hers, could be miserable; which is, I think, the Case of the Lady, of whom your last brought me an Account. Tho' I am like her in some Hopes, that Time will make him see the Truth; if he has a strong Understanding, I am certain, he will not for ever continue in such an Error, as to take Pride for Love; for a Man of Sense can no more be at home in a Fool's Paradise, than a *Brobdingnagian* can live in a *Lilliputian* Palace.

I AM not at all surprized at the Confusion in most Families, arising from preposterous Matches; for, notwithstanding it is generally believed, that where there is no Force from Parents, nor any Views of Fortune, Women marry the Men they like, yet there is nothing so uncommon; for Vanity, in some shape or other, is the Motive that induces most of them to chuse their Husbands.

I HAVE often diverted myself with the Thought, how vastly things would be reversed, had one the Possession of that Glass, so often wish'd for, which should be so true, as to represent things as they really are; and if in one Room were met together Numbers of Men and Women, married and unmarried, of all Stations and Degrees, where the Men should sit in Form, as Ladies do at a Ball, and the Women should be Chusers: Vanity should be *for once* quite banished the Room, and every one obliged to act from the Dictates of her own Heart. How many Ladies would be ready
 to

to die for Grief, to find themselves thus forced to appear without Disguise?

How surprizing would it be to see *Hautilla*, instead of walking with that stately Pace and dignified Air, which she thinks her present Husband's Character in Life requires in his Wife's Behaviour, capering up to a Dancing-Master, and preferring a Pair of red-heel'd Shoes, to all the agreeable Conversation in the world?

IN what amazement must *Scipio* stand, to see on a sudden his Wife, his *fond Wife*, break from his Arms abruptly, and fly to a *Raree-Show* Man, who is crying at the Bottom of the Room, "Now, you shall see what you shall see;" and producing in Miniature in his Box, all the Kings and Queens of *Europe*, dressed in Tinsel and Mock-finery?

How would poor *Lelius* stare, to find all the fancied Friendship, which he imagined *Lelia* had for so many Years daily improved, by his kind Indulgence to her, in a moment swallowed up by a Passion for a Beau? and to see her Eyes and Heart entangled by a laced Coat on the Back of a Coxcomb, who, far from returning her Love, would play Tricks, and expose her to all Companies by impertinent Sneers, and ridiculous affected Witticisms?

How many Men would find themselves left unmarried, by the sudden Appearance of *Lothario*; I say *Lothario*, a Man, who, by the Veil of Gaiety and Gallantry, conceals the basest Heart, and most villainous Designs? *Lothario*, the apparent Object of Admiration, and the real Object of Hatred and Contempt; *Lothario* who counts his Hours, by the Mischief he has done, and thinks if he was innocent one Day from injuring another, it would be too great a Blank in his *active sprightly* Life; *Lothario*, who has Parts enough to be agreeable to the Injudicious, but not half enough to see the Pleasure of doing Good: yet, at least twenty Ladies (in this my fancied Scene) would leave their Husbands on the first View of this desirable Creature; and, rather than quit him again, would be contented to share so valuable, so enlarged a Heart amongst them.

IN short, *Ovid's* Imagination in his *Metamorphoses* never made more unaccountable Changes, than would appear thro' such a Tell-truth Mirrour: Men would be in one moment unmarried from Women, who, they fancied, would have broke their Hearts to have parted from them, and married again the next to others, that they had never the least notion were even capable of loving them: and, I am afraid, some Men of Sense, who are now most contended for, would on a sudden find great difficulty in meeting with any Wife at all. But suffer me to carry on this Fancy a little farther, and let me suppose all the Company obliged to answer sincerely all the Questions I put to them, and faithfully to tell me how they came to be married.

AND now methinks I hear *Hautilla* say; " Since
" an invincible Power obliges me both to speak and
" act sincerely, I must tell you, that I married my
" Husband for no other Reason, but because I sigh'd
" and languish'd to be thought wise; and was *wise*
" enough to imagine, that the Reputation of his Un-
" derstanding would, on my becoming his Wife, im-
" mediately devolve on me; and thus, without any
" Pains or Alteration in myself, I should attain the
" Character I most wished for. But my Hypocrisy has
" cost me very dear; for the continual Restraint I have
" been forced to put on myself, in pretending to like
" all the Company, and every way of spending my
" Time, which was in reality disagreeable to me, to-
" gether with finding the Impossibility of passing for
" what I wished, made me very miserable, and turned
" all my natural Good-humour into Sourness, and
" Hatred of every thing round me, for fear they
" should not think me to have *Understanding* enough.
" But I am now perfectly happy with my dear Dancing-
" Master, my true and natural Taste, and would not
" part with him for all the World." Here methinks
I see her take her Love by the Hand, and caper off
with him, without waiting for a Reply.

ON the same Question's being put to *Scipio's* Lady,
I seem to hear her making this Answer: " I never had
" any real Pleasure in my Life, but what came in at

" my Eyes, and my chief Delight was even placed in
 " Sights and Shews; but since I have been a Woman,
 " for fear of being laugh'd at, I have always con-
 " cealed my Inclinations that way, and affected to de-
 " light in nothing but Books, and those too of the
 " graver Sort; and I have lock'd myself up many a
 " time in my Closet, looking at my Fans and sorting
 " out Ribbands, under the pretence of being eager to
 " read out some new Book which I have borrowed,
 " and have indeed sent home untouched, except
 " slightly turning the Leaves over, to make the ap-
 " pearance of having read it. However, the Charac-
 " ter this Deceit got me of Gravity and Discretion,
 " and my abstaining from public Places (where my
 " Heart was always) made Scipio chuse me for his
 " Wife; and I accepted of him, because I thought
 " his Station would force me into a Public Life ap-
 " parently against my Will. But this did not do; and
 " Scipio's Behaviour, I cannot tell why or wherefore
 " (for he was a very indulgent good Husband) was so
 " disgustful to me, that I could never be easy under
 " the forced Fondness I put on for him; and I am now
 " happier in the new Choice I have made, than ever
 " I was in my Life."

AFTER this Speech, methinks I see her beckoning
 to her Raree-Show Man, who with some reluctance
 complies, having first made her take up his Box;
 grumbling out in a vulgar Tone, *That he knows no*
reason for having a Wife, but to be waited on. Scipio
 stands as one amazed at the long Deception he has
 lain under, and turns with due Contempt from such a
 Wife to a Lady who stands ready to receive him with
 real Love, founded on the Knowledge of his Merit.

AND next I fancy that I hear *Delia* declaring, that
 " she had long been secretly in love with the Man, the
 " Beau, the Coxcomb, for whom she now, for the first
 " time, had the courage to own her Love; and that
 " she married *Lelius* for no other reason, but because
 " he made love to her very assiduously for two Months;
 " during which time, she found that she was so pleased
 " with herself, that she fancied that she was pleased

with

“ with him: for she could not but own, that she was
 “ not quite unhappy at hearing her own Charms con-
 “ tinually resounding in her Ears.” And now I see
 her Bear making her lead him up the Room, that all
 the Company may observe her Fondness for him.

To describe the Noise and Confusion that must
 ensue upon the Claims of *Ishtarion's* twenty Wives
 at once, and all their Reasons for such a judicious
 Choice, is more than I will undertake; and it would
 indeed be endless to set down the several different An-
 swers which I could imagine I should receive from this
 fancied promiscuous Company of Wives. Some, I
 doubt not, would tell me, that they married because
 they were asked; others, because they wanted to take
 place of their Companions, and found that married
 Women met with most Respect; others, because they
 wanted something to govern, not quite so refractory as
 themselves, and thought a Husband and Children the
 best Subjects; the one to exercise their Talents on, by
 managing him with Art, and the others, as Objects of
 their Power.

Was I to put the same Questions to the Men, and
 ask them how they came to marry the Women who
 had thus left them, I should hear them all confess, that
 they were drawn in by a liking to their Wives Persons,
 to think them the Objects of their Esteem; and that
 their Imagination soon bestowed on them every good
 Quality which it was now visible they were defective
 in: And as to Love, I believe most Men (like my
 Lord *Foppington*) who by Flattery, Deceit, or any
 other means, can obtain a Woman's Person, make no
 doubt, or else never give themselves the least Concern,
 about her Heart.

I AM afraid you will be tired with all these Whims;
 but as you may look on my Remarks as the Effects
 only of Leisure and Happiness, which makes the
 Fancy rove through various odd Scenes, they may
 serve for Subjects of Mirth. If indeed they had any
 Foundation in Nature, if such things ever really hap-
 pened, and we could think what I have here said was
 any Picture of human Life; I cannot but say it would

turn the Mirth into Melancholy, and could be the Subject of Ridicule to none, but those who are like a Man I have heard of, who was never seen to laugh but once in his Life, and that was, when he saw another Man fall from a House, and break his Neck.

I am, &c.

CYNTHIA.

LETTER XXXIII.

CAMILLA to CYNTHIA at Bath.

Dear CYNTHIA, [From London.

YOUR Whims, as you are pleased to call them, gave me great Entertainment; nay, I may say, that when you give Leisure and Happiness as the Reasons for them, that Consideration brought me the highest Pleasure imaginable.

I READ your Letter to my Husband: He quite grieved at some part of it, especially where so many Ladies are in love with *Lothario*: I was forced to put him in mind continually, that it was only a Scene of Imagination, to keep him from being melancholy.

A LADY of my Acquaintance, whose Name is *Berinthia*, sent me the following Novel; and as I am always pleased with every Opportunity of amusing dear *Cynthia*, I hope it will have the desired Effect.

A NOVEL.

BELENDA was born of a Gentleman's Family, and in her earliest Infancy educated as became a young Girl of Fortune; but her Parents both dying in the thirteenth Year of her Age, she was left in those tender Years, after having been hitherto too tenderly brought up, to the wild World, without any
without

without any means of Support: for her Father and Mother had for a long time lived in a manner they could not support; and made it their only view to conceal their Poverty, instead of prudently endeavouring to remove it: By which means they kindly left this so much dreaded Discovery of their penurious Circumstances to break out with all its Weight and Horror, when the poor *Belinda*, their only dear Child, must feel alone its Burthen. And thus in the midst of her unaffected Affliction for the Loss of her Parents, did their merciless Creditors seize on every thing they died possessed of.

BELINDA's Heart, young as she then was, felt her first Loss too strongly, to let any outward Circumstances, for the present, add much to her inward Grief. She could easily dispense with the Delicacy she had been used to be treated with; for in the first Agonies of her Sorrow, she was very careless of what became of her.

HOWEVER, this poor young Creature had an Aunt by the Father's side, who had that Compassion for her which she wanted for herself, and took her into her Protection: And although her Situation was such, that she could by no means propose to provide for her in the manner she wished, yet she was resolved to use her utmost Endeavours to preserve her from the deplorable Fate that generally attends Youth and Beauty when in distress. And in order to compass this her laudable Design, she treated the young *Belinda* in such a manner, that notwithstanding the Difference of their Ages, she never scrupled to own to her the Dictates of her Heart.

WHEN *Belinda* was fifteen, her Youth and Beauty gained her many Admirers; but such was the Force of her Education, joined to her own natural good Disposition, that she looked on Treachery with so great a Detestation, that she fixed a Resolution, that no Offers, though ever so advantageous, should tempt her to give her Hand, without the Concurrence of her Heart.

HER Heart had neither Levity enough to like every Man who came in her way by accident, only because

he complimented her; nor did her Head contain Folly enough to fancy every time she was amused, that she was in love. She judged rightly, that she might be very much pleased with the Gaiety of a Ball, where every thing seems contrived to raise and delight the Imagination, without being in love with her Partner; and knew the Qualifications requisite to make her happy, and gain Esteem too well, to let a temporary Complaisance and Good-Humour make her immediately form any Schemes of being totally in a Man's power for Life. She spoke her Sentiments to her Aunt on all Occasions freely, and without reserve, who encouraged and applauded her for so doing.

BELINDA lived on happily with her good Friend, till she was twenty Years of age; when, happening to dance one Night at a Neighbour's House with a young Gentleman who was just returned from his Travels, she was so much pleased with him, she could think of nothing else till she had seen him again. Accident threw her often in his way; and she could not guard herself from being seized with one of those violent Passions of Love that possesses the whole Mind, and leaves no room for any other Object. At first she grew pensive and melancholy, and was so changed in her whole manner, that she was hardly the same Woman. Her Aunt, who knew a great deal of the World, and was satisfied that, as she continued her Goodness to her, no sudden Misfortune had befallen her, soon guessed the Cause of this Change; and by Persuasions prevailed on her not to begin now to conceal her Thoughts from her.

BELINDA at first was unwilling to discover her Passion, even to her kind Protectress; not that she was afraid to let her know her most inmost Thought: in reality she was ashamed to disclose it. But how was this good Woman grieved, when *Belinda* named *Philander* as the Object of her Love! for she knew he was married, whilst he was abroad, to a young Lady with whom he was very much in love. However, she thought proper not to conceal from *Belinda*, that her Lover was married, as she must know it in the end, and in the mean

mean time might, by indulging it, increase her Passion. When *Belinda* heard that her first Affection must be disappointed, she could not help sighing, and being grieved at her hard Fate, that she should fix her Heart, tho' unsolicited, on the Man whose Honour and Duty forbad him to return her Love; and at the same time found it impossible to have the least Inclination for any amongst the Number of those who pursued her with the utmost Assiduity and Endeavours to please her.

BUT such was the Goodness of her Heart, that she resolved, whatever it cost her, *Philander* should be no Sufferer by her Passion; and she took such uncommon chimerical Fancies into her Head, as would scarcely be believed by the generality of those who are *in love*. For she often said, that when Love made a Woman act as if she hated, and to contrive by all manner of mean and cunning Tricks to undo and ruin the Man on whom, she placed her Affection, she could not wonder if Hatred was returned for such Love.

PHILANDER too had strange Whimfies in his Brain; for tho' *Belinda's* Love was too apparent for him to be ignorant of it, yet he never endeavoured to take advantage of her Passion, to betray her to Misery; nor, on the other hand, would he shock her, by rudely slighting her; but behaved in every thing in the manner he thought would make her most easy, under that most disagreeable Circumstance of being overwhelmed with a Passion she had no hopes of gratifying.

PHILANDER did not stay long in *England*; but as soon as he had settled some Business for which he came over, he went to his beloved Wife, and left poor *Belinda* to sigh at his Absence, though at the same time she applauded his Behaviour. He stay'd five Years abroad, all which time *Belinda* retained her Love; and yet never once wished the Object of it might be poisoned or massacred, or come by any other such slight Misfortune, although he could not return it.

PHILANDER's Father was very fond of him during his Mother's Life-time; but she died whilst he was abroad; and her Husband, although he was at first very much concerned for her Loss, did not long remain

a Widower, but married a young Lady, of whose Beauty he became enamoured at first sight, and whose want of Fortune made her not inflexible to his Addresses.

THIS Lady's *Gratitude* to her Husband for generously forgetting all mercenary Views for her sake, raised in her such a prodigious Fondness towards him, that she could not bear to share either his Affection or his Fortune with his Son; but contrived a Method of ingrossing all the former, and spending the latter, to support his Dignity: so that, when he died, he left his Circumstances in such a Situation, that poor *Philander* was reduced to the utmost Necessity. He immediately brought his Wife to *England*, to endeavour to make the best of the very little that was left.

NEAR about the time that *Philander* lost his Father, *Belinda* was deprived of her Aunt, who left her every thing she was worth, amounting in all to upwards of eight thousand Pounds; for since she took *Belinda* to live with her, a Relation had left her a considerable Sum, which enabled her to provide so handsomely for her Niece. She heard of *Philander's* Misfortunes, and yet was so strangely fanciful, that altho' her Rival was involved in her Husband's Misery, yet was the romantic *Belinda* so far from rejoicing at it, that she employed all her Thoughts how she could relieve them: Nay, so very far did she carry these odd Notions of her's, that she actually contrived out of her own Fortune to support them, whilst they themselves were ignorant from whence came their continual Supply; and she was mad enough to part with what was *her own* to the Man she loved, even tho' he shared it with another Woman.

THIS lasted for three Years, when *Philander* lost his Wife. He was at first almost inconsolable; for he had lived with her in the utmost Fondness; and no wonder he should regret such a Woman, for she truly deserved his Esteem. At length, Time and Philosophy calmed his Mind, and he began to be tolerably easy, when by an accident he discovered whence had flowed all his Support since his Father's Death. Astonished and confounded

confounded with *Belinda's* Goodness, his first Thought was immediately to throw himself at her Feet, and declare himself her Lover; but then he apprehended that it would be an ill Return for all her Generosity, to desire her to marry a Beggar. Then again, as he knew her Love for him, he imagined that she, by being his Wife, would compleat her Happiness, and consequently, that he ought to make that his first Consideration. The Result of these Reflections occasioned his writing her the following Letter.

A L E T T E R from PHILANDER to BELINDA.

“ *Madam,*

“ I F it was in the power of Words to express what
 “ my Heart feels for you, Volumes would not contain what I should then have to write; but as, on
 “ the contrary, the various Sensations that at present
 “ overwhelm my Mind are inexpressible, I find myself
 “ at a loss to explain how greatly your Goodness has
 “ affected me. Was I to say your surprising Generosity has inspired me with the warmest Gratitude, the
 “ Expression would be too cold to reach half my
 “ Meaning. On the other hand, when I am prompted
 “ by Inclination to talk rapturously of Love, I am
 “ checked by the Consideration, that in my present
 “ unhappy Situation, it would be Ingratitude even to
 “ wish you to sacrifice to me more than you have already done; and I dare not think on it. But then I
 “ cannot help entertaining some hopes, that my Silence
 “ on this head would be preventing your own Happiness. The moment this Thought occurs to my perplexed Imagination, I dare not be silent. Inform
 “ me how to act, that I may appear neither insensible
 “ of your Goodness, nor too much encouraged by it.
 “ Oh, *Belinda!* remember how pure and untainted
 “ with Art your own Mind is, and then you cannot be
 “ at a loss to know my Thoughts of you, altho’ I am
 “ afraid to speak them. Should it be in the power of
 “ my future Life to contribute to render yours happy,
 “ with what assiduous Care should every Moment be
 “ employed

“ employed in endeavouring to approve my Gratitude
 “ and Love. Give me leave at least to wait on you,
 “ that I may have the Pleasure (which I think one of
 “ the greatest this World can afford) of beholding the
 “ Object to whom I am under those immense Obliga-
 “ tions, which my Heart must ever exult and rejoice
 “ in.

“ LET me beg you, *Belinda*, to send me an imme-
 “ diate Answer, as I shall wait with impatience till I
 “ can have the happiness of seeing you: And believe
 “ me, that whatever you determine, I shall breathe
 “ no longer than I am

Your faithful

PHILANDER.

WHEN *Belinda* received this Letter, she read it over several times with such a Perturbation of Mind, that it was some time before she could calm her Thoughts enough to make room for Reflection; and then so strangely whimsical was her Head, that she was more perplexed than ever. Here was a plain Offer of Marriage from *Philander*; and yet so unaccountable were her Whims, that she thought it possible to be unhappy, even though married to the Man with whom she was in love.

SHE did not doubt of *Philander*'s Sincerity; for her Esteem for him had been long fixed. To speak the truth, it was twin-born with her Love. One hour gave them birth; and their very Existence depended on each other's Destiny. *Belinda*'s Disposition could not give her leave once to suspect her little Fortune could be the Motive of his Addresses; besides, he might have shared in that, without any further Engagement. But her own Thoughts in the following Letter will best speak her Sentiments.

BELINDA'S

BELINDA'S ANSWER to PHILANDER.

"S I R,

"I KNOW not by what Accident you discovered that I have long corresponded with you in secret; but, since it is revealed, I am not ashamed to own, that all the Pleasure I have enjoyed since first I became acquainted with your Worth, has been owing either to the hearing of, or the having it in my power to contribute to your Welfare. The exerting that trifling and inconsiderable Power, tho' you are so good as to say it deserves your Gratitude, has given me so much pleasure, that I can with truth affirm, I obliged myself much more than it was possible to oblige another. I complied with my Inclination; and if my Love for you had been of that kind as to make me rejoice in your Misfortunes, because you was engaged to live with a Woman who deserved your Esteem, perhaps I might have followed the common Method in such Cases, and have spent my whole time in contriving to increase your Misery. But the Object of *Philander's* Pleasure could never be hateful to *Belinda*.

"PERHAPS it may appear very odd, that I talk thus freely of my Love, whilst you know it was gained without any Solicitation on your side. But I hate all Disguise: Besides, as I am certain you must have known it from our first Acquaintance, your Knowledge of it is familiar to my Thoughts, and very unlike a new Discovery: though the refined manner in which you mention it, is to me the greatest Obligation, as it justifies my Choice to my own Mind, and in some sort makes me amends for having been so easily won; and gives me leave to flatter myself, my Passion would not have been unconquerable, if my Judgment had not approved it.

"BUT notwithstanding I thus openly avow my Love, yet have I Fears which alarm me, when I think of indulging it. Every Woman who marries, if she does not meet with a very great Reprobate,

"does

“ does not put herself wholly in her Husband's Power;
 “ for few Men care by a very brutal Behaviour to abandon themselves to the Censure of the World, and be
 “ despised by all Mankind: And when a Man is careful enough even of his Reputation to chuse living
 “ decently with his Wife, if she is not fond of him,
 “ she cannot be very miserable: but what Tongue
 “ can describe the Agonies that Heart must suffer,
 “ which is so sensibly affected with every Word or
 “ Look of her Husband's, that her Happiness or
 “ Misery depends upon it, when she is treated at best
 “ with cold Indifference, and a Carelessness which the
 “ best-natured Man in the World cannot avoid, where
 “ his Heart is not engaged? The reading all the wise
 “ Lessons that were ever wrote, against putting your
 “ Happiness in the power of another, will avail but
 “ little; for Passion deals not in cunning; and when
 “ the Mind is torn and rent with distracting Passions,
 “ what does it avail to say it would be better not to
 “ feel the Torment? I know all the Marks of Love
 “ too well to be deceived, and am sensible, that the
 “ Lover pities in his Mistress even fancied Misfortunes
 “ and imaginary Grievs: Nothing is too trifling to
 “ give him Pleasure or Pain; nor is any thing of so
 “ much Consequence, but he can imagine it a Trifle,
 “ when weighed with her Content and Happiness.
 “ BUT pardon me, *Philander*; I do not mean that
 “ I have the least Distrust of your Honour or Sincerity: but I know generous Minds, when they do
 “ but fancy themselves obliged, are very apt to take
 “ the Warmth of Gratitude for Love. Should this be
 “ the Case, you will make both me and yourself
 “ miserable; for nothing but your whole Heart can
 “ content me. You may love involuntarily some Object more adapted to your own natural Inclination;
 “ and then I must be your Burden: And should your
 “ Goodness go far enough to make you never endeavour to gratify that Love, still I must look on my
 “ unfortunate Passion as the Cause of yours and my
 “ own Unhappiness; and Words cannot paint what I
 “ then must suffer. Therefore I conjure you, examine
 “ your

“ your own Heart with the utmost Circumspection before you engage farther in an Affair on which depends your own Happiness, as well as that of your

“ BELINDA.”

BELINDA formed in her Mind another Picture opposite to that of Misery, which she had drawn in her Letter; in which she indulged herself in the Thoughts of the great Happiness of her future Life, should *Philander's* Love be equal with her own; and these two Pictures placed themselves by turns before her Imagination: When she saw her Lover, that of Happiness was present; when he was absent, Reflection would sometimes teaze her with producing the other to her Fancy. However, she had not conversed with *Philander* very often, before all Ideas of the Possibility of Misery with him were so entirely banished her Thoughts, that she consented to depend for the rest of her Life intirely on him for her Happiness.

BUT *Belinda* carried on her romantic Notions even after she was married; for she was more fearful of losing *Philander* (that is, losing his Affection) now than before: while he, on the other hand, by the Sincerity of his Love and the Good nature of his Behaviour, made it the Business of his Life to banish all Fears from her Bosom, and let nothing but Joy inhabit there.

PHILANDER had two Children by his former Wife, whom *Belinda* treated with the same Tenderness as if they had been her own; and when she became herself a Mother, if her Heart knew any difference, the Children, by her Behaviour, could never perceive it; and by this Education they were so little used to distinguish between Own Brothers and Brothers-in-law, that they were united in Love; and the Happiness of the whole Family was centered in each other: And this Union was every day increased, till they became the Admiration of all, whose Goodfortune it was to be of their Acquaintance, and they might properly be styled *The Family of Love*.

BERINTHIA,

BERINTHIA, when she lent me this Novel, said she only desired me to read it to laugh at it; for that she thought the designed Heroine of it was of so very unnatural a Character, that she looked on her to be a Monster in Nature. I behold her in a very different Light, and desire you will be so good to send me your Opinion on the Subject.

I am, &c.

CAMILLA.

LETTER XXXIV.

CYNTHIA to CAMILLA at London,

Dear CAMILLA,

[From Bath.

I AM obliged to you, for making my Amusement your first Consideration on every Occasion, and thank you for your Novel; and, as you desire my Opinion of it, I shall speak my Thoughts freely, as I always do, when I am conversing with *Camilla*.

I ADMIRE and love *Philander*: his Behaviour to *Belinda* from the first, deserves the utmost Approbation. No Coquette in the midst of her monkey Tricks, can be half so contemptible, as a Man who endeavours to turn into Ridicule the Woman he plainly perceives likes him. Had *Belinda* met with a Coxcomb, how many pretty Inventions would he have found to have worked her Passions, in order to have made her contemptible.

I REMEMBER my being at a Ball when I was very young, where I saw a Scene between a Coxcomb and his Partner, which for a long time made me very uneasy. That *Celia* (for that was the Lady's Name) liked her Spark, I really believe; and his Intentions to put her out of countenance, and to shew the Company that she liked him, are almost incredible: he contrived Methods of continually raising in her the uneasy Sensation of Shame, and, with an impertinent Stare, he would

would often suddenly ask her, why she blush'd? This, tho' she was as pale as Death before, always made her as red as Scarlet: What Triumph was this to a Man that he had made a Woman blush? Then, when by her Confusion her Voice faltered, and she found a Difficulty to pronounce her Words: "Oh! undoubtedly, says he, Ladies must lisp! — 'Tis pretty to talk like the Vulgar! — What would be the Signification of Beauty, unless Affectation was allowable with it!"

CELIA was naturally a sprightly sensible Woman, and could very easily have made ten such Coxcombs the Jest of the Company, had not Shame taken from her the Power of Utterance: however at last, provoked with his Usage, and enraged with his Impertinence, she recollected her scattered Thoughts, and suddenly led this triumphant Conqueror to a great Peer-Glass at the lower End of the Room, and asked him, when he saw his own Figure, whether he could wonder at any Woman's liking him: altho' he had been endeavouring all the Evening to make a Jest of her for it, yet she hoped, on the Consideration how impossible it must be to behold him without loving him, that for the future he would not use so many Endeavours to make her ridiculous for it.

THE Gentleman was so struck with this sudden Turn, that he could not command his Temper enough to make her any reasonable Answer, but hammered out two or three Words (undoubtedly very kind ones) in so low a Voice, that he could not be heard. The whole Company immediately took the Design, joined with *Celia* in her just Revenge, and all at once burst into a Horse laugh in his Face: One of the Company whispering him, what Sorceries he had made use of, to bewitch *Celia*? — Another softly telling him, he ought to be hang'd for a Wizard; with much more Raillery of the like kind, which the Fear of offending *Celia* confined to Whispers. This so incensed him, that ready to burst with Spite and Anger, and unable to bear being so justly exposed as the Object of Contempt, he left the Room, and the next day departed from the Town;

Town; I hope as much cured of his *Wit*, as *Celia* was of her Love.

I W A S much pleased, that *Celia* had Resolution enough to turn the Scorn and Ridicule on the Person who so justly deserved it, and not to let such a trifling vain Coxcomb triumph over her.

H O W unlike was this silly low Fellow to your *Philander*, whose Gratitude seems to equal *Belinda*'s Generosity; and yet I confess, I do not blame *Belinda* for her Fears, for that Picture of Misery she draws in her Letter, fills me with Horror. It is a bold Adventure to give another such full Power over us; which is always the Consequence, when we live with a Person, whose every Word and Look can distract the Soul, and rent the Heart asunder.

I S E E nothing unnatural in *Belinda*'s Character, tho' I am afraid it is a very uncommon one; but at the same time think it far from being monstrous; and, instead of wondering that there are some few Instances of the like Behaviour, I am only amazed, that they are not more frequent: For to me nothing appears more unreasonable, than that a Woman should desire to tear out a Man's Eyes, only because he cannot give her his Heart.

T H A T is true, *Drusilla* used all the Arts she was Mistress of, to marry an old Man she hated, only to bring an Heir to his Estate, to exclude a Nephew from it, because she loved this his Nephew, and he was pre-engaged to another Woman, who loved and esteemed him.

P R I S C I L L A fell in love with her Cousin, and because he could not marry her, entered into a long Law suit with him, and hunted him through all the Forms of the several Courts of Justice; till she was ruined with Pleasure, in order to involve the Man she loved in the same Ruin with her.

T H E mild and gentle *Sacharissa*, struck at first sight with the Beauty of a married Man, and thinking it impossible to live without him, after she had made use in vain of every Art she was Mistress of, to engage him, at last took a noble Resolution to let his House
on

on fire, and burn him in his Bed (and all this, only because she *loved* him) which heroic Design she would actually have executed, had she not been prevented by a mere Accident.

BUT Instances of this sort of *Love* are so numerous, that we hardly live a day, without hearing some new Stories of this kind. If an Inhabitant from any other World, where Reason sway'd, and Fallacy had no Power, was to make us a Visit, and be told some of these Stories, and at the same time was to be informed, that we gave the Name of *Love* to Passions which produce such dire Effects; what an Idea would he have of our Understandings?

Now, *Camilla*, let me intreat you in one point to take my Advice; on no account be intimate with the Lady who thinks *Belinda* to be an unnatural and monstrous Character. With Observation we may discover most People's Minds, by the Sentiments which their Mouths utter; and when any Woman avows the Disbelief or Impossibility of Goodness, and can assert with Warmth, that *Belinda* is a Monster in Nature, you may be very sure, that she at least is no *such Monster*: and I dare imagine, that, if the Lady who gave you was that Novel, in hopes you would laugh at *Belinda*, in the same Circumstances, she would, instead of supporting her Lover and her Rival, stick at nothing to do them a mischief. I wish you would endeavour to find out the Lady's History, and let me know it.

I SPENT the Afternoon yesterday in a great deal of Company, with whom I should have been very well pleased, had it not been for a Critic, who would not suffer any one to speak, without declaring whether it was a *good* or a *bad thing* that was spoken: He seemed in all he said to intimate, that no one ever spoke without a Design of being witty; by which I did suppose, that being witty was the Study of his own Life; altho' if so, the poor Man was very unfortunate, for no one ever failed more in the Attempt.

AT last a Gentleman by accident told a Story; that he had contracted a great Friendship with a Man, only from hearing of a particular kind of Behaviour of his
in

in a Fever: "For, continued the Gentleman, my
 " Friend was a great Lover of Cyder, and always
 " took care to keep the best in his House that he could
 " purchase: Now, when he was so ill, that the Phy-
 " sicians forbid him to drink any himself; whilst he
 " was restless, and raging with the Thirst of a burning
 " Fever, he got a Set of his Friends to drink it round
 " him; that the seeing them pleased, might commu-
 " nicate some Pleasure to him. I was so delighted
 " with this Instance of the uncommon Love of seeing
 " others pleased, that I contrived soon to get acquaint-
 " ed with him, and have been very intimate with him
 " ever since; till I have found, that his chief Delight
 " in life, is in either making or seeing others happy."

WE, all but the Critic, agreed with the Gentleman,
 in his Opinion of the Story; but he fell into a great
 Passion, said it was a very *bad thing*, and that it would
 have been much more natural, if he had thrown the
 Cyder in his Friends Face, for attempting to drink that
 in his Presence, which he must not touch himself. No-
 body thought it worth their while to answer him; and
 all he got by his Speech was, convincing the whole
 Company in what manner he would have acted on the
 like Occasion. When he left us, we all agreed in re-
 joicing, that we were in no respect dependent on him.

I am, &c.

CYNTHIA.

L E T T E R XXXV.

CAMILLA to CYNTHIA at Bath.

Dear CYNTHIA,

[From London.

Y O U R communicating of your Sentiments on
Belinda's Story, was to me great Indulgence, as
 they exactly corresponded with my own; and I am
 always

always pleased to find, that we sympathize in our Thoughts, and agree in our Notions.

I WAS much diverted with *Celia's* having Resolution enough to daunt the impertinent Coxcomb, who took such pains to put her out of countenance; as such Behaviour deservedly makes a Man the Object of Contempt and Ridicule; and nothing is more just, than to punish that Vanity, which wants to be indulged at another's Expence.

You may be certain *Cynthia*, that the moment I was informed of your Curiosity to know *Berinthia's* Story, I made it my Business to enquire and find it out; and luckily spending an Hour or two yesterday in the Afternoon with a Lady, who, on my mentioning her, said, that she was formerly of her Acquaintance; I ask'd her so many Questions concerning *Berinthia*, that at last she said, she believed I wanted to know every Action of *Berinthia's* Life from the time she was born. I replied, it was true, that I had a Curiosity to know *Berinthia's* Story; then the Lady said, she had known her from her Infancy, and would relate all she knew of her, if I desired it; and on my saying, nothing could oblige me more, she began as follows.

“WHEN *Berinthia* was eight, and I was seven Years of Age, we went to the same School. As we were considerably younger than any of the rest of the Scholars, we naturally kept much together, and were constant Companions. I have ever had a good deal of Fondness in my Temper; and, as the Bent of Nature discovers itself very early, I even at that time had a great Fondness for *Berinthia*: But no fine Lady who is adored by a Man to whom she is perfectly indifferent, can treat her Slave with more Inhumanity, than she did me. I gave her every thing in my power; I preferred her in all things to myself, and omitted no Opportunity of endeavouring to please her, but all in vain; for she saw her Power, and would deign to treat me no otherwise, than as her Slave. I was passionate, and when she used me ill, could not help bursting into rage, at which she with great Good-nature would always

“ laugh,

" laugh, and try to exasperate me, till I could hardly
 " refrain from beating her. This was her daily
 " Amusement and Diversion. I have cryed whole
 " days at her Cruelty to me, and yet she would never
 " do any thing to make me easy, for that she thought
 " too mean, and quite unbecoming a Person of her
 " Dignity. If any of the bigger Girls took any no-
 " tice of me, she was so angry at it, that she was sure
 " to find out some Method of revenging it on me. To
 " some of them indeed she was very obsequious; but
 " I have since reflected, it was only to those, who
 " told her she was pretty, or in any manner praised
 " her; for she never regarded any one the more for
 " doing her any real Kindness.

" BUT I will dwell no longer on this Part of her Life,
 " nor should I have said so much of it, but only as
 " I think her Behaviour even then was a strong Indi-
 " cation of her future Conduct, and to shew you how
 " early People act in Character.

" WE came from School, when I was Thirteen;
 " and, as we lived very near each other till I was
 " Fifteen, we continued our Correspondence. But
 " now it was impossible it should last long; for
 " that Envy, which she could not contain, even when
 " any of my School-Fellows took notice of me, now
 " I became of an Age to be observed by Men, burst
 " forth like a Torrent, overleaping all Bounds.

" SHE had her share of Admirers, but that would
 " not content her; the moment any Man appeared to
 " have the least Liking to me, she fancied herself in
 " love with him, for she never examined herself; and
 " when she was uneasy that she was not flattered, she
 " immediately imagined it was fruitless and unreturned
 " Love gave her that Uneasiness: And it is incredible
 " how many artful Tricks she made use of, to ingross
 " all the Men to herself. Some new Lye was the Tax
 " I paid for every new Lover; and when she had
 " had spread abroad these her own Inventions, she
 " constantly came and told them me with great Anxiety
 " for my Good; was greatly grieved, that People
 " should be so wicked, as to give themselves the Li-

" berty

“ berty of thus censuring others without a Cause, and
 “ then gave me some friendly Advice, to behave in
 “ the very manner, she knew would to the World
 “ corroborate the Story. A Train of Gun Powder,
 “ when once lighted, cannot faster catch the Flame,
 “ than Scandal spreads, when managed by an artful
 “ Incendiary; and, as *Berinthia* had herself laid the
 “ Train, she must know best where first to kindle it.

“ S E V E R A L sleepless Nights and restless Days have
 “ these Stories given me; for I was young, and every
 “ time I heard I was thus defamed, fancied I was un-
 “ done. I had not then considered, that Truth, like
 “ the Sun, tho’ clouded by Envy, and eclipsed with
 “ Spite and Malignity, will in the end break forth and
 “ shine with all its natural Lustre.

“ A T last by an accident I discovered all *Berinthia*’s
 “ Treachery: You may be certain, I no longer then
 “ conversed with her, altho’ she played over all her
 “ Arts to induce me not to abandon her. She wept
 “ and swore, and stuck at no Falshoods that could give
 “ her the least glimmering hopes of still deceiving me;
 “ but it was all in vain, for I never would speak to
 “ her afterwards; and in a small time, to my great
 “ Joy, she left the Neighbourhood, and fixed at the
 “ other End of the Town: There she got acquainted
 “ with the young *Oliva*, who was sincere and artless
 “ in her Disposition, not in the least apt to suspect
 “ others; tender in her Heart, and open and un-
 “ reserved in her Behaviour.

“ T H I S was the very Character that seemed form-
 “ ed by Nature for *Berinthia* to exercise her Talents
 “ on. You know she can be very agreeable, when
 “ she has a mind to recommend herself; and her Affi-
 “ duity to oblige this her new Friend, soon deceived
 “ the poor innocent *Oliva*, who imagined she was as
 “ fond of her as she professed. This was the greatest
 “ Joy imaginable to *Berinthia*; for a Friend is no less
 “ necessary to the compleating the Happiness of those
 “ Minds that delight in Treachery, than to the height-
 “ ening the Pleasures of those benevolent Dispositions,
 “ whose

“ whose chief Enjoyments depend on their being
 “ shared with others.

“ *O L I V A* was not at all Coquette in her Humour,
 “ and therefore had not a Variety of Followers, for
 “ *Berinthia* to practise her Skill on; but in *Lorenzo* she
 “ had one accepted Lover, whom she designed soon
 “ to make her Husband.

“ *L O R E N Z O* was a Man, who valued himself
 “ greatly on his Prudence, and studied the Passions of
 “ others with the noble Design of turning them to his
 “ own Advantage, without any Consideration what
 “ they suffered by it. He knew well the secret
 “ Springs of the human Mind; and could, whenever
 “ he thought proper, make use of that Knowledge,
 “ to rack and torment it; and yet he would have
 “ wondered at the Cruelty of a Tyrant, who should
 “ study Anatomy, with a Design only of finding out in
 “ what manner he could best contrive to rack and tor-
 “ ture the Bodies of Men.

“ *O L I V A* was very handsome: *Lorenzo* liked her
 “ Person, and, as her Fortune was full as much as he
 “ could expect with a Wife, he thought it would be
 “ more prudent in him to marry her, than to think of
 “ her in any other light; but if he had not thought it
 “ prudent, he would have scorned to have let her Hap-
 “ piness or Misery have the least Weight in his Deter-
 “ minations.

“ As soon as *Berinthia* found out on what Terms
 “ *Lorenzo* visited *Oliiva*, she was resolved to contrive
 “ some Method of getting him away from her: And
 “ the first Invention she hit upon, was writing him a
 “ Letter, in which there were many dark Hints about
 “ *Oliiva*'s Conduct, as if she had been guilty of some-
 “ thing, of which he was ignorant, that, if known
 “ to him, would certainly make him change his Mind.
 “ Every Sentence was intermixed with great Express-
 “ sions of Tendernefs for the Reputation of young
 “ Ladies, and strong Assertions, that nothing but the
 “ Fear that a Man of his Understanding should be
 “ drawn in to do an imprudent Action could possibly
 “ have induced her to write this Letter. Then she
 “ begs

“ begs him not to believe any thing against *Oliva*
 “ without strong Proof: For there were so many Lies
 “ told in the World, it was very difficult to come at
 “ the Truth, and it would be terrible to let poor
 “ *Oliva* suffer from Calumny.

“ THIS Letter was signed from an unknown Friend:
 “ *Lorenzo* was startled at the Receipt of it. The
 “ Thoughts of being made a Dupe, were to him
 “ more terrible, than any Misfortune his Imagination
 “ could paint. No Man visited *Oliva* but himself;
 “ nor had he ever seen any the least Misconduct in her
 “ Behaviour. Notwithstanding all his Prudence, he
 “ liked her Person well enough, to be unwilling to
 “ resign her; and, when she was present, could not
 “ believe any thing against her. The Innocence of
 “ her Look, and the unaffected Simplicity of her
 “ Manner engaged him to have such a Confidence in
 “ her, that he shewed her the Letter. Poor *Oliva*
 “ could by no means guess whence this Malice could
 “ arise; and, as she was herself conscious of no Offence,
 “ even in thought, to any Person in the world, she
 “ could not imagine who could have any Spight against
 “ her.

“ THE next time she saw her Friend, she artlessly
 “ told her of it. *Berinthia* made such an Outcry at
 “ the Wickedness of the Person, who could, without
 “ any Provocation, be guilty of such an Action, as
 “ greatly confirmed *Oliva*’s Opinion of her Friend’s
 “ sincere and ardent Affection.

“ I CANNOT repeat all the treacherous Arts *Be-*
 “ *rinthia* made use of, to perpetrate her noble Scheme.
 “ It is sufficient to inform you, she so perfectly suc-
 “ ceeded in it, that she made *Lorenzo* believe all she
 “ desired, and brought him to turn his Thoughts on
 “ herself for a Wife. She had the superior Fortune,
 “ which Consideration, in the Scale of his Prudence,
 “ had no small Weight; but still *Oliva*’s Person dwelt
 “ strongly on his Imagination, and he could not think
 “ of quitting her: He therefore formed another
 “ Scheme much more agreeable to his own Desires;
 “ and, as he knew *Oliva* was fond of him, resolved
 “ he

“ he would make use of that Fondness to betray her,
 “ In short, the poor young Creature, not suspecting
 “ in *Lorenzo* the least Treachery, fell into the Snare he
 “ had barbarously laid to catch her unwary Steps, and
 “ became a Prey to his cruel Designs: And, as I have
 “ already told you *Lorenzo*’s Character, it would be
 “ unnecessary to say how he behaved afterwards.

“ *BERINTHIA*, who was herself in love with
 “ *Lorenzo* (for he was very handsome and sprightly)
 “ now added to her natural Love of Deceit, a Hatred
 “ to *Olivia*, arising from Jealousy; and therefore, un-
 “ der a Pretence of Friendship, went daily to see her,
 “ to set before her all her Misfortunes in the most
 “ glaring Light, and upbraid her with her Crimes.
 “ She studied Words that would pierce the Soul the
 “ deepest, and strike the most cutting Daggers to the
 “ Heart; and yet contrived it so, that the poor de-
 “ ceived Wretch, whose Mind she was torturing, be-
 “ lieved she pitied her.

“ Thus artfully tormented by her supposed Friend,
 “ neglected and scorned by the cruel *Lorenzo*, and
 “ weighed down with the Burthen of her own painful
 “ Reflections, poor *Olivia* (whose Mind was unac-
 “ quainted with Rage) sunk under her Afflictions, and
 “ pined in Thought, till Death, her only true Friend,
 “ relieved her Sorrows, and the Grave covered her
 “ Shame.

“ *BERINTHIA* now rid of her Rival, soon
 “ married *Lorenzo*; and, as her Passion for him is of
 “ that kind that pursues nothing but its own Gratifica-
 “ tion, and might very easily, by a Person ignorant
 “ of the World, be mistaken for Hatred, it breaks
 “ out continually in Jealousies, Fews, Quarrels, and
 “ and all manner of Confusion: Their House is one
 “ continued Scene of Discord and Uproar; and to
 “ them the Names of Wife and Husband do indeed,
 “ as *Lothario* says in *The Fair Penitent*, mean only Ill-
 “ nature, Cares and Quarrels.”

“ HERE the Lady ended the Story of *Berinthia*; and
 “ said that she would on no account renew her Acquain-
 “ tance

tance with any one, for whom she had so great a Detestation.

YOUR Advice, *Cynthia*, would have been prevalent enough with me, to have made me for the future avoid any Intimacy with *Berinthia*; but now I know her Story, my own Inclination will also lead me to shun and fly her as a Creature too venomous to be conversed with.

I am, &c.

CAMILLA.

LETTER XXXVI.

CYNTHIA to CAMILLA at London.

Dear CAMILLA,

[From Bath.]

YOU may be certain, I pitied poor *Oliva*. But, alas! general Compassion cannot at present have much place in my Thoughts; for my Eyes stream with deeper Sorrow, and my Heart swells with a more piercing Grief. Oh! *Camilla*, I have lost my dear *Ophelia**, who died last Week in the Country of a merciless Fever, that suddenly deprived her of a Life valuable to all who knew her, and more especially to those, who had a true Sense of her exalted Merit. *Ophelia*'s Countenance was a Picture drawn by Nature, at once to express the highest Goodness, and the strongest Understanding. To describe her Features would be impossible; for the Lustre that arose from her refined Sense and Goodness was so great, that it struck every Beholder with such sudden and violent Admiration, that in the general Astonishment, the Power of distinctly examining every Beauty, was lost.

* This is the real Character of a young Lady who died at Chelsea in August last; and the Author falls as short in painting her transcendent Merit, as in expressing her own Concern at the Loss of such a Friend.

BUT the Charms of her Person, tho' she was a consummate Beauty, were the most trifling of her Perfections; for the Goodness of her Heart was so great, that she melted with Tenderness at others Griefs, whilst she had Resolution enough to support any Affliction, in which she alone was concerned. From her Lips could flow no ill-natur'd Expression, as her Heart was incapable of conceiving one malicious Thought. Her Sentiments and Observations were not inferior to those of the greatest and wisest of Mankind, whilst the Simplicity of her Manner brought to the Remembrance of all her Hearers the prattling Innocence of Infancy itself.

MY *Ophelia's* Goodness compensated her Beauty, even to her own envious Sex; for, instead of making it her Pleasure insolently to display her own Superiority, a Benevolent Delight in seeing all around her happy, was visible in her whole Conversation; nor would she ever attempt to purchase the Reputation of Wit, at the Expence of another's Uneasiness.

GOODNESS itself was the Object of her Regard. None were too low to gain her Friendship; whilst they deserved it; nor could even the appearance of her Esteem be bought by outward Circumstances, or exalted Stations.

TO the sprightly Imagination, whose Fire burns brightest in Youth, she joined the Judgment, that long and dear-bought Experience can give to old Age itself. In short, she had the Wisdom of a Philosopher, the Heart of a Christian; or, to speak more properly, she possessed the Head and Heart of a Christian Philosopher; whilst her Form gave us a faint Idea of what Angels are.

VOLUMES could not speak *Ophelia's* Praises: But, altho' I know the Impossibility of doing Justice to such a Character, yet I find it difficult to quit the Subject: for the fondest Mother's Love to her new-born Infant is not too strong a Picture of my Affection for *Ophelia*; and yet I find some Comfort in her Loss, and think my Tears are more properly Tears of Tenderness than of Grief. For ever since I knew her Worth, I have looked

looked with Trembling and Horror on the Possibility of her being in the power of stupid Insensibility, or tyrannical Cruelty. I thank God she has escaped such Misery: and when I consider how few Objects could have given her Pleasure, and what Numbers might have given her Pain, I rejoice over her Grave, and triumph in the Thought, that it is now out of the Power of either ill-Nature or Folly to torment and rack her honest, artless, tender Bosom.

I said say no more, for I every moment expect your Brother to return home, and as I know he shares every Pain he but imagines I feel, I would, if possible, prevent his thinking any other Guest but Joy ever inhabits this Breast.

I must therefore cease to write of my loved *Opelia*, to stop those Tears, which I would conceal from my *Valentina*. Some Women are perhaps lavish in unfolding their Griefs, lest their Husbands should not have their Right, in sharing whatever they possess, yet I must agree with the Author of that inimitable little Piece, call'd, *The Fatal Curiosity*, in this Sentiment, that,

*As Pain and Anguish in a generous Mind,
While kept conceal'd, and to ourselves confin'd,
Want half their Force: so Pleasure, when it flows
In Torrents round us, more extatick grows.*

FAREWELL then, sweet Maid, and may *Flights of Angels* sing thee to thy Rest.

I am, &c.

ALTHOUGH I know the impossibility of doing Justice to such a subject, and it difficult to quit the subject for the fondness which I have to her new born Infant, is not too strong a picture of my Affection for *Opelia*; and yet I find some Comfort in her loss, and think more properly of her Tenderness than of Grief. For ever since I knew her Worth, I have

LETTER

2

LAVINIA to CYNTHIA at the Bath.

MADAM, [From London.

THE extreme Pleasure I took in your Company, for the short time I stayed at the Bath, could not be unobserved by you, as I lost no Opportunity of being with you, that was in my power; and, unless I was very much mistaken, both as to your Understanding and Good nature, there is very little Apology necessary for my beginning a Correspondence of this kind; for when I tell you, that conversing with you is a real Pleasure to me, I know that I give you the strongest Reason in the world for indulging me in it; and that Consideration would have more weight with you, than the greatest Assurance that could be given you of its being likely to prove an Entertainment to yourself.

THE Ease and Freedom I found in your Conversation, made me forget we were, what is called newly acquainted; and, from the first day I saw you, I could not help looking on you as my most intimate Friend.

I SCARCE ever before met with any one that would understand me; for, if I said any thing the least out of the common way, I was always told, that it was to shew my *Wit*; and, tho' I said the plainest thing in the world, yet those I conversed with, were always desiring to know what *that might mean*, and what *fine Sentiment* was now intended to be delivered; so that in the midst of Company I have hitherto seemed to live in a World by myself, and to talk a quite different Language from all that I have conversed with. There is nobody who is more fond of communicating their Thoughts without Constraint; but yet, till I met with yourself, there was no one who seemed more reserved.

IT is with great Pleasure I have often heard you talk on the various Characters of Men, and, as I then thought, there were none but what you seemed to understand and be acquainted with; but since I have been

been in Town, I have met with three, that I believe have never yet fallen under your Observation.

THE Report of the Fortune lately left me by my Aunt, has procured me innumerable Lovers, and among the rest, the three Gentlemen I intend to describe.

MR. *Newman*, amongst his Acquaintance, is commonly called the *Naturalist*. He was bred up under a Man, who was a great natural Philosopher; and, from some Books that lay continually in the old Man's Window, he cull'd here and there an Idea concerning what was agreeable to the Nature of Things. The same Figure as a Florist would make with the Roots of two or three common Flowers, does our Philosopher make with his few scattered Ideas. But what sets him off to the best advantage, is my other Lover, Mr. *Smith*, who has no Ideas at all, but what arise from Experience. He asserted, that there is nothing certain in this World, but what is testified by our Senses, and whatever he in the space of thirty Years has never experienced, he positively denied, could ever have been since the Creation.

MR. *Serold*, my third Lover, tho' quite different from the other two, is full as odd a Character as either. He despised Experience, for he said, that Circumstances too minute for our Observation, might make Things differ very much, when we apprehended them to be alike, and then our Experience would come to nothing; and, as we could not perceive on which of those Circumstances the Event of Things depended, so it was impossible for us to make any Judgment of the future by the past; and, as to the Nature of Things, there needed no more than the frequent and undecided Disputes upon that head, to prove the great Uncertainty of that Rule of judging.

WHENEVER this Gentleman spoke to me of Love, he disdained to be too submissive, and complimented me in the following manner. "Oh, Madam, for this Minute you appear so very beautiful, that my Heart seems captivated; but so very uncertain is every thing here, that perhaps your Beauty is but *Appear-*

“and my Heart only seems captivated; for, whether there is any thing real under the Sun, I know not. I think you have great Merit, as well of Mind as of Body; and yet so deceitful are Appearances, that perhaps your Mind may be filled with every ill Quality, and your Person not half so handsome as it looks to be, through my deceitful Senses.”

Mr. *Serold*, when he had thus delivered himself, really fancied he had made a Speech that would highly delight me; for he wisely imagined, because a Woman of Sense does not take pleasure in that nonsensical Homage, which only proves the Person who pays it, to have a Contempt for her, that therefore she must be pleased with Rudeness, and take ill breeding for Sincerity.

Mr. *Newman* used to make love to me in the following manner. “It is, Madam, according to the *Nature of Things*, that Men should like Women, and Women Men; it is still correspondent with the *Order of the Creation*, that Men should like handsome Women best. Certainly Nature gave Beauty to raise Admiration, and we follow her great Law, when we admire that Beauty. It is also allowed, that, as far as Women surpass Men in Beauty, so far do Men excel Women in Understanding; and therefore the latter is properly the Object of Admiration to Women. Now, you being a very beautiful Woman, I do, as far as is according to the *Nature of Things*, admire you; and, as I may say without Vanity, that I have been from my Infancy instructed by a very learned Tutor, in all the Rudiments of Knowledge, a Conjunction between you and me, by way of Marriage, will be just according to the *Nature of Things*.”

All this would Mr. *Newman* speak in a formal, sedate, deliberate Tone, till I could hardly keep my Countenance; neither was it much easier to do so, when Mr. *Smith* addressed me, which was generally in the following manner. “Madam, I see you are a Woman of Sense, therefore I am not afraid of that
“ formal

“ formal Coxcomb Mr. *Newman*, who talks Nonsense
 “ of the Nature of Things. I know your Under-
 “ standing will inform you, that there is no farther
 “ Knowledge to be attained in this world, than what
 “ Experience gives us. Now, this sure Foundation
 “ of all *Wisdom*, this *farthest Boundary* of the human
 “ Understanding, has always been my utmost Care to
 “ study; and I by experience have found out, that
 “ Women are to be obtained by Men’s Solicitations.
 “ Oh! *Experientia docet*: Had not I known this, how
 “ should I have dared to have prostrated myself at the
 “ Feet of such Beauty? But thirty Years Experience
 “ is worth ten thousand Years of poring over musty
 “ Books, whose Tenets are all nonsense, and whose
 “ Conclusions are all uncertain.”

ALL the time Mr. *Smith* spoke this, he would strut
 about the Room, as if he had just gained some mighty
 Conquest; and was sure of carrying his Point.

OWN I used to take great delight in seeing these
 three odd Fellows together; and one day I contrived
 to invite them all to Dinner, and got two Girls of my
 Acquaintance, who were sprightly, and I fancied very
 friendly, to share the Entertainment. When Dinner
 was taken away, and the Servants retired, then our
 Conversation began.

MR. *Smith* told a long Story of some matter, which
 I have now quite forgot, only to prove, that all Know-
 ledge takes its first Rise from Experience; when Mr.
Newman took him up with great Warmth, and said:
 “ Sir, so far is Knowledge from being derived from
 “ Experience, that I may say, and I think I may af-
 “ firm, that Experience is no Knowledge at all; the
 “ Senses may deceive us, Matters of Fact may be
 “ false.”

MR. *Serold* impatiently interrupted him thus: “ ’Tis
 “ true, Sir, you are a Man of Sense; Uncertainty is
 “ the only certain thing; this I can prove from the
 “ greatest Writers of Philosophy.”

THEN Mr. *Newman* cried out: “ And those Philo-
 “ sophers were in the right, as far as concerned the
 “ Senses; but when they come to consider the Nature
 “ of

“ of *Things*, abstracted Ideas, and logical Conclusions, then indeed there is some Certainty to be come at.”

“ No, replied Mr. *Serold*, — I beg your pardon, Sir; these logical Conclusions, as you please to call them, may be drawn from false Principles; and I think there is but one thing certain; and that is, that there is nothing certain.”

Mr. *Smith* would not suffer him to proceed farther, but rising out of his Chair, said: “ How, Sir, are not Matters of Fact, which we see before our Eyes, certain?”

Mr. *Newman* joined him in his Rage, and in an angry Tone said: “ And is not the Study of the Nature of *Things* the sure way of coming at Truth? Do you say, that I have all my life been in the wrong?”

Mr. *Smith* cried out: “ And dare you affirm, that I have never been in the right?”

Mr. *Serold* not liking to be thus questioned, replied: “ Nay, Gentlemen, you ought not to take it ill, that I contradict you, when you both as strongly contradict me; but let us in this affair appeal to the Ladies.”

We agreed that they were all in the right, and so for the present ended the Fray. We had several more of these Scenes, which diverted me; for I could not help laughing at my Lovers, who, whilst they pretended to be following me, really spent their Time in finding out new ways of confuting one another; for I found the Business of their Lives was, to support their several favourite Tenets; not that they really thought them of any use either to themselves, or the Society they were Members of, but only from the Dread of being convicted of being of that inferior Order of the Creation, which is capable of being in an Error.

SOMETIMES, when the Discourse was on Love, I used to be led in to advance my real Sentiments; such as, that *some* Women had been sincere and constant; that I thought there was no Love, which did not seek the Good of its Object. — Then Mr. *Newman* would immediately bring ten thousand Arguments to prove, that

that it was not according to the *Nature of Things* for Women to be constant, or for any one to seek any body's Good but their own. Mr. Smith said, that he had never met with a sincere *Woman*, in all his *thirty Years Experience*, and therefore there could be no such thing: And Mr. Serold, after a great many Deliberations, concluded, that I might or might not be in the right, for *there was nothing certain*.

I PAID very dearly for all these Amusements; for both the young Women I mentioned, and whom I desired to share my Pleasures, turned out to be my greatest Enemies: They were angry to see the Addresses of these three Men paid to me, and that they were not liked best by such *amiable* Creatures; and told them, that my whole Scheme was to laugh at them. This enraged them all to such a degree, to find they had been treated with Contempt, that they left me, and *fell in love*, or followed, or had a mind to shew their Sense to these two Girls, or any other Girls that came in their way. The Loss of such Lovers, or such Friends, you may imagine, gave me very little Vexation; but, I own, the Consequences have made me very uneasy, for I could go no where, but I heard ten thousand ridiculous Stories of myself; as that I displayed my Charms, only to draw in unwary Men, to laugh at them; that I had such strange high-fown Notions of Love, that no Man was fit for my Lover, but the Hero of a Romance; and many more *ingenious* things invented, I suppose, by my two good Friends before-mentioned.

BUT I made no doubt, that Time and Patience will overcome Malice, as intirely as it generally does the Gout.

I am, &c.

LAVINIA.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

CYNTHIA to LAVINIA at London.

M A D A M, [From Bath.

YOU could not have oblig'd me more, than by writing to me so unreservedly, after our short Acquaintance; for there is no one Quality I esteem more, than that Openness of Heart, which renders us void of Suspicion, and apt to embrace all Opportunities of being acquainted with such Persons as give us pleasure. That cautious Fear, which appears in the very Countenance of too many, is to me so detestable, that I cannot help thinking, somewhat very unfit to come to fight larks within the Mind, which with such Assiduity shuns Discovery.

HOWEVER short the Time of our conversing together may have been, yet it has been long enough for me to be satisfied, that you will understand my Meaning; and not from what I have here said imagine, I am pleading in defence of those, who, to each Stranger they meet, babble out every Idea they have collected, from the time of their Remembrance, to shew their Parts, and set their Understanding in view: for, as some Women, who think China piled up in proper Pyramids, as necessary to their well-being, as a House to cover them, when they cannot afford to buy what's proper, display crack'd Cups and the whole Sides of broken Jars to sight, and then fancy they have proved their Wealth; so others, by venting their few broken Thoughts in every fresh Set of Company, sit down satisfied, that they prove their Understandings.

BUT I pity you, *Lavinia*, when you tell me you are fond of communicating your Thoughts freely, and yet, from the Misfortune of having generally met with such Persons, as misinterpreted all you said, have been forced to seem reserved the greatest part of your Life. I don't know a more uneasy Situation; it's living in a continual

continual Restraint, putting a Curb on our Inclinations, and yet imagining ourselves treacherous, as we find we are afraid to speak the Truth.

YOUR three Lovers are the Characters of *some small Part of Mankind*. To get to the Bottom of an Argument, and nicely separate one Idea from another, require some Difficulty, and perhaps may exceed the Power of some part of the human Species; but general Terms, such as, that all things are agreeable to the Nature of things; — that Experience is the best Master; — that Events in this World are uncertain, &c. requires no more Penetration, than would be sufficient for a School-boy to learn his Lesson by wrote: and therefore no wonder Men who can go no farther, should chuse to gratify their Vanity by such Proofs of their Understanding.

BUT as some People please themselves by heightning common Expressions into the deepest Maxims of Philosophy; so others delight to despise what they fancy the Object of Contempt, only because they cannot understand its Meaning. I was yesterday in a Room full of Company, where an Acquaintance of ours, namely *Florella*, told me she had accidentally met with the Fragment of a Fairy Tale, which, as she knew I loved that kind of writing, she would send me. You can hardly imagine the Sneers, Witticisms, Jokes, that immediately flew round the Room, on the childish Taste of reading Fairy Tales.

SEVERAL Beaus, whose Persons happened to be run up to a great Height, whilst their Understanding was in Miniature, ridiculed the *little* Creatures, and wondered whether they were now grown more invisible than formerly; for they protested, they had never seen one of the Pigmies in their Lives. One Lady said, she had forbid all her Servants suffering such Books to enter her Doors: "For," continued she, "I have two little Girls, the eldest is about six Years old; and I would not for the world they should be even now to childish as to read Fairy Tales."

ANOTHER Lady said, that altho' she had no Children, yet would she not keep a Servant about her that was

was such a Fool; so that she should expect a Creature, who was silly enough to be diverted with such Stuff, would not be able to distinguish one Ribband from another.

AN old Gentleman, who sat next me, said, he supposed these People had never heard, or else had all forgot, that the Machinery of the *Odysee* itself, where some Events which appear supernatural are performed, was not at all unlike the Intervention of Fairies; and that one of the greatest Genius's of our own Nation had condescended to call his principal Work by the Name of the *Fairy Queen*.

WHILST he was talking in this manner, I observed all the Gentlemen and Ladies, who were within hearing, got up and left their Seats with a scornful Air; and a visible Contempt both for him who talked such Nonsense, and for me who could hearken to it. But notwithstanding their Contempt, I will send you this Fragment of the Fairy Tale, which altho' it has neither beginning nor ending, yet as it contains one whole Story, and, in my opinion, a good Moral attends it, I have some hopes it may amuse you.

WITH great Esteem for your obliging manner of beginning this Correspondence,

I am,

Dear LAVINIA,

Your obedient humble Servant,

CYNTHIA.

A FRAGMENT of a FAIRY TALE.

WHILST the Princess, attended only by her favourite Dwarf and the faithful *Rosetta*, was pursuing her Journey to the *Castle of Wishes*, her Mind was so transported with the Prospect of her future Happiness,

Happiness, when she should be once admitted into that fair Castle, that she forgot the Direction the old Man had given her; and instead of turning short to the Right-hand, just at the end of a long Cedar-Walk, she kept strait forwards, and proceeded so far into that Walk, that, as the Night now advanced, she had no hopes, should she return back, of reaching the House where she was to have ended that Day's Journey: nor had she for many Miles left any fort of Castle, House, or Cottage behind her: she resolved therefore to travel on as far as her Mule would carry her, in the Road she then was, as that only afforded her any hopes of a House to repose in.

In this Resolution she had not gone far, before she saw a small Light amongst some Trees at no great distance. She sent her Dwarf to inquire who lived there, and if they would receive some benighted Travellers. He soon returned with a friendly Invitation, which the Princess readily accepting, she was conducted to the House, where she was received by a plain, but well dressed elderly Woman, who with great cheerfulness assured her of a sincere and hearty Welcome to the simple homely Entertainment it was in her power to afford. The Princess returned her all due Thanks, and told her who she was, the Manner of her losing her Way, and the Design of her intended Journey.

THE old Lady, upon learning the Quality of her Guest, rose up to throw herself at her Feet, and to pay the Respect and Ceremony due to her high Birth and Station: But the Princess (preventing her) absolutely forbade all such Form and Homage, and insisted on it, that their Conversation and Behaviour that Evening should be upon an equality, and without reserve. "I know my Duty (said the old Lady) too well, to disobey your royal Commands; and, since you have granted me this Freedom, give me leave to offer my Advice concerning your Journey to the Castle of Wishes; and let me, if possible, persuade you to desist from it; for it will certainly procure you nothing but Misfortunes and Unhappiness. I have

“ have myself experienced the Vanity of its Favours;
 “ for to the Indulgence of my Wishes was owing all the
 “ Misery I ever knew: And I doubt not, but as soon
 “ as you have heard my Story, you will quit your pre-
 “ sent Purpose, and rejoice to think of the Dangers
 “ you have avoided.” But as it was usual to young O-
 to THE Princess smiled at her Discourse, as thinking
 it impossible for her to prove what she had asserted;
 but told her, she was very willing and desirous to hear
 her Story, which she then began in the following
 manner.

“ My Mother was married very young to a Gentle-
 man her Parents had provided for her, whom she nei-
 ther liked nor disliked. His Person was tolerably
 agreeable, his Understanding not to be complained of,
 his Humour easy, and his Temper quiet and composed;
 so that my Mother had no Reason to find fault with
 his Behaviour. They lived together nine Years with-
 out having any Children; but in the tenth Year of their
 Marriage I was born, to the great Joy of both my Pa-
 rents. But before I was a Month old, my Father
 died; and as my Mother, tho’ she had a great Esteem
 and Friendship for him, had not that excessive Fond-
 ness which would have made his Loss insupportable,
 she soon got the better of her Grief. She doated on
 me to the most extravagant degree; and in nursing and
 taking care of me, employed all her Thoughts and
 all her Time. I was said to be so extremely hand-
 some, that I soon became the Sight and Wonder of all
 the Neighbourhood, and never went by any other
 Name during my Childhood, but that of the *Infant*
Beauty. My Mother would hardly ever let me be out
 of her Arms, and confined herself so much to the
 nursing me, that Want of her accustomed Exercise and
 Air made her very sickly: And she was told by a Phy-
 sician, that if she did not alter her manner of living,
 she could not hold it long. The poor Woman was
 dreadfully alarmed at this Sentence; for her Imagina-
 tion painted Death in all its most horrid Forms, when
 she considered, that she could not die, without being
 separated from her dear *Infant Beauty*; and therefore,
 pursuant

purſuant to the Doctor's Advice, ſhe every day rode out in the Fields for two or three Hours.

ONE Morning, when ſhe was on horſeback, attended only with one Servant, as ſhe rode by the ſide of a Wood, ſhe heard the Sound of Hollowing, and the Opening of Hounds, as in a full Purſuit; and looking down juſt before her Horſe's Feet, ſhe ſaw a poor trembling Hare juſt crept out of the Wood, but quite panting for Breath, and lying proſtrate, as juſt ready to expire. Her piteous Look, which ſeemed to beg Protection from her cruel Purſuers, moved my Mother to compaſſionate her Diſtreſs; and ſhe ordered her Servant to take her up, and to convey her ſafely home.

THIS poor Creature had ſo much Gratitude in her Diſpoſition, that to her kind Deliverer ſhe preſently grew tame, and would let my Mother take her up and play with her whenever ſhe pleaſed: Nay, ſo deep an Impreſſion had my Mother's Goodneſs made on her, that, (though undoubtedly when I pulled her about, as is the Caſe with moſt Children, it muſt be very teasing) ſhe would chearfully ſubmit to whatever might give me Pleaſure, as if ſhe was ſenſible it was agreeable to my Mother.

FOR three Months was the poor Hare preſerved, and lived in this manner in our Family; and every Morning ſhe uſed to follow my Mother to the Gate, to ſee her get on horſeback; and on that Occaſion would friſk and play before her, as if it were an Acknowledgment, that by that means ſhe had been once ſaved from the Fury of the Dogs.

BUT one Day, as ſoon as my Mother was got on the Horſe's Back, he ſuddenly ſtarted, and ran away with her; at the ſame time kicking and ſlinging in ſuch a manner, that my Mother was every moment in danger of falling. The poor Hare was ſo anxious for her Friend's Safety, that ſhe forgot her own; and, careleſſly running under the Horſe's Feet, was trampled on, and cruſhed to death. The Horſe now ſtopt; and ſuddenly, in the ſtead of the poor little Animal, appeared a beautiful young Woman, dreſſed and adorned like the favourite Sultana of an Eaſtern Emperor.

My

My Mother at first was greatly startled; but the handsome Appearance and genteel Behaviour of the *Fairy*, for such my Mother was soon convinced she was, got the better of her Fears; and immediately alighting from her Horse, she intreated the *Fairy* to walk with her back to the House. The *Fairy* readily consented, and told my Mother she never should forget the Kindness she had received; and as her chief Delight was in Acts of Benevolence, she might ever depend on her Friendship. My Mother said, that she was not conscious of having ever been so happy, as to have it in her power to be of the least service to any *Fairy*; but she hoped she had always endeavoured to be as serviceable as she could to any of her Fellow Creatures that wanted her Assistance. The *Fairy* answered, that she would soon explain herself, by telling her the History of her Life; which, as soon as they were arrived at the House, she began in the following manner.

“ My Father and Mother were both *Fairies*; but, having many more Children, I was sent, as soon as I was six Years old, to live with an Uncle, who was a great Magician, and had greater Power than most of the *Fairy Race*: For tho’ we are all superior to you Mortals, yet we differ very much in Power one amongst another. The immense Riches of my Uncle made my Parents very readily part with me to him, as hoping it would be highly to my Advantage: And as he had always appeared to them as a very good natur’d *Fairy*, only with some few Particularities in his Temper, they made no doubt of my being well used. The truth was, that he was really very good to all those who were not in his Power, but a perfect Tyrant to those that were: And what was extremely odd, was this, that though he took the greatest delight in the world in teasing and tormenting, yet he had made himself believe, that it was only for the Good of the poor Creature thus tormented, and not from the great Joy he took in exercising his power over them.

“ He lived in a House as magnificent as a Palace, and furnished as if it had been the Habitation of a Prince.

" Prince. At first I was dazzled with the Sight of so
 " much Grandeur, and thought myself very happy;
 " but this did not last long, for he soon began to ex-
 " ercise his Authority and Cruelty towards me. I was
 " contradicted and abused for every thing I did: And
 " though I tried ever so much to please him, yet he
 " either did not, or would not see it; and never failed
 " to endeavour to prove, that every Word and Action
 " of mine proceeded from Perverseness and an ungo-
 " vernable Disposition. By his Austerity and rough
 " Behaviour, I contracted such an Awe of him, that
 " whenever he was present, the Fear and Anxiety
 " which possessed me, deprived me of my Senses, and
 " I became quite a Fool. This was the greatest Of-
 " fence I could have been guilty of; for he was so
 " unreasonable, that he was angry his brutal Behaviour
 " should produce its natural Consequence; and would
 " have had me believed, that all he did was for my
 " Good. Sometimes when he came into the Room, I
 " fell into such Terrors, that Fear took away my
 " Utterance, and I could not speak. He would then
 " beat me most unmercifully, for daring to be afraid
 " of him; saying, *I must undoubtedly think him very*
 " *barbarous, like a Fool as I was, that I trembled so*
 " *at the Sight of him; but he would cure me of my*
 " *nonsensical Fears*: And then he would beat me again,
 " as if I had committed the greatest Crime in the
 " World. But I was so unfortunate, that the more he
 " abused me in this manner, the more my dread of
 " him increased, 'till at last I became a perfect Mope.
 " WHEN he had got this Handle to quarrel with me,
 " I heard of nothing else; and he threw himself into
 " such Rages, that I sometimes thought he would
 " murder me. At last, this barbarous Uncle came in
 " one Day in a worse Humour, if possible, than ever.
 " He immediately fell upon me in the most outrageous
 " manner, and swore he would bear my Impudence of
 " being afraid of him no longer. He then took up his
 " Wand, and, holding it over me, muttered some
 " Words; and, bursting into a loud Fit of Laughter,
 " said, *There, you fearful Fool, you may now enjoy*
 " *your*

“ your own natural Timidity; for you will immediately
 “ be transformed into the most fearful Animal in the
 “ Creation. There is nothing but being killed in your
 “ new Form can take you from my Power, and restore
 “ you to your own; and that can never happen, till you
 “ lose all Fear for your own Safety. What he said did
 “ indeed happen; for I was presently turned into a
 “ poor timorous Hare. It is impossible to tell you
 “ what I have suffered; no Death or Torments could
 “ equal the continual Fright I have always been in;
 “ for I fancied every thing I heard was the Cry of
 “ Hounds or the Huntsman’s Horn. I had lived five
 “ Years in that Shape when you kindly took me under
 “ your Protection; and the first time I saw you in
 “ danger, Gratitude for your Goodness made me in
 “ my Fear for your Safety forget my own; and by
 “ the tread of your Horse’s Foot, I was restored to my
 “ wonted Form, and am free from the Magician’s
 “ Power.

“ I INHERIT from my Parents a great deal of the
 “ Fairy Art; and whatever you shall ask, to the ut-
 “ most Limits of my Power, shall be performed.”

HERE the Fairy ceased: And my Mother, the mo-
 ment she had the Offer of a Fairy’s Friendship, thought
 of her little *Infant Beauty*, and requested that I might
 have the Completion of every wish the moment it was
 formed. The Fairy shook her head, and said she could
 not go from her Word: “ But, continued she, I wish
 “ you would retract the Request you have made; for
 “ so blind are Mankind to their own real Happiness,
 “ that it is often to the Gratification than the Disap-
 “ pointment of their Wishes that all their Misery is
 “ owing: And this which you have requested as a
 “ Blessing, may prove your Daughter’s greatest Curse.”
 THE good Fairy and my fond Mother had a long
 Argument on this Subject, in which the former fairly
 proved, that it would be better for me not to be in-
 dulg’d in every Wish: But still the Imagination of the
 latter had rais’d such Pictures of Pleasure to herself,
 in seeing her dear *Infant Beauty* gratified in all her
 Wishes, that she would not hearken to any Reason;

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but concluded every Sentence with a Petition to have her Request granted. As no Arguments could prevail with my Mother to change her Request, the good-natur'd *Fairy* consented; and looking on me with tenderness and compassion, she with reluctance and a deep Sigh, address'd me in these Words: "You have, fair Infant, said she, an extreme good natural Disposition, and shall, as you grow up, have less Levity than is common to your Sex, which will guard you from very great Evils; but I fear a Life of Unhappiness is but too certainly your Lot, since I am in a manner compelled to pronounce this Sentence, that you shall never fail of having the Completion of every Wish that comes within a natural Possibility, and implies no absolute Contradiction: And this Power shall continue as long as your Mother lives, and you are ignorant of that Power."

Things, in my Infancy, when I had scarce Sensation enough to wish one thing more than another, did I enjoy the supposed Blessing (tho' unknown to myself) of having every Wish completed. Whilst I was young enough to wish for Play-things, those very Play-things, in some shape or other, did me some Mischief. I wished for Knives, which cut my Fingers; for Dolls so big, that I could not manage them, but used to beat my Face with them, or fall down and beat myself against them. I wished for little Cats and Dogs, which scratch'd and bit me so, that I was generally all over Scratches, and bruised black and blue; and, from some accident or other, that attended the Fruition of almost all my Wishes, I was continually in Tears, and my Mother's Fondness for me was her greatest Torment. I grew by this means so humourfome and troublesome, that every body hated the sight of me: This was an additional Plague to the poor Woman; for, as she hated every body who did not love me, she was in a constant Rage and Perturbation of Mind, at seeing me disliked and shunned.

WHEN I grew a little older, I one Day happened to be in Company with three or four Misses that were at a Boarding-School, who talked so much of their

Companions,

Companions, that I thought it would be a charming thing to live with so many Girls of my own Age and Size. No sooner had I formed in my Mind a Desire to go to School, but my Mother, who had hitherto kept me as much as possible in her sight, resolved to send me thither.

I WAS, on first coming there, very much displeased, for I was an utter Stranger to most of the Girls, and they all seem'd reserved and cold to me: I was likewise under Command, a thing I had never been used to at home, and it seem'd very hard to me to meet with the least Contradiction. However I had no mind to quit the School, but wished that I might be such a Favourite with my Mistress, that she should have the greatest Partiality imaginable for me. This immediately happened, and then I was more miserable than ever; for from that moment all the whole School took such an Aversion to me, that amongst the whole Number, I could not meet with one that would keep me company. If the Mistress heard of their Faults, they always fancied I told her; this I never did, but, as they believed it, they behaved just in the same manner, as if their Conjectures had been true: *Make mischief, Tell Tales, Blabb*, all the Terms of Reproach they could think on, were thought good enough for her, who was so happy, as to have her Mistress particular to her.

I WAS quite tired of this Life; and my next Wish was, to have one of the Misses, whom I took a great Fancy to, particularly fond of me: This presently (in appearance) happened; but, as she had no real Fondness in her Nature, was a very artful Girl, and had a great deal of Envy, she was the greatest Plague I had ever met with: she contrived to get me out of my Mistress's Favour, and at the same time made the Girls believe, I continued in it. Whatever appearance there was of her Falshood, she made her Companions impute it to my *Art*; for she always said behind my back, that I was the most *cunning* Creature alive, tho' in reality I was quite the contrary: However, this Outcry of my *Art* had the desired Effect, and made me more the Object of Hatred than ever. This my fancied

cied Friend was at last discovered by me, for I accidentally overheard her giving an account to one of the Girls, of all the Tricks she had played, and what a Dupe she had made of me.

THUS I found myself used ill on all hands; for my Mistress, who was at first partial to me without a Reason, now hated me without a Cause. My School-Fellows abhorred me, and my Favourite had deceived me; so that, quite weary of School, I resolved, the next time my Mother came, to go home with her. This happened very soon, for she came often to see me, and hitherto had always gone away in Tears, because she saw me so; but she was rejoiced to find I desired to go home, and immediately complied with my Request.

WHEN I had left School, I began to throw off the Child, and commence Woman; and then my first Wish was, to be the general Object of Admiration of all, both Men and Women, who saw me; but, as this was impossible, and a contradiction, there being *some few* Women, who cannot admire nor love the Object of Mens Admiration, the *Fairy* could do no more, than grant what, by her Penetration into the Mind, she knew, would please me best.

NOW I never saw a Man, who did not immediately become my Admirer, I did not say my Lover: for, as I liked nobody, and my only Desire was Admiration, the distance I kept, and the Reservedness of my Behaviour suffered no Man to think I was attainable, and therefore I received no serious Proposals; but was adored rather like an Idol than addressed as a Woman. The Women, who could bear to see another more admired than themselves, were really very friendly to me (for I never insulted them, nor gave myself any Airs on the Merit of superior Beauty) and acted according to their own good Inclinations, in doing me every piece of Service in their power; nay, they liked me the better for being handsome, as it was one Qualification that rendered me more amiable.

ONE might reasonably imagine, that this Situation would make any Person happy, and yet I was very
miserable;

miserable ; for the incredible Devices of the Envious, in raising Lyes, and propagating them against me, and the many false Friends I had, who took care, that not one Lye that was spread, should die without my knowing it, plagued me so much, that I had no Peace ; so that, I was worried undeservedly by my Enemies, tormented by my Friends, and gained by it only a little Flattery, which cost nothing to those who bestowed it on me, as they pleased themselves with being in the Fashion, (for it was then the Fashion to flatter me) and which gave me no real Pleasure. What surprized me much was, that I often found, on tracing them out, the most virulent Lyes invented against me had taken their first Rise from Women, whose Beauty gave them so little Pretence to be liked themselves, that, if I had never been born, they would have had no Chance of procuring even one Admirer, tho' they should have thrown themselves in the way of Men who had been half a Year at Sea, without seeing the Face of a Woman.

THIS I thought must proceed from the utmost Malignity ; for, if a Man, whose House was in every respect suited to his Taste, and form'd for his Pleasure, except the want of a Prospect, and the want of that Prospect was caused by a few tall Trees of his Neighbour's, that stood in his way ; if that Man, I say, was to fell those Trees to the Ground, tho' he had no right to do it, there might be some Alleviation found for the Guilt of such an Action : But should any one run about, cutting down his Neighbour's Trees, where it could be of no Advantage to himself, nor any Pleasure, but merely from the Love of doing spiteful and ill-natured Actions ; such Malignity would deserve no Forgiveness,

I LIVED on about three Years after I left School, which was till I was seventeen Years old, pretty much in the same manner ; for, being naturally of a quiet indolent Temper, I had very few Wishes, that went farther than the present Minute ; such as going to Balls, seeing any fine Place or Show I had heard of, and many other things as trifling, and too numerous to repeat.

repeat. But these, like my childish Wishes for Playthings, all brought their Inconveniences; for I never appeared in any public Places, but, by the Envy of others, I was plagued, as I have before mentioned.

You will wonder perhaps to hear, that in seventeen Years I should seem to have had so few Wishes, and they should have produced so small a Number of Incidents; but this was owing to the extreme Goodness of my Temper, and natural Disposition; for, as I had not one Spark of Revenge or Malice in my Composition, I never wished any harm, even to those, who had done me an Injury; and I scarcely thought it possible in Nature for a Person to hurt, or even wish to hurt those who had never offended them; so that my own Unhappiness alone, was all that was procured by the *Fairy's* Gift. But was such a Power given to too many, I fear, that not only their own Destruction, but that of half the World would be the Consequence.

My Mother seeing me for ever wretched and uneasy, began now to be convinced of what the *Fairy* had told her; and fearing, as I grew older, and my Passions stronger, that I might make some hasty Wish, which might prove my utter Ruin, she most earnestly wished to have the Gift retracted. The *Fairy* presently appeared to her, and said, she was sorry it was not in her power to relieve her; but, if she would recollect the Conditions of the Gift, she would find that she might, if she pleased, relieve herself.

My Mother did not at first understand her; but at last remembling, that it was granted to me to continue, only during her Life, or during my Ignorance of it, she immediately resolved to let me into the Secret, and to deprive me of so fatal a Power. But the *Fairy* stopt her, and told her, that she did not perhaps know, that, by those very Conditions, the Loss of her own Life would be the Consequence of such a Discovery. But this did not in the least prevent her first Intentions; for she answered, that she never wished to preserve her Life but for my Sake, and should now most willingly part with it for my Advantage. She came directly into my Chamber, sat down on the Bed, and bursting into
Tears;

Tears, told me, that she had been the Cause of all the Unhappiness that I had suffered ; and then recounted to me every Circumstance between her and the *Fairy*, as I have before related ; and, before I could make her any Answer, she fell on my Neck, and tenderly embracing me, breathed her last. I imagined it only a fainting Fit, and exerted myself to call for Help, and used my utmost Endeavours to restore her back to Life, but all in vain ; and I soon found the Power I so lately had been made acquainted with was lost ; for all my Wishes for her Recovery were ineffectual. The Loss of so good a Mother, tho' she was really the Cause of my Unhappiness, gave me inexpressible Concern.

WHILST I was one day sitting alone, and indulging my Grief, the *Fairy* appeared before me, confirmed all that my Mother had said, and so strongly assured me of the Impossibility there was of my Mother's ever enjoying a happy Hour in this World, that I became in a manner reconciled to her Fate : and when I reflected, that she lost her Life willingly, to make mine easy, it appeared to me a piece of Ingratitude to frustrate her good Design, by indulging a fruitless Sorrow. The *Fairy* professed great Friendship and Love to me ; and said that for my Mother's sake she was determined never to abandon me. She again recounted over the various Accidents of my Life, and seemed plainly to prove, that all my Misfortunes arose from the Gratifications of my Wishes : " And, said she, I make no doubt but you " would now refuse the Continuance of that Power, " if it was offered you."

I CONSIDERED some time on what she had said, and then answered, that I apprehended that my Unhappiness was rather owing to my Ignorance of that Power, and the early Part of my Life on which it was bestowed ; but was I now to command the Accomplishment of my Wishes, I did not doubt, but from the Experience I had already had, and the Direction of my own Reason and Judgment, that I could make myself very happy.

THE good *Fairy* was greatly concerned to find my Inclinations turn that way, and knew how impossible it

was

was to convince me, but by Experience, of the Error I was in. But as she sincerely loved me, she was resolved some way or other that I should be happy. She saw my Mind so bent on a further Trial, that unless I was indulged in it, nothing could make me easy; and yet she greatly dreaded the Consequence of such an Indulgence. However, she at last determined to grant what I desired for one Year longer; and then she made no doubt but I should be thoroughly tired of wishing, and might live contented with a common Lot. She gave me many kind Instructions, and begged me most earnestly to consider well, before I formed any Wish; and, to prevent the ill Consequences that might follow those made rashly and inconsiderately, she so far limited the Power, that no Wish could take effect, unless it was thrice repeated, and the Distance of an Hour kept between every Repetition. She then told me, that as I had chosen to have the Direction of my own Fate, she could not any ways assist me; but when the Time was expired, she would visit me again, and do me all the kindness that lay in her power. And saying this, she disappeared.

I CANNOT say that I felt any Sorrow at her Departure; for I was so elated with the Thoughts of my approaching Happiness, that I seemed already in possession of every Blessing this World could bestow; and by the *Fairy's* last Precaution, I fancied myself guarded against all sorts of Evils; and made no doubt but at the end of the Year the *Fairy*, seeing me so excessively happy, would continue this valuable Gift to the End of my Life.

WHEN the *Fairy* left me, I had really no settled Wish or Desire formed in my Mind, unless those fluctuating Emotions which, like the Bubbles on the Water, are born and die in the same instant, can be called such; but on the contrary, instead of being hurried on by the Impetuosity of any particular Desire, I only sat down seriously to consider what I should do to convince the *Fairy*, that her granting my Request would prove my Happiness.

My first Wish was for a very large Increase of Fortune; for though I had already a Competency, yet as I saw all Mankind making Riches their chief Pursuit, I imagined there must be something very valuable in what the whole World seemed so highly to esteem. But, as I had really no natural Taste for Grandeur, this Wish did not come from my Heart; and therefore, in much less than the three Hours allowed by the *Fairy*, I was convinced by my Reason of the Vanify of it, and the Impossibility of its adding one Grain to my Happiness: And indeed I saw plainly, that it would rather subject me, in many Cases, to Disquiet; and, without farther Hesitation, I immediately threw it by, and did not a little exult in the Conquest I had gained. I now seemed more perfectly satisfied than ever, that my own Prudence and Consideration would intirely prevent all those ill Consequences the *Fairy* had ever apprehended from her Gift.

My next Wish was to have more Understanding than any Woman in the World; and I made not the least doubt, but that the Wisdom of such a Desire would secure me from its being attended with any Inconvenience. Here I was ignorant that true Understanding is not in the Gift of *Fairies*, who can only give the Appearance and Affectation of it. These became presently my Lot, (for my Wish was always to be compleated as far as in the *Fairy's* Power.) I now began to imagine that my Understanding was superior to that of other Women; and with this Imagination I was greatly pleased. My Beauty attracted the Eyes of all who saw me; and whenever I spoke, there was a Deference paid to my Words, which almost convinced me of my great and superior Sense to that of any of the Company. But yet I was but *almost* convinced, for I had some Suspicions that this was a Compliment paid me on the account of my Beauty. The Anxiety I suffered lest it should be so, and the vast Care I was continually in to maintain my assumed Character of Wisdom, more than over-balanced the Pleasure I received from my own fancied Superiority.

AFTER I have been in Company, I have lain awake whole Nights, recollecting each Word that has been uttered; and if once I could interpret any thing that was said to convey the least Hint that I did not sit firm on my *Throne of Wisdom*, my Eyes have streamed with Tears, and my Heart has beat with such convulsive Pangs as if some sad Misfortune had befallen me. One of my greatest Grievs was, that most of the Men I conversed with would make love to me. This I looked upon as a strong Indication that my Person and not my Understanding was the Object of their Admiration. My Mind was in a manner jealous of my Body, and suffered the utmost Uneasiness at every Address or Respect that was paid to its envied Rival: And, as Envy is the greatest Misery the Mind can endure, I led a most wretched Life.

At last I took it into my Consideration how to get rid of this odd Perturbation and Hurricane which possessed my Mind; and resolved that I would find some Method of being convinced that my Person had no share in the Compliments I received. I have since reflected that I might indeed have wished for the Small-Pox, or some Accident by which I should have lost my Beauty; but at that time I never once thought of this Expedient, chusing rather to wish that I might be intimate with three or four Men of Sense, who would deign to converse with me, and never once mention the Word *Love*. When the Wish I had formed was really the Bent of Inclination, the three Hours which the good *Fairy* had given me for Consideration, before my Wish could be confirmed, were only employed in painting to myself the Happiness that would attend the Fruition of it; so that when the time allotted was expired, my Wish was commonly ten times more ardent than at first.

I WAS so pleased to think that I should get so many Instructions from Men who would talk to me as they do to one another, that I imagined I should now build on my own natural Understanding a Fund of Knowledge, which would make my Mind as masculine as my Person was effeminate. According to my Desire, I

soon became acquainted with three or four Men of Learning and Understanding, who either had not, or had made themselves imagine that they had not, any Taste for Beauty. I was resolved to behave myself in such a manner, as not to be taken for a silly Woman; and therefore gave up all Ceremony, and expected no more Regard than they paid to each other. Decency they had Sense enough to prescribe to themselves, and that was all I required.

THEY were at first much pleased to meet with a Woman who expected no Adoration; and I was equally pleased to meet with Men who would pay me none. They addressed great part of their Discourse to me; and I was happy to think my Understanding was preferred to my Beauty. This lasted for a Fortnight, during which time I exulted so much in the Success of my Scheme, that Joy now banished Sleep from my Eyes as much as Sorrow had done before. I lay all night reflecting on what I had said the preceding Day; which I always approved, and imagined all the Company joined with me in my Opinion; which Imagination gave me a Pleasure too great to be described.

AT last these my Male-Companions (when the Novelty of conversing with a Woman in this manner was over) began to treat me with the utmost Neglect; and as I did not expect any peculiar Deference to be paid to me, they in the Loss of Ceremony swallowed up all Civility, and in a manner shut me out of the Company. They would neither hearken to nor answer me, but talked to each other, and gave me very little Opportunity of speaking; and whenever they allowed me that Honour, they were sure to contradict me, even before they knew or understood what I was about to say: And, as in order to prove my Sense, I had thought proper to give up the Behaviour due to me as a Woman, they now treated me rather like a Child; and, as they saw me willing to be instructed, the only notice they now ever took of me was, that each would govern me in his Turn. One would have me think one way, another would inspire me with Sentiments the very contrary to those of his Companion. A third would

would not have me talk any Sentiments at all, and a fourth insisted on my learning things above my Comprehension. It was impossible to please them all; and yet, as I was afraid any one of them should think meanly of my Understanding, I was mad enough to attempt it; by which means I disoblige them every one; and we grew reciprocally tired of each other. They were weary of endeavouring to govern and teach me, because I did not oppose them enough to gratify their Pride with having gained any Conquest: and when I found that they only delighted to prove their own Sense, without taking any pains to bring mine to my Remembrance, I grew weary of being tutored; and in short at last found out that I was playing the Part of little Children, who when they would grasp any thing beyond their Reach, only pull it on their own Heads, and do themselves a mischief.

Now I fell into the other Extreme; and as this Fancy about Understanding had plagued and teased me to such a degree, I began to have an utter Contempt for all Understanding; and, as I had before looked on it as the only thing valuable, I now despised it so much, that I chose to converse with silly People rather than any others; and I ran about to all public Places, and endeavoured to amuse myself the best I could, with whatever Accident threw in my way.

I, Who had so lately been the Woman of Sense, (that is, in my own Fancy) was now become so full of Levity, that I hardly knew how to find any thing trifling enough to amuse me. I was continually surrounded with that Part of the human Species who are eternally busy, though they have nothing to do; and eternally talking, though they have nothing to say: and whilst I lived in this manner, I never gave myself time to reflect or wish for any thing. But as the Appearance I was obliged to make, in order to keep such Company, carried me into the Expences of Dress, Equipage, and Entertainments, I found my Fortune decreasing very fast, and I was obliged to pause, in order to consider how I should next proceed. Tho' I had not in this manner of passing my time found any

great Pleasure, yet neither had I suffered any violent Uneasiness. A Continuance of it was quite impossible, without an Increase of Fortune; and therefore I set myself seriously to consider, whether it would be worth my while to wish for a Fortune to continue it. But as Levity had no share in my natural Disposition, and was only taken up in a Rage, in opposition to what I had been so teased with before, I soon gave up the Point, and thought, by greatly retrenching my Expences, I should perceive whether any of my late Companions were worth my further Acquaintance: But I soon found myself intirely deserted; which (as I very much expected it) gave me no sort of Uneasiness.

HOWEVER, my next Wish was to meet with a sincere Friend. Had a Month, instead of three Hours, been allowed me for Consideration, I should still have concluded, that this Wish was the wisest I could form; and from the Moment it was first projected, it was sure of being confirmed. Well, I met with this sincere Friend, in a young Lady, whose Heart was as sincere and as open as I could desire; and we were for some time as happy as I could wish; and in the Freedom of our Conversation, having now a Companion to whom I could without reserve open all my Thoughts, I seemed perfectly happy. But this did not last long; for my Mind was not fully satisfied for want of an Employment which should intirely possess it; and at last I took it into my head to wish to be in love.

THE three Hours given me for Consideration now flew so fast, that they seemed to my Imagination no more than three Minutes; for such Scenes of Pleasure presented themselves before me in the Consideration that I should have an agreeable Object on which to employ all my Thoughts, that I was for the present unspeakably happy; and I fancied that now even my Friend would become a double Blessing to me, as the different Sensations my Lover's Behaviour would give me, must be an eternal Subject of Conversation to entertain her with; whereas before I had really nothing to say to her, but what I might have trusted to an Enemy.

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As soon as I had confirm'd this Wish of being in love, I had the Passion even before I met with an Object. No wonder therefore I fix'd on the first that presented itself to my View. In short, Accident threw *Bernardo* in my way; and with *Bernardo* I was immediately enamour'd to such a degree, that had I endeavour'd to conceal it, to a judicious Eye that Endeavour must have been fruitless; as the Mind struggling with a new-born Passion has always too much Employment to admit a Possibility of concealing it.

INTEREST and Pleasure so alternately sway'd *Bernardo's* Mind, that the most distinguishing Judgment could not pronounce which did most preponderate. He would often sacrifice his Interest to the Pleasure of pursuing a Woman; and yet, when he thought himself sure of Success, he would relinquish that very Woman for any the most trifling Point of Interest. He had Understanding enough to be very agreeable (at least I thought so) but, not satisfied with what he possess'd, he was always straining to see so far beyond the Mark, that he overlooked every thing in his View.

I NEVER put on the least Disguise, and yet he was always ignorant of my true Character; for he fancied the World to be one great Masquerade, in which every one performs a Part in a Mask; and therefore would not believe, there was any such thing in the whole Scene, as a bare Face: nay, so far did he carry this Notion, that, whenever such a Prodigy appeared, he only took it for a more artful Mask.

THIS Character of my Lover, is sufficient to explain what a Life I led, from the time my Heart was attached to him. He at once suspected my Sincerity, and yet made use of that very Sincerity to torment me: He had not one Grain of Tenderness in his Disposition, and therefore could work up my Passions to Madnels, and at the same time think the Follies I was guilty of in the Vent of those Passions, a fit Subject of Ridicule and Laughter.

SELINDA, who was sincerely my Friend, became my Curse; for, as I could not conquer my Passion, I wanted her to flatter me in it, rather than speak

that Truth, which, when she saw me in Agonies at *Bernardo's* Ill-usage, she could not help uttering. Every time she endeavoured to persuade me, that breaking with *Bernardo*, was the only means to procure my own Happiness; she increased my Dislike of her, till I came to have such an Aversion to her, that I dreaded her Sight more, than I should have done that of the most frightful horrid Monster the World ever produced. Nay, so strong an Impression had *Bernardo's* fancied Charms made on my Imagination, that, when my Friend endeavoured to combat with my Passion, for my own Good, I was jealous, that she meant some Treachery towards me, and wanted to get my Lover herself.

WHEN I first saw *Bernardo*, I thought that I would on no account marry him, unless his Love was reciprocal, and he behaved in a manner to deserve my Esteem; but I did not consider, that my Fondness for him, would render it impossible for him, even with his utmost Endeavours, to forfeit my Esteem; and that, whenever it was in my power to gratify my Love, I should find it very difficult, to fancy his was not reciprocal.

AT last I wished to be married to him; and I now thought, that his present Usage of me, was only to try my Love, or that perhaps it might be owing to a little Coquetry in his Nature, which Matrimony would cure; or that he might have a few capricious Humours, which, by studying and indulging, I might turn to my advantage. I remembered to have heard it remarked, that the most obsequious Lovers often make the most tyrannical Husbands; in short, I mustered up so many Reflections to prove, that there was nothing in *Bernardo's* Temper that would make me unhappy, when he was my Husband, that I did not at all hesitate in confirming my Wish.

I Soon found by his Behaviour, that this was not to be brought about but by an Encrease of my Fortune, for he would not marry me, whilst it was any Disadvantage to him; but even this I imputed to a prudent Consideration for our future Happiness. However, it sometimes

sometimes came into my head, that it might be some small want of Affection; and therefore I resolved to take a Month, instead of three Hours, before I absolutely confirmed the Wish of Fortune, which was to compleat my former one.

But in the mean time all Objections were removed by the Death of *Selinda*, who really loved me so well, notwithstanding my late Treatment of her, that she left me all she was worth; which was so considerable an Addition to my Fortune, that *Bernardo* deigned to accept it, without any farther Hesitation; and so much had I forgot all my Suspicions, that within a Week we were married.

To describe, or give another an adequate Idea of the State of my Mind from this time forward, is impossible. The foaming Ocean and the raging Waves, the contending Elements before the bursting of a dreadful Storm, are but faint Images of the tumultuous Passions, which alternately warred within my wretched Bosom. I loved and hated, admired and despised in such short Spaces of Time, that the several Emotions of my Mind could scarcely be distinguished from each other. My Wish, that my Husband would behave differently, was fruitless; for it was not in the *Fairy's* power to alter a Man's Nature; and Affection or Love had so small a share in his Disposition, that he understood those Words no more, when I mentioned them, than he would, if they had been expressed in a Language, of which he could not even read the Characters.

When I had lived this miserable Life three Months, my Year of wishing was out, and the *Fairy* according to her Promise, appeared to me: The first Question she asked, was, whether I had not found her Words true, and would not now be glad, for the rest of my Life, to take the common Fate of Mortals, and not desire a Renewal of her former Gift: I replied, that I would willingly put my Fate into her hands, if she would contrive any Method of relieving me from the Perturbation of Mind I then daily endured; for that Neglect and insolent Scorn from the Man I loved, had almost turn'd my Brain, and drove me to Madness.

THE *Fairy* then plainly proved to me, that every Uneasiness I had hitherto suffered, was intirely owing to the having my Wishes compleated; and concluded with telling me, that, had I not insisted on that fatal Gift, I should never have been married to *Bernardo*; for, instead of *Selinda*, I should have met with some false Friend, who would have got him from me, for which I should indeed have been at first much grieved, but afterwards my Fate would have married me to a Man of great Good nature and true Understanding, who would have really loved me, and with whom I should have been very happy. But, continued the good *Fairy*, I will not forsake you, but will exert the utmost of my Power to comfort and relieve you.

AFTER uttering these Words, she left me, and I heard nothing of her for half a Year, during which time I led the same unhappy Life as before her last Appearance; for the same Love on my side, and the same Contempt on my Husband's still continued, till he was seized with a raging Fever, which, notwithstanding all proper Applications, and my most assiduous Care, in three days deprived him of Life, and threw me into such Agonies, that I have often wondered how it was possible to survive them. I raved, wept, stamp'd, beat my Breast and tore my Hair; in short, every Vent the most passionate Grief ever found, I then experienced; and yet all was too little, to ease the Load my fond Heart was burthened with.

PERHAPS it may appear incredible, after what I have related of *Bernardo's* Usage of me, that his Death should affect me in this manner, and yet it was solemnly true; for it was at least a Fortnight, before I once recollected any Part of his Behaviour that had made me unhappy, and every kind Word or Look he had ever given me from my first Acquaintance with him, haunted me like Ghosts, and were for ever present to my Fancy.

I ACCUSED the *Fairy* of Unkindness and Breach of Promise, that she should now, in the time of my greatest Necessity, forsake me; but, as soon as my Grief

Grief began to subside, and I was capable of hearkening to Reason, she again appeared, and told me, that she had left me to myself in the height of my Agonies, on purpose that their Violence might exhaust themselves; for she knew, that contending with Passions, when they possess the whole Mind, is the way to continue them. She begged me to consider, that I had lost only my Torment, and my Mind would now be free from Perturbation, and recover the Tranquillity it was naturally inclined to. I soon experienced the Truth of her Words, for I daily grew more easy, till at last I was convinced, that nothing could have been so conducive to my Happiness, as the Loss of my Husband.

FROM the time I once gave myself Leave to think, that I could live, and bear the being deprived of *Bernardo*, I grew every Day, nay, every Hour, more easy and composed in my Thoughts: Every Amusement I could meet, without paying too dear for it, I enjoyed: and, as I had no eager Wishes, I had no Disappointments.

THE good *Fairy* came often to visit me, and confirmed me in my Resolution, never again to be so unreasonable, as to desire to have all my Wishes complied; for she convinced me, that the short-sighted Eyes of Mortals were not formed to see, whether the Event of any of their own Wishes would produce most Happiness or Misery: and that our greatest Felicity often arises from the very Disappointment of those Desires, the Gratification of which at the first View, seems to be necessary to our Welfare.

ABOUT a Year after I was a Widow, I became acquainted with my present Husband, whom the *Fairy* has since informed me, I should have been first married to, had not that fatal Gift joined me to *Bernardo*. I shall not trouble you with any Particulars of our Courtship, but only inform you, that in about three Months we were married.

MY Husband has something very uncommon in his Character; for he never judges of any Point, till he has thoroughly examined it; and when his own Inclinations are concerned, he always deliberates with a
much

much stricter Exactness, before he makes any Determination. In short, he is perfectly reasonable, and examines himself, and the Motions of his own Mind so nicely, that I never had any the least Cause to complain of him, since I have been his Wife. At first, indeed, I sometimes wanted Indulgences not altogether conformable to Reason; but then, instead of denying me any Request with the Tyranny of an arbitrary Master, he in the kindest gentlest manner used to take such pains to make me distinguish Right from Wrong, that I was both satisfied of his Good nature, and convinced of his superior Judgment; and soon came to have such a Confidence in him, as to be certain, that, whilst I obeyed him, I could not err.

WE have a Son and two Daughters, in whose Education we have jointly laboured, and who overpay all the Pains their Infancy have cost us. They delight and study to add to our Pleasure, and we are happy to see them improve in Goodness, as they grow in Years.

THE good *Fairy* employs my Husband and Children every day, to divert the *Passengers* as much as possible, from pursuing their Journey to that *Castle of Wishes*: I suppose they were gone beyond the Place where your Royal Highness lost your way, or you would have met them. They bring all the *Passengers*, they can allure out of the great Road, hither to hear my Story, in hopes of preventing their Desire of journeying on; for, as my Friend the *Fairy* has the highest Joy in doing Good; she employs most of her time, in endeavouring to prevent wretched Mortals from being dazzled by the false Appearance, and shut up in that deceitful Castle, where she knows the Inhabitants must be miserable. I hope what I have told your Highness, will have the desired Effect, and that you will return to-morrow, to your Father's Palace; where, no doubt but your Absence has caused great Confusion.

THE Princess was going to reply, when the good old Gentleman, attended by his Son and Daughters, with a numerous Troop, whom they had diverted from their Journey, entered the Room, and put a stop to

any further Conversation between the hospitable Mistress of this convenient, tho' plain Habitation, and her Royal Guest.

LETTER XXXIX.

From a Gentleman at London, to his Friend in the Country.

SIR,

I SEND you inclosed two Dialogues*, which were written by the Gentleman, with whose Conversation you was so pleased the last time you were at my House. His Name would be a sufficient Recommendation to any who knew him; but I think their own Merit will recommend them more to your Judgment, than any Name whatever.

I am, &c.

MUCH ADO: A DIALOGUE.

Written in October 1744.

The PERSONS.

An Old Gentleman. His Friend Mr. Johnson. His two Nieces. Verry, a Lap-Dog, &c.

SCENE, a Garden by the Side of a Canal.

Old Gent. T O S T, say you?

Friend. Ay, Sir, cast away.

Old Gent. And no account how?

Friend. Not the least. 'Tis agreed on all hands, that every Soul perished.

Old

* These Dialogues were a kind Present to the Author by a Friend.

Old Gent. Well, 'tis a sad Affair; but we are all mortal, and——

Enter Nieces.

First Niece. Indeed, Madam, said she, if your Ladyship will but consider, the Flounces are not at all too deep.—Lord! Mrs. La Soye, said I, they are too deep by a mile.—Your Ladyship, said she, must remember the Robeings.—The Robeings, Mrs. La Soye, said I——

Old Gent. Nieces! Nieces! have you heard the News?

First Niece. What, Sir? what?

Second Niece. Dear Uncle, what? I long to hear.

Old Gent. The *Victory* is lost.

First Niece. And who won it, pray?

Old Gent. I mean, Child, the Ship so called is cast away; and in her a gallant Admiral, and a thousand brave Seamen.—A sad Accident! Are you not sorry to hear it?

First Niece. Lord, Sir, you know I am no Politician.—I don't understand those Matters.

Second Niece. Well, I was always mighty afraid of Water. You remember, Cousin Jenny, I was once like to be drowned. Lord, what a sweet Pair of Shoes did I spoil then by the Wet?

First Niece. You mean, when you fell into that great Puddle in the Mall.

Second Niece. I do.

First Niece. That was the very Morning Mrs. La Soye brought home your Pink Damask. Captain O'Blaze met us, you remember, in Blue and Silver. No, no; 'twas n't Blue neither—'twas Brown, turn'd up with Brocade.

Second Niece. Upon my word he never wore the Brocade till above a Week after.

First Niece. Then it must be the Blue and Silver.

Second Niece. Stay, let me reflect a little—(suddenly starting)—O Lord! Jenny, look! look this Moment! Help! Help!

First Niece. O! Heavens! Uncle! Uncle! where's my Uncle? For God's sake, Help!—Poor dear little

little Soul, 'twill be drown'd this Moment; 'twill be lost this Instant.

Second Niece. That odious Turkey-Cock! Who let him into the Garden?

Old Gent. Heyday! Heyday! What's the matter now?

First Niece. Lord, Sir, see—*Veny*, Sir—Poor dear *Veny*—in the Canal—frighten'd in by the Turkey-Cock.

Second Niece. Sweet Creature! It can't swim; it never learnt.

Old Gent. Tom! Here!—Lend me thy Rake.

Friend. Look, Sir; look—Miss *Jenny* faints.

Old Gent. Be so kind to dip up a little Water, and fling in her Face.

Second Niece. Speak, my Dear, speak!—Lord! Lord! what have I done with my Bottle of Salts? I can't find it for my Life—Speak, *Jenny*; speak, my Dear!—And poor *Veny* too!—Mr. *Johnson*, you are vastly good; for you have thrown a prodigious deal of Water upon my Cousin.

Friend. She is coming, Madam, to herself—I believe we have fetch'd her.

Old Gent. Well, Niece, I have rak'd him out—Don't be terrify'd—*Veny's* not drown'd this bout.

First Niece. (*Recovering herself and hugging Veny*)—Little dear Thing! how monstrously 'tis frighten'd! How it pants, and it quakes, and it drops, and it shivers? If it should take cold now, or have Fits.—Well, please God, I'll send to Dr. *Slaughter* this Moment, and have his Advice.

Old Gent. Come, come, Niece; as the Danger's over, better take a Turn or two in the Garden. A little washing will do the Dog no harm.—But to return, Mr. *Johnson*, to the bad News—Don't it make you melancholy, to think on the Loss of this brave Ship?

First Niece. Do you not shudder, my Dear, to think on what might have happen'd to poor *Veny*?

Old Gent. How was it possible the Pilot could be so mistaken;

First

First Niece. How could Tom be such a Wretch, as to let that Turkey-Cock into the Garden? An admirable Fellow, to mind nothing in the World but his Cucumbers, and his Melons, and his Trampery, and not to consider that

Old Gent. Hark! hark! the Dinner-Bell! Dinner, Nieces! Dinner!

First Niece. — Not to consider, that such a great, filthy, two-legg'd Bird —

Old Gent. Dinner, I say! Dinner!

Both Nieces. Lord, Sir, we are coming. — Would you have us fly?

Old Gent. Come along; come along.

FASHION: A DIALOGUE.

Written A. D. 1746.

The PERSONS.

An Old Gentleman. His Daughters. Mr. Prim
a Mercer.

SCENE, a Parlour, with several Silks lying on the Table.

Miss. O! Mr. Prim! that is the sweetest Silk — well, 'tis prodigious pretty; 'tis quite charming.

Old Gent. Shall I buy it for you?

Miss. Do Papa, do; buy it this moment.

Old Gent. Agreed, provided you'll promise me not to make it up this Twelvemonth!

Miss. O dear Papa! a Twelvemonth hence, 'twill be frightful.

Old Gent. You mean, I suppose, that 'twill rot by keeping, and fitter away.

Prim. On my Honour, Sir, 'twill be as strong as a Year hence, as 'tis now.

Old Gent. Then I imagine, the Colours will fade.

Prim. Not the least, Sir, I assure you!

Old Gent. Then pray, my Dear, how is it possible
for

for the same individual Thing, without the least Alteration, to be charming now, and frightful a Year hence?

Miss. But Papa! why, you are so comical—— you know 'twill be out of Fashion, and then 'twill be hideous for any Creature to be seen in it.

Old Gent. You say then, that a Year hence 'twill be out of Fashion, and hideous.

Both. Indeed, Sir, it will.

Old Gent. But now 'tis fashionable and charming.

Both. It is, Sir, indeed.

Old Gent. And pray, Mr. *Prim*, how long has it been in Fashion?

Prim. Not a day, Sir, upon my Honour. 'Twas imported but this very Morning from France.

Old Gent. A Year ago, then, there were other Silks in Fashion.

Prim. There were.

Old Gent. And now they are out.

Prim. They are.

Old Gent. And consequently hideous.

Miss. To be sure, Papa.

Old Gent. And so it happened for Years past, and will happen for Years to come.

Prim. Your Honour is certainly in the Right.

Old Gent. It should seem then, Mr. *Prim*, that this same Thing, call'd Fashion, was something prone to perpetual Mutation.

Prim. I can't say as to that, Sir, but to be sure, the Fashions are always changing.

Old Gent. Your Observation, Mr. *Prim*, is very judicious: But tell me pray: you understand Arithmetic?

Prim. Poor Tradesmen, your Honour knows, must keep their Books, God help them.

Old Gent. And pray, Sir, in Addition do you not apprehend, that on this present day, two and two make four?

Prim. Your Honour is so jocose——

Miss. Ah! Mr. *Prim*! Papa is sometimes the merriest Creature——

Old

Old Gent. No Joke, on my Word. I only ask, whether *two* and *two* do not for the present make *four*.

Prim. I believe they do.

Old Gent. And do you believe a Twelvemonth hence they will come to make *five*?

Prim. No, surely.

Old Gent. Or, that a Year ago they made but *three*?

Prim. I never said, Sir, they did.

Old Gent. No, Mr. *Prim*, I dare say your excellent Skill in Numbers has long ago satisfied you, that their Nature is unalterable; that Truth and Falshood can never reciprocate, but are immutably distinct thro' all Eternity.

Prim. I am very much obliged, Sir, for your good Opinion; I was all my life long an Enemy to Falshood.

Old Gent. I dare believe you were; and yet, I warrant, you have been a Sufferer yourself. Had you never a Piece of Silk taken up, and never paid for, by a Mock-Lord or a Mock-Lady?

Prim. Ay, Sir, and by real ones too.

Old Gent. And what say you to this? was it right, or was it wrong?

Prim. I have always esteemed it one of the crying Sins of the Nation.

Old Gent. But they tell me Mr. *Prim*, they are going to pass an Act, to make it lawful.

Prim. Nay, now I am sure your Honour jokes; for that's impossible.

Old Gent. What, to make *Wrong Right*, or *Right Wrong*?

Prim. Upon my Credit, Sir, I think so seriously.

Old Gent. Mr. *Prim*, Mr. *Prim*, you and I have seen strange things happen in our time; and strange things, for ought we know, may happen again. Who can be certain a Twelvemonth hence, but that Meat may grow Poison, and Ratsbane be the common Food?

Prim. That I don't believe.

Old Gent. Why Mr. *Prim*, so positive? your Reasons?

Prim.

Prim. First, Sir, because the thing's not to be done ;
and then, again, because, notwithstanding——

Old Gent. 'Tis enough, Sir, your Arguments have
convinced me. You are, I find, by the whole Tenor
of your Conversation, a Friend to that *antient School*,
who maintained the *unalterable Natures of Truth and*
Fallhood, of Right and Wrong, of Good and Evil :
They were great Men, *Mr. Prim*, who were of that
Opinion, very great Men, it must be confessed. I can
only observe, that, as *these Natures* are *ever fixt*, and
Fashion (as you most judiciously remark'd) is *ever*
changing, it most evidently follows, that *nothing is*
true, or right, or good, because 'tis the Fashion, or the
Fashion, because 'tis true, or right or good——But I
have Business, and must go——*Mr. Prim*, your Servant.

Prim. Sir, I am your most obedient.

[Exit *Old Gent.*

Prim. to *Miss*. Indeed, *Miss*, your Papa——poor
Gentleman!——upon my Word, those Mathematics——
I feared what 'twould come to——indeed you should
have some Advice.

Miss. No danger, *Mr. Prim*, I hope——Papa is in-
deed sometimes vastly whimsical, but he soon comes to
himself—he'll be well again to-morrow——You may
leave the Silk tho', for I am determined to have it.

Prim. Madam, your most devoted——your Will is a
Law——I am eternally obligated, &c. &c.

[Exit *Prim.*

Note

Note. The following five Letters were given me by the Author of the Preface. I should have thought this Hint unnecessary, had not much Nonsense and Scurri- lity been unjustly imputed to him by the Good Judgment or Good nature of the Age. They can know but lit- tle of his Writings, who want to have them pointed out; but they know much less of him, who impute any such base and scandalous Productions to his Pen.

LETTER XL.

VALENTINE to DAVID SIMPLE.

Dear DAVID, [London, Dec. 20.

IN Compliance with your Request, I sit down to write you my Sense of the present State of the Town, tho' I fear what I have to say will serve but as little Inducement to you, to give us your Company here.

To begin then with Politics, on which head I shall be extremely short: The Administration of our public Affairs is, in my opinion, at present in the Hands of the very Men, whom you, and every honest Person would wish to be intrusted with it. Amongst those, tho' there is no absolute Prime Minister, yet there is one, whose Genius must always make him the Superior in every Society, as he hath joined to the most penetrating Wit, the clearest Judgment both in Men and Things, and the profoundest Knowledge of them, of any Man, whom, perhaps the World ever saw.

THIS is indeed *multum in parvo*, and will be abundantly sufficient to cheer you in that Love, which I know you sincerely bear your Country: For this will thrive in every different Branch, as the several Branches are governed and directed by Men of proper and adequate Ability.

AND, if Arguments *a posteriore* may corroborate the Opinion I have above given, surely we are furnished with

with great Plenty. What but a Genius of the highest kind could have preserved *Ireland* in a perfect State of Tranquility and Obedience during the late Troubles? Or what could have restored this Nation from that drooping and languid Fit of Despair, which so lately appeared in every honest Countenance, to those cheerful Expectations, which the present Prospect of Things afford us.

FROM the abovementioned Reason, I suppose you will conclude, that the great and important Article of Religion is in the most flourishing Situation; and, to say the Truth, as to the external Part, which most properly belongs to the Heads of the Church to regulate, there is no apparent Deficiency; but with regard to Morality, which may be considered as the internal Part, I freely own, I believe no Age or Nation was ever sunk to a more deplorable State.

ONE great Cause of this, I conceive, may be that Luxury, which of late Years hath rolled in like a Deluge upon us: for the greatest Estates being barely sufficient to satisfy the Demands of so outrageous a Monster, the Hearts of the Opulent are of necessity shut to the Wants of their Fellow-Creatures, and Liberality, nay even Hospitality, are banished from among us; while Men of smaller Fortunes are pushed on to all Acts of Meanness and Miscreantism, in order to supply themselves with the Means of imitating their Superiors. Hence arises a total Disregard to all true Honour and Honesty; hence every kind of Corruption and Prostitution, no Man being ashamed of any thing but the Appearance of Poverty.

NOW whence doth this proceed, but from our Morals being in wrong Hands? true Wit and Genius being in a manner deposed, and Impostors advanced in their Place.

IN reality, what the Ministry are to the State, the Bishops to the Church, the Chancellor and Judges to the Law, the Generals to the Army, and the Admirals to the Fleet; that is a great and good Writer over the Morals of his Countrymen.

THE

THE Truth of this Observation will appear, if it be considered, that there is a strict Analogy between the Taste and Morals of an Age; and Depravity in the one always induces Depravity in the other.

TRUE Taste is indeed no other than the Knowledge of what is right and fit in every thing. It cannot be imagined therefore, that one capable of discerning this in all lesser Matters, should be unable to perceive it in that highest and noblest Object the Human Mind.

WHEN therefore we see a false Taste prevail in all things else, we may naturally conclude it exists here likewise.

THE first great Corrupters of our Taste are the Virtuoso's, a sort of People with which we abound to so prodigious a degree, that their Dexterities engross almost our whole Conversation. These are a kind of burlesque natural Philosophers, whose Endeavours are not to discover the Beauties, but the Oddities and Frolicks of Nature. They are indeed a sort of natural Jugglers, whose Business it is to *elevate and surprize*, not to satisfy, inform, or entertain.

THE next great Business of the Age is Musick: of our Taste in which I need say no more, to give you an adequate Idea, than barely to inform you we have Operas, in which Mr. *Handel* is totally silent.

ARCHITECTURE, Painting and Sculpture cannot fail of Encouragement in an Age devoted to Luxury. In these therefore we imitate the Extravagance of the *Romans*, and the Delicacy of the *Goths*.

THESE however assist in the forming the Subjects of our Conversation; and it is difficult to find a single Person who is not a Connoisseur in them all; and this often without knowing the common Rules of the Art in which he affects to be a Judge.

IT COME now to the Theatres, of which you will doubtless expect a more favourable Account. And indeed our Actors promise no less; many of these being equal to any of their Predecessors, and some, I believe, superior to any who have ever been. But so artfully is the Theatre conducted in the Choice of Play, and the

the Casting of Parts, that I have seldom sufficient Inticement to visit it.

HALF a dozen Tragedies, two of which were *Jane Shore* and the *Fair Penitent*, furnished the Entertainment of a Month this Winter at *Covent-Garden*: So that we were obliged either to visit the Theatre seldom, or to be dieted with the same Dish. Nor did *Drury-Lane* give us any Relief; for that Theatre, instead of treating us with another kind of Dramaticall Food, very wisely attempted to emulate the best Actors of *Covent-Garden* in their best Parts; and vainly endeavoured to rival one who never had, nor, I believe, ever will have an Equal.

How much more judicious would it have been in that House to have applied themselves to the Revival of several of our old Comedies, to which their Company is so well adapted. Mr. Barry, who seems to have all the Materials of a good Actor, might then have gained Applause, without the Danger of a disadvantageous Comparison. Mr. Cibber and Mr. Macklin could not have failed of pleasing; nor would the vast Genius of Mrs. Clive (inimitable in all Humour) have been lost and forgotten by the Folly and Ingratitude of the Town.

It is pity, I think, that the Legislature do not interfere, and put the Conduct of this so noble, so rational, and so useful a Diversion, into Hands more capable of conducting it; by which means public Entertainment and Example might be rather considered in Theatrical Performances, than the acquiring immense Fortunes to private Persons, who will make it more their Business to indulge, than to correct a vicious or bad Taste, when such prevails.

TILL something of this kind is done, the Theatre can never truly flourish, nor the World reap so much either of the Useful or the Delightful from it, as it is capable of affording; but the Fustian of *Lee* and *Roupe*, with *French* and *Italian* Buffoonry, will in a great measure monopolize the Stage.

THIS Regulation is then to be wished; but I am afraid it is to be despaired of. For as to the few truly great

Great Men whom this Age had produced, either the Necessity of the Times, or their own Inclinations, have totally diverted them from any Thoughts of this kind. They are themselves far from wanting Taste, (for none can be in reality a Great Man without it) but they will give themselves no Trouble to reform that of the Public; thinking it probably of much less consequence to the Good of Society than it hath always appeared to the Wise of former Times.

AND if the Theatres be totally overlooked by them, it is no wonder that every other Branch of the Republic of Letters should meet with equal Disregard. This is notoriously the Case; for I think I may affirm with Truth, that there is no one Patron of true Genius, nor the least Encouragement left for it in this Kingdom.

IF I was writing to a Sneerer, I might apprehend he would answer, by inverting the Complaint, and say, that there was no true Genius at present to patronize.

THIS in fact is not the Case; but admit that it was, the Reason would be still the Want of Encouragement; and indeed I may here apply the Answer of a Gardener to his covetous Master, who was angry that he had no Cucumbers in his Garden: *How should you have Cucumbers, Sir, said the Gardener, when you know you would not afford a Hot-Bed to raise them in?*

PLANTS of this tender kind should be carefully watched when they first appear, and placed in warm Situations, if we expect any ripe and good Fruit from them. The cold Air of Neglect nips and destroys them; nor can their Shoots be ever strong and flourishing in a poor hungry Soil; which denies them Nourishment at the Root.

THERE have been indeed some Instances of Men of a very rare and singular Strength of Genius, which (to resume my Allegory) have flourished in the poorest Soil, and bid defiance to the frosty Breath of the World; but they make a very thin Appearance in History: And even of these few or none perhaps ever arrived at the full Perfection of which they were capable.

TILL

LETTER XL. 145

TILL some Patron then of the Muses shall again arise in this Nation, you will not be very curious in inquiring after their Productions. When I meet with any Performance untainted with Profaneness, Indecency, Slander, or Dulness, I will certainly send it you.

ONE Particu'ar, I think, now only remains to be spoken to; namely, the private Amusement of Persons in their own Houses. This, my Friend, consists of one Article only, *viz.* Whisk, a Game so universally in vogue, that there are few Persons who do not play two or three Rubbers every Day.

SEVERAL get a Livelihood, and others of consequence injure their Fortunes by this means; but much the larger Number play with such equal Success, and for such inconsiderable Stakes, that they lose nothing more than the Card-Money and their Time.

OF which latter, I am afraid, you will think I have already borrowed too much from you. I shall therefore conclude, by assuring you

I am, &c.

VALENTINE.

LETTER XLI.

A LETTER from a French Gentleman to his Friend at Paris; in Imitation of Horace, Addison, and all other Writers of travelling Letters.

Done into ENGLISH.

Monsieur,

AT Whitehall we took a Pair of Oars for Putney. These we had indeed some Difficulty to procure; for many refused to go with us farther than Foxhall or Ranelagh Gardens. At last we prevailed with two Fellows for three Half-Crowns to take us on board.

VOL. II.

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I HAVE

It has been told there was formerly a Law regulating the Fares of these People; but that is to be sure obsolete. I think it pity it was not revived.

As the Weather was extremely fine, we did not regret the Tide's running against us, since by that means we had more Opportunity of making Observations on the finest River in the World, except the *Selne*.

After taking a Survey of the *New Bridge*, which must be greatly admired by all who have not seen the *Pontneuf*, we pass by a Row of Buildings, not very remarkable for their Elegance, being chiefly built of Wood, and irregular. Many of them are supported by Pillars; but of what Order we could not plainly discern.

We came now to *Lambeth*, where is a Palace of the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, the Metropolitan of *England*. This is a vast Pile of Building, not very beautiful indeed in its Structure, but wonderfully well calculated, as well to signify, as to answer the Use for which it was, I suppose, originally intended; containing a great Number of little Apartments for the Reception of travelling and distressed *Christians*.

Lambeth is perhaps so called from *Lamb*, which is the Type of Meekness.

The next Place of Note, as we ascend this River, is *Fox-Hall*, or rather *Fox-Hole*, the first Syllable of which is corrupted into *Vaux* by the Vulgar, who tell a foolish Story of one *Vaux* who resided here, and attempted to blow up the *Thames*. But the true Reading is *Fox-Hole*, as appears by an antient Piece of Painting, representing that Animal whence it takes its Name, and which is now to be seen on a high wooden Pillar, *Anglicè* a Sign Post, not far from the Landing Place.

A very little further stands *Marble-Hall*, of which we had a full View from the Water. This is a most august Edifice, built all of rich Marble, which reflecting the Sun-Beams, creates an Object too dazzling for the Sight.

HAVING passed this, we were entertained with a most superb Piece of Architecture of white, or rather yellow

yellow Brick. This belongs to one of the *Boungies*, as do indeed most of the Villas which border on both sides this River, and they tend to give as magnificent an Idea of the Riches which flow into these People by Trade, as the Shipping doth, which is to be seen below the Bridge of *London*.

Hence a Range of most delicious Meadows begins to open, which, being richly enamelled with Flowers of all kinds, seem to contend whether they shall convey most Pleasure to your Sight or to your Smell. Our Contemplation was however diverted from this Scene by a Boat, in which were two young Ladies extremely handsome, who accosted us in some Phrase which we, who thought ourselves pretty good Masters of the *English* Tongue, did not understand. They were answered however by our Watermen, who afterwards told us, that this is called *Water Language*; and consequently, I suppose, not to be learn'd on Shore.

The next Place which presents itself on the *Surry* Side (for I reserve the other Shore for my Return) is the pleasant Village of *Bettersea*; the true Reading of which we conjectured to be *Bettersee*; and that it was formerly a Bishoprick, and had the Preference to *Shelfea*, of which we shall speak anon. It is chiefly famous at present for affording a Retreat to one of the greatest Statesmen of his Time, who hath here a magnificent Palace.

From *Bettersee*, verging to the South West, stands *Wanfer*, as it is vulgarly called; but its true Name was undoubtedly *Windmill Shore*, from whence it is a very easy Corruption; and several Windmills are yet to be found in its Neighbourhood. Here are to be seen a Parish Church, and some Houses; but it is otherwise little worth the Curiosity of Travellers.

As you sail from hence, two lofty Towers at once salute your Eyes from opposite Shores of the River, divided by a magnificent wooden Bridge. That on the *Surry* Shore is called *Putney* or *Putnigh*, a fair and beautiful Town, consisting principally of one vast Street, which extends from North to South, and is adorned with most beautiful Buildings.

HERE we went ashore, *in order to regale ourselves in one of their Houses of Entertainment, as they are called; but in reality there is no Entertainment at them. Here were no Tarts or Cheesecakes, nor any sort of Food but an *English* Dish called *Bread and cheese*, and some raw Flesh.

BUT if it be difficult to find any thing to allay Hunger, it is still more so to quench your Thirst.

There is a Liquor sold in this Country which they call Wine, (most of the Inhabitants indeed call it *Wind*.) Of what Ingredients it is composed I cannot tell; but you are not to conceive, as the Word seems to import, that this is a Translation of our *French* Word *Vin*, a Liquor made of the Juice of the Grapes; for I am very well assured there is not a Drop of any such Juice in it. There must be many Ingredients in this Liquor, from the many different Tastes; some of which are sweet, others sour, and others bitter; but though it appeared so nauseous to me and my Friend, that we could not swallow it, the *English* relish it very well; nay, they will often drink a Gallon of it at a Sitting; and sometimes in their Cups (for it intoxicates) will wantonly give it the Names of all our best Wines.

HOWEVER, though we found nothing to eat or drink, we found something to pay. I send you a Copy of the Bill produced us on this Occasion, as I think it a Curiosity.

For Bred and Bear	—	—	0	8
Eating	—	—	2	0
Wind	—	—	5	0
Watermens Eating and Lickor	—	—	1	6
			9	2

So that, with the Drawer, we were at the Expence of ten Shillings; though no Catholic ever kept an *Ab-Wednesday* better.

THE Drawers here may want some Explanation: You must know then, that in this Country, in whatever House you eat or drink, whether private or public, you are obliged to pay the Servants a Fee at your departure, otherwise they certainly affront you.

THESE

THESE Fees are called Vails; and they serve instead of Wages: for though in private Houses the Maller generally contracts with his Servant to give him Wages, yet these are seldom or never paid; and indeed the Vails commonly amount to much more.

FROM *Putnigh* we crossed over to the other Shore, where stands the fair and beautiful Town of *Full home*, vulgarly called *Fulham*. It is principally remarkable for being the Residence of a Bishop; but a large Grove of Trees prevented our seeing his Palace from the Water.

THESE two Towns were founded by two Sisters; and they received their Names from the following Occasion. These Ladies being on the *Surry* Shore, called for a Boat to convey them across the Water. The Watermen being somewhat lazy, and not coming near enough to the Land, the Lady who had founded the Town which stands in *Surry*, bid them *put nigh*; upon which her Sister immediately cried out, *A good Omen; let Putnigh be the Name of the Place*. When they came to the other Side, she who had founded the other Town, ordered the Watermen to push the Boat *full home*; her Sister then returned the Favour, and gave the Name of *Full home* to the Place.

HERE stands a most stately and magnificent Bridge. We enquired of the Watermen by whose Benefaction this was built. *Benefaction, do you call it*, says one of them with a Sneer; *I heartily wish it had been by mine; there hath been a fine Parcel of Money got by that Job*; a Name which the *English* give to all Works of a public Nature: For so grateful are these People, that nobody ever doth any thing for the Public, but he is certain to make his Fortune by it.

WE now returned by the Shore of *Middlesex*, and passed by several beautiful Meadows, where the new-mow'd Hay would have wonderfully delighted our Smell, had it not been for a great Variety of dead Dogs, Cats, and other Animals, which being plentifully bestrewed along this Shore, a good deal abated the Sweetness which must have otherwise impregnated the Air.

We at length arriv'd at *Shelfee*, a Corruption from *Shallow See*; for the Word *shallow* signifies empty, worthless. Thus a *shallow Purse* and a *shallow Fellow* are Words of Contempt. This, formerly, was doubtless a small Bishoprick, and inferior to that on the other Side of the Water, which was called *Bettersee*.

HERE are many things worthy the Curiosity of Travellers. This Place is famous for the Residence of *Don Saltero*, a *Spanish* Nobleman, who hath a vast Collection of all sorts of *Karities*; but we had not time to see them.

HERE is likewise a Walk called *Paradise-Row*, from the delightful Situation, and the magnificent Buildings with which it is adorned. We had certainly gone on more to admire the Beauty of this Walk; but here being no Landing-Place, we must have spoiled our Stockings, by stepping into the Mud; and were besides informed, that the Road was so abominably dirty, that it would be difficult to cross; the rather, as it seemed entirely stopped up by a great Number of Dust-Carts.

A LITTLE farther stands an Hospital, or rather a Palace, for the Reception of old and wounded Soldiers. A Benefaction of so noble a kind, that it really doth Honour to the *English* Nation. Here are some very beautiful Apartments, which they told us belonged to the Officers; a Word which led us into a Mistake, as we afterwards discovered: For we imagined that these Apartments were allotted to those Gentlemen who had borne Commissions in the Army, and who had, by being disabled in the Service, entitl'd themselves to the public Favour; but on farther Inquiry, we were surpriz'd to find there was no Provision at all for any such; and that those Officers were a certain Number of Placemen, who had never borne Arms, nor had any military Merit whatever.

BEYOND this stands *Ranelagh*, of which we shall say no more, than that it is a very large round Room, and will contain abundance of People. This is indeed a sufficient Recommendation to the *English*, who never inquire farther into the Merit of any Diversion, when they

they hear it is very much frequented. A Humour, of which we saw many Instances: All their public Places being either quite empty of Company, or so crouded, that we could hardly get to them.

HENCE sailing by a Shore where we saw little very remarkable, save only the Carcasses of Animals, which were here in much greater plenty than we had before found them, we arrived at a Place called *Mill-Bank* or *Mile-Bank*; and soon after passed, as we were informed, by the Senate-Houses: but though we went within a few Yards of them, we could not discern with any Certainty which were they.

HAVING again shot (as they call it) the *New Bridge*, we saw the Palace of a Nobleman, who hath the Honour to be a Duke of *France* as well as of *England*, and the Happiness to be greatly esteemed in both Countries.

NEAR this Palace stands that of another Duke, who, among other great and good Qualities, is reputed the most benevolent Man in the World.

A LITTLE farther we saw the Palace of an Earl, of a very high Character likewise among his Countrymen; and who, in Times of Corruption, hath maintained the Integrity of an old *Roman*.

THE Palaces of these three Noblemen, who do a real Honour to their high Rank, and who are greatly beloved and respected by their Country, are extremely elegant in their Buildings, as well as delightful in their Situation; and, to be sincere, are the only Edifices that discover any true Taste, which we saw in all our Voyage.

WE now approached to *Hungerford-Stairs*, the Place destined for our landing; where we were entertained with a Sight very common, it seems, in this Country: This was the ducking a Pick-pocket. When we were first told this, we imagined it might be the Execution of some legal Sentence; but we were informed that his Executioners had been likewise his Judges.

To give you some Idea of this, (for it is impossible for any one who doth not live in what they call a free Country,

Country, to have an adequate Notion of a Mob) whenever a Pickpocket is taken in the Fact, the Person who takes him calls out *Pickpocket*. Upon which Word, the Mob, who are always at hand in the Street, assemble; and having heard the Accusation, and sometimes the Defence, (though they are not always very strict as to the latter, judging a good deal by Appearances) if they believe the Accuser, the Prisoner is sentenced to be ducked; and this Sentence is immediately executed with such Rigour, that he hardly escapes with his Life.

THE Mob take Cognizance of all other Misdemeanors which happen in the Streets, and they are a Court, which generally endeavours to do Justice, tho' they sometimes err, by the Hastiness of their Decisions. Perhaps it is the only Court in the World, where there is no Partiality arising from Respect of Persons.

THEY are great Enemies to the Use of Swords, as they are Weapons with which they are not intrusted. If a Gentleman draws a Sword, tho' it be only in *terrorem* to defend himself, he is certain to be very severely treated by them; but they give great Encouragement to their Superiors, who will condescend to shew their Courage in the way which the Mob themselves use, namely, by Boxing, of which we shall presently shew you an Instance.

OUR Boat was now with some difficulty close to the Landing place; for there was a great Croud of Boats, every one of which, instead of making way for us, served to endeavour to keep us out. Upon this occasion many hundred Curses passed between our Watermen and their Fellows, and not a few Affronts were cast on us, especially as we were dress'd after the manner of our Country.

At last we arrived safe on shore, where we paid our Watermen, who grumbled at our not giving them something to drink, (for all the labouring People of this Country apply their Hire only to Eatables, for which Reason they expect *something over and above* to drink.)

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As we walked towards the Strand, a Drayman run his Whip directly into my Friend's Face, perhaps with no Design of doing this, but at the same time without any Design of avoiding it. My Friend, who is impatient of an Affront, immediately struck the Carter with his Fist, who attempted to return the Favour with his Whip; but Monsieur *Bellair*, who is extremely strong and active, and who hath learnt to box in this Country, presently, closed in with him, and tript up his Heels.

THE Mob now assembled round us, and being pleased with my Friend for not having drawn his Sword, inclined visibly to his side, and commended many Blows which he gave his Adversary, and other Feats of Activity which he displayed during the Combat, that lasted some Minutes; at the End of which, the Drayman yielded up the Victory, crying with a Sneer, — *D — n you, you have been on the Stage, or I am mistaken.*

THE Mob now gave a Huzza in my Friend's favour, and sufficiently upbraided his Antagonist, who, they said, was well enough served for affronting a Gentleman.

MONSIEUR *Bellair* had on the Beginning of the Scuffle, while the Enemy lay on the Ground, delivered his Sword to one of the By-standers; which Person had unluckily walked off in the Croud, without remembering to restore it.

UPON this the Mob raged violently, and swore Vengeance against the Thief, if he could be discovered; but, as this could not be done, he was obliged at length to submit to the Loss.

WHEN we began to depart, several of our Friends demanded of us something to drink; but, as we were more out of humour with the Loss, than pleased with the Glory obtained, we could not be prevailed with to open our Purses.

THE Company were incensed at this. We were saluted with the Titles of *Mounshire*, and other contemptuous Appellations; several missile Weapons, such as Dirt, &c. began likewise to play on us, and we were both challenged to fight by several, who told my

Friend, tho' he beat the Drayman, he was not above half a Man.

We then made the best of our way, and soon escaped into a Hackney Coach.

Thus I have lent you a particular Account of this Voyage, from some Parts of which you may perhaps conclude, that the meanest Rank of People are in this Country better provided for than their Superiors; and that the Gentry, at least those of the lower Class of that Order, fare full as well in other Places: for, to say the Truth, it appears to me, that an *Englishman* in that Station, is liable to be oppress'd by all above him, and insulted by all below him.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XLII.

From Miss PRUDENTIA FLUTTER to Miss LUCY.

RURAL.

Sunday Morning, Seven o'Clock, just out of Bed.

DEAR LUCY,

I SHOULD have writ to you sooner, according to my Promise, but I have not had one moment's Time since I came to Town, till now; and, if I had not taken the Opportunity of a Sunday, I don't believe I should have been able to write till I had seen you, which I hope, my Dear, will be a long Time hence, unless you can persuade your Papa to let you come to Town.

WELL then, to begin. After a tedious Journey of five Days, my Papa and Mamma, and myself and Alice, arrived safe in charming London. Poor Mamma was sick upon the Road, and could not eat; so we brought half our Cake, almost a whole Turkey, great Part of a Ham, and a Mutton-Pye quite through.

AND now, my Dear, I must tell you, we have taken a Lodging in Pall-Mall, which is to serve us for

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the present; but my Mamma says it won't do, for she wants a whole House to herself in Thing-amy-Square. Papa looks a little grim, but I believe Mamma will get the better, for she has cried about it twice already.

I HAVE been only at four Plays yet, so I can't give you much Opinion about them; but the Play-House is a charming Place. I can assure you, such a many Candles makes one look so grim; and there is such a Number of fine Gentlemen, I never saw. And the Player-Men are fine Men too, and prodigiously well dress'd. There is one sweet Man among them; I wanted to hear him talk; but, tho' he came upon the Stage several times, he never once opened his Mouth. He is a sweet Man; but this is not he, that all the Ladies are in love with; for there is one Mr. Grick, that every body talks of, but nobody could tell me the Name of my Man, and yet he is taller than Mr. Grick by almost a Foot, I warrant you: I ask'd a young Lady, who sat by me, his Name, and she answered me he was nobody; I assure her he was handsomer than any body.

O, BUT, my Dear, I must tell you; there is one Colonel Sprucely, who is got so well acquainted with Mamma already, that they are almost always together, especially when Papa is not at home. I am always sent out of the Room when he comes; but if I had my handsome Player-Man with me, I should not envy her his Company.

I WARRANT you will stare, to hear me own I think a Man handsome; but it is all the Fashion, and there is no harm in it here: I was a little ashamed the first day, or two, but good Company soon teaches us better. Dear Lucy, do, come to Town; for a Country Girl is a horrible awkward Creature.

O, DEAR London, it is quite another World. Was I to mention half our Diversions to you, you would not even know the Names of them. Here are Drums, and Routs, and Hurricanes. Mamma intends to have a Drum, as soon as we get into a tolerable House; for we have but one poor nasty Dining-Room, where we are, and a Drum can't be made without three, at least.

I WARRANT now, I have set you a guessing what a Drum is; nay, I'll leave you a thousand Years to guess what it is made of. — To satisfy your Curiosity then, it is made of a great many Rooms, and a great many Tables, and a great many Candles, and a great many People. — O, 'tis a charming thing; and as Mamma told Papa, we had better be out of the World, than not have a Drum.

O, BUT I promised to write about the Court; ay, but we have not been able to go there yet: for, tho' Mamma laid out so much Money in Clothes last Year, every thing must be pulled to pieces, before it will do. Would you believe it, Child, my best Hoop wants above three Yards of being any thing decent. Not one Rag of our Laces will do, for they are not near fine enough to be seen in; so we have thrown away a fine deal of Money as well as Time, to no purpose in the Country; but Mrs. *Modish* the Millener, and Mrs. *Tabby* the Manteau-Maker, have promised to remedy all soon; so, that in about a Week more, we hope to be fit to appear in the best Company. My Mamma's Clothes will be prodigiously handsome: the Silk cost above three Pounds a Yard. Papa was at first a little out of humour at the Price, but three Ladies happening to come in just at the Time, made all that matter easy, by telling him, it was the cheapest Thing they ever saw in their Lives. She has bespoke two other Gowns and Petticoats, which Papa knows nothing of; for Mamma says, she may very likely win Money enough to pay for them. I have new Clothes bespoke too, but they are so shockingly plain, I am ashamed to mention them. But now I must tell you a Secret. I was at the Opera last Night, and more fine Gentlemen talked to me, than to any of the finest dressed Ladies there — I assure you, Miss; nay, they admired my Clothes too, I assure you, and yet I had only the old *Shocker* on: thinks I to myself, you will like me better soon. As for the Opera itself, I did not understand a Word of it, and I had rather hear you sing the *Lass by the Brow of the Hill*; but Mamma

says,

says, every body likes it, and so I like it too; for, to be genteel, you must do what every body does.

I BELIEVE I had more to tell you; but the Colonel is just gone, and Mamma has sent for me—and just this Minute there is a great Rap at the Door. I believe some People of Quality are coming up, so in haste, I conclude,

Your affectionate,

Humble Servant,

PRUDENTIA FLUTTER.

LETTER XLIII.

From Miss LUCY RURAL to Miss PRUDENTIA FLUTTER.

Dear PRUE,

I HAVE been detained from reading your agreeable Letter the whole Evening, by being in some very merry Company, where we have had a Game at *Christmas* Gambols: *Jack Bonny* was with us; and you know his comical Humour never fails of making every body happy where he is. And to say the truth, my Dear, I believe you have not spent so pleasant an Evening since you left us.

INDEED, dear *Prue*, so far from having my Opinion raised of the Town Pleasures, by what you write, I am the more convinced of the Impertinence and Stupidity of a Town Life; and that we are not only more innocent, but much more merry and happy in the Country.

As to Plays, which are the only rational Amusement you mention, you know I am very fond of them, and have often an Opportunity of seeing them within two Miles of our House. I confess they are probably better

better acted in *London*; but don't be angry if I say, this Circumstance seems to have added very little to your Entertainment. I dare swear, we have as good Actors as that dumb Gentleman you mention, whom I suppose to have been one of the Gentlemen Ullers to *Alexander the Great*, or some other Hero; and am very sorry, he has made so deep an Impression on your Mind, which I impute to the notorious Demerit of the Beans, of whom, from the Accounts I have received, I have no very high Opinion. Sure the Opera must be a very wretched Entertainment, or you would never suffer such Animals to divert your Attention from it.

I Owe, my dear, I have not much Idea of a Drum; and you'll pardon me, if I say, you don't seem to entertain any very perfect Notion of it yourself: However, I will endeavour to explain a Diversion to you, in which I spent three Evenings in the *Christmas* Holidays, and which I shall call a Trumpet, partly, in allusion to your Drum, and partly, as it was our chief Instrument of Music; tho' I do not find, you can give so good a Reason for the Name of your Assembly.

You must know then, that on the Day after *Christmas*, I dined at Sir *Thomas Hearty's*, where we had a great deal of good Company. There were present, Sir *Thomas* and my Lady, who are, you know, a very fond Couple, greatly happy in themselves, and very desirous of seeing every other Person so: the other Men were, Sir *Roger Fairfield*, Mr. *Woody*, Mr. *Green*, Mr. *Jones*, Dr. *Gaylove*, Jack *Bonny*, and Sir *Thomas's* Chaplain: the Women were, besides her Ladyship of the House, Old Lady *Cheerful*, Mrs. *Woody*, Mrs. *Green*, Miss *Fairfield*, Miss *Cheerful*, Miss *Jenny Fairfield*, Miss *Betsy Fairfield*, and your humble Servant.

While we were at our Tea, Sir *Thomas* came to us from the Men, and proposed a Diversion for the Evening, which was readily agreed to by the whole Company. This was a Trumpet, or, to explain it to you in a Term you are better acquainted with, it was to go a mumming.

Two Hours were now spent in dressing ourselves, and, I do assure you, they were two very agreeable ones. My Lady *Cheerful*, who has, you know, all the Good humour, without any of the Passions of Youth, was dress'd up for the Witch of *Endor*, and made a Figure so ridiculous, that I can hardly help laughing, when I recollect it. Let me tell you, it is no little Indication of Good sense and Good nature too, in a Woman of any Age, to submit to make herself Person disagreeable. Miss *Betty Fairfield* was dress'd as a Shepherdess, and made a most lovely Appearance. Your humble Servant consented to be a Nun, but remember it was only in jest.

At Seven in the Evening, we were joined by the Men, who had likewise disguis'd themselves in various antic Dresses. Every Man chose his Woman, as well as he could guess, for we were all mask'd. Sir *Thomas* fell to the share of the Witch, and your Friend the Nun became the Property of Friar *Jack Bonny*.

A Waggon and Six now attended at the Gate, to which we were led by our several Partners; a Band of Music, with a Trumpet at their head, preceding.

Sir *Thomas* undertook to be Master of the Ceremonies, and the Waggon was ordered to drive to Mr. *Warmgreave's*, which is, you know, about three Miles distant from Sir *Thomas's*. It is almost impossible to describe the Pleasantness of our Ride; Music and Lights made the Gloom of the Night more delightful than the Day; and so much Good humour, Mirth, and Wit too, I promise you, prevail'd in our Waggon, that our Journey past almost in one continual Laugh. Perhaps there is not a more agreeable Creature upon Earth, than *Jack Bonny*.

Well, when we arriv'd at Mr. *Warmgreave's*, we found a large Hall well lighted up with a swinging Fire prepared for us; for Sir *Thomas*, who has a great deal of true Politeness, without any of the Poppery which passes for it in some Places, had sent timely notice to his Friend of our Intention. We were received at the Gate, by Mr. *Warmgreave* and his Lady, and conducted into the Hall, where Wine and Cakes were immediately

immediately brought us. With these having regaled ourselves for some time, and some Scenes of Mirth having passed, on account of the Mistakes which were made in guesses at our several Persons, the Ball was begun by Mr. *Warmgrove* and Mrs. *Green*, who was dress'd in a Suit of *Lady Hearty's* Clothes, and pass'd for her all the first Part of the Night. At Twelve we were conducted to a noble Supper, where we all unmask'd, and the Night concluded with so much Mirth and Jollity, that I believe no Set of Company ever pass'd a pleasanter.

WE have since had two more Frolics of the same kind, of which I will not tire you with the Repetition; tho' Sir *Thomas*, who has shewn an excellent Taste for these Diversions, took care to give them a Variety, which greatly added to their Entertainment.

AND now, my Dear, what do you think was the Consequence of all this? Why, Sir *Roger* hath very honourably declared himself to Miss *Cheerful*, and Miss *Betty Fairfield* hath received a formal Visit from the Doctor; but, what is worst of all, I wish the poor Nun be not seduced by a wicked Friar to forsake the holy Veil. To be short, and to shew you, we Country Girls can sometimes own what we are not ashamed of, as well as you Town Ladies, if I write to you after next *Thursday*, I shall sign my Letter by a strange Name.

If you should laugh at all this, as Country Simplicity, or whatever else you please to call it, I shall have the Satisfaction of thinking, I have afforded you what the Town cannot; for, by your Letter, you do not seem to have laugh'd since you left us. If you meet with any thing more entertaining, I know you will readily communicate it to your Friends; if not, we shall have the Pleasure of expecting you the sooner, which, I do assure you, will be most acceptable to,

Dear PRUE,

Your sincere Friend,

And affectionate humble Servant,

LUCY RURAL.

P. S. Old George desires me to acquaint you, he has sent the Bacon, Cheese, Butter and Eggs, as ordered, by the Waggon; he has likewise sent a Hare, wild Fowl, Partridges, and other Game: the Beef and Mutton, Beer and Cyder will go the next time. George laughs, and says, "Sure there is nothing good in that same London!"

L E T T E R XLIV.

VALENTINE to CYNTHIA.

[At the Bath.

THOUGH ill-natured Accidents sometimes tear the Person of my dearest Creature from my Eyes, nothing can remove her, even for a Moment, from my Thoughts.

THIS I am certain she believes; and, unluckily for me, it is no Secret to the rest of my Acquaintance. Hence I become often the Mark of that Raillery, with which all People are armed against Love; a Passion which no one will condescend to own: for such a Confession would reflect on the Modesty of your Sex, and Men consider it as no less an Imputation on their Understanding.

I MUST, however, do the Ladies the Justice to own, that many of them have Sense enough to despise this foolish Opinion, and are not ashamed of being known to love their Husbands: But I am afraid the Examples of such Sincerity on our side are much rarer: For I solemnly declare, tho' I know several who love their Wives with great Fondness, I scarce know one who is not ashamed of so doing.

THIS Treatment of a Passion to which I owe the sweetest Pleasures of my Life, always raises in me much Indignation; and I never fail on such Occasions of defending the injured Cause, and of becoming the Champion of Love; though I generally meet with the Fate which attends all Opposers of vulgar Errors, and have the Reward of being laughed at.

I YESTERDAY

YESTERDAY encountered a large Company of both Sexes on this Subject; which I had introduced, by having drank your Health in a Bumper. I will not trouble you with the many Blasphemies (for so I call them) which were uttered against the divine Passion we both cultivate; but shall draw up my Argument into the Form of a Speech, and will leave it to your Judgment whether it could or could not be answered.

SUPPOSE me then to have made the following Speech on the Occasion.

I am surprized at nothing more, than that Love hath ever been reputed Folly, or that Men should use Words with such Impropriety, as to call it a Weakness of the Mind.

But to pursue perfect Happiness, if we were capable of it, would be Wisdom; no one will, I believe, have the Confidence to deny; and if perfect Happiness be not attainable in this World, to acquire to yourself the highest Degree of human Happiness, must, I think, be esteemed the highest Degree of human Wisdom.

Now, in my Eye, Love appears alone capable of bestowing on us this highest Degree of human Felicity. I solemnly declare, when I am in possession of my Wife, (here was a great Laugh) my Happiness wants no Addition. I think I may aver, it could receive none. I conceive myself then to be the happiest of Mankind; I am sure I am as happy as it is possible for me to be.

It may be, perhaps, objected, that I have set myself up as the Standard of true Judgment: that though I should be sincere in what I say, yet this, which is so great a Blessing in my Estimation, may in the Opinion of another be a very slight and insignificant Matter, and that it appears otherwise to me, may be said to arise from that very Weakness of Mind of which I would avoid the Imputation.

I SHALL endeavour therefore to evince by Reason, that Love, in the Mind which possesses it in the highest Degree, must create the highest Degree of human Happiness.

FIRST,

"First, then, it seems to me, that the full Gratification of that Passion which is uppermost in our Minds, is the highest Happiness of which we are capable.

"Secondly, it seems likewise, that one Man is capable of being happier than another, in proportion as the Passion by which he is possessed (if I may so express myself) is more or less capable of this full Gratification.

"Let us examine then by this Rule, those two great Motives to the Actions of Men, which in modern Language are called Passions, Ambition and Avarice: and if we can shew the Advantage which Love hath over these, it will be abundantly sufficient to found those Arguments which will effectually prove what we have undertaken to prove, viz. that Love is not Folly, nor ought any Man to be ashamed of its Possession and Influence.

"Now when we consider the great Miseries which Ambition and Avarice produce to the World; we may

"I think, reasonably expect, that they should at the same time make some amends by the Good which they convey to the Bosoms which they inhabited.

"Whether they do this or no, I shall not enter into a Common-place Inquiry: it is sufficient for my purpose here, that neither of them are capable of a full Gratification: indeed, we may say, but any Gratification at all, since every Acquisition to them both brings Desire along with it: Desires which enlarge themselves in proportion to the Good obtained, and which exceed all Possibility of obtaining in the same Degree, as what is already acquired hath exceeded Expectation. Instead of proving this from any trite known Stories, with which all Books, both of History and others abound, I shall appeal for the Truth of it to common Experience, and to the secret Information of every Man's Breast, in which either of these Passions have any Place.

"In Love it is far otherwise. This sweet Passion admits of Instant complete Gratification. Every Good conferred on, and received from, the be-

"loved

" loved Object, so fills the whole Mind with Pleasure,
 " that it for a while leaves no Wish unsatisfied. And
 " if, after its sweetest Satiety, new Desires arise,
 " these are not, like those of Avarice and Ambition,
 " restless uneasy Perturbations; but so sweet and plea-
 " sant, that they bring some Rewards along with
 " them.

" If Love then shall appear more eligible than ei-
 " ther Avarice or Ambition, as it is capable of re-
 " ceiving a fuller Gratification, we may likewise ar-
 " gue its Superiority, as it is capable of this Gratifica-
 " tion two ways; either by giving or receiving Good;
 " as it proposes a certain End; as this End is generally
 " not only possible, but easy, safe, and innocent;
 " seldom attended with Difficulty, Danger, or Crime
 " to ourselves, or with any Mischief to others. In
 " every one of which Lights it is preferable both to
 " Ambition and Avarice.

" I Am aware, however, that I am here liable to
 " an Objection not very different from what I have
 " started above: For it may be said I am still arguing
 " to others from myself, and making my own Sen-
 " sations the Criterion of their Happiness. Nay, it
 " may be said, that having admitted in my first Posi-
 " tion, that the Happiness of Men consists in the Gra-
 " tification of whatever Passion is uppermost in their
 " Minds, my Doctrine can be only useful to such,
 " whose highest Passion is Love; and not at all applica-
 " ble to those Votaries of Ambition and Avarice, who
 " have very weak, or perhaps no Traces of Love in
 " their Minds.

" T H I S I readily concede, insisting only on these
 " two Points, that such Persons are less capable of
 " Happiness than the Lover, for the Reasons aforesaid;
 " and that the Lover, who is clear of all the Impres-
 " sions of Ambition and Avarice, hath full as good a
 " Right to call all the Pursuits of Mankind which
 " arise from those other Motives, Folly and Weak-
 " ness of Mind, as the Slaves of those Passions have
 " of imputing to such Folly and Weakness all the
 " Energies

“Energies of Love, merely because they never felt them.

“LIFE, to say the truth, without some strong Pursuit; without proposing to ourselves some principal End to which all our Labours tend, is wretchedly insipid; rising indeed little above Vegetation.

“Why then am I to be thus insipid, or to become the Slave of Ambition and Avarice, contrary to my Inclination? Or why am I obliged to undergo all the Hardships which those severe Task-masters impose on their Servants, when I have no relief for the pitiful Rewards which are by those two so niggardly bestowed upon them? Why am I not to become the Subject of Love, to whose Cause I am so well inclined, whose Labours are to me so easy, and whose Rewards so extremely delicious? Why must I be called a Fool, when I feel myself perfectly happy, and that by those who must, to themselves at least, acknowledge their own Misery?

“IN short, if Love be a Folly, it is so only in comparison of the Pursuits of those, who, disdain- ing the Imperfection, the Incertainty, and the transitory short Duration of worldly Happiness, fix their Attention on the perfect, certain, and durable Enjoyments of Futurity; and who think Heaven only worthy to be the great End of all their Actions. To such I shall only say, I think they might with great Safety, take Love in their way: For surely, in my Sense of the Word, it would be so far from obstructing their Journey, that it would only serve to give them some Idea of the Blessings towards which they are travelling. But for the Slaves of Ambition and Avarice to give the Name of Folly to Love, is, in my opinion, a higher Degree of Insolence, than for a drunken Fellow over his nasty Porter in an Alehouse to affect a Contempt for Gentlemen who are rioting over *Champaign*.

“Thus, my Dear, I have transcribed the Defence of this our favourite Passion. If I was not bless'd in the Knowledge of your Partiality to me, I should have some Apprehension that you might think me a weak

Advocate

Advocate in so good a Cause, which you yourself could, I am convinced, defend so much better; but you will pardon me when I say, if my Affection to, and Interest in every thing, did not exactly attends yours, you would be much more interested in a Defence of Love than myself; as I have so much better Excuse for the Violence of mine, in the singular Merit of its Object; but your Goodness will still force your Judgment to think those deserving who endeavour to be so.

Of this Inclination to please you, therefore, I will give you one Instance, by quitting a Subject which I could dwell on for ever, the delightful Contemplation of your Superiority; since it is the only one in which I am capable in giving offence to her who is the Delight of my Eyes, the Joy of my Heart, my Admiration, my Esteem, and my Glory.

I am,

My SWEET,

With a Tenderness inexpressible,

Your fond and faithful Husband,

VALENTINE

V I S I O N

METHOUGHT I was conveyed into a large Plain, amongst such Multitudes of Men and Women, that I could have no other Idea, than that all Mankind were assembled together.

At the End of this Plain, at a little distance from each other, were four prodigious large high Gates with a Ticket

a Ticket on each in full view. On the First was written, *The Way to Wealth*; on the Second, *The Way to Power*; on the Third, *The Way to Pleasure*; and on the Fourth, *The Way to Virtue*. All the Company were employing themselves, in reading these several Tickets; but I observed at the very Top of the Gates, other Words were written in such small Characters, that they were difficult to be distinguished. On the First, *To Avarice*; on the Second, *To Ambition*; on the Third, *To Disappointment*; and on the Fourth, *To Pride*. But these Inscriptions were overlooked by a most every Person there.

And was almost deafened with the confused Din of the Multitude, every one arguing strenuously, at which Gate it was best to enter: Altho' their Arguments might have been spared: For their Choice had been visibly fixed before by Inclination; each having taken by the Hand the Guide, who sat before that Gate which he, or she, from the first intended to enter.

CURIOSITY led me to wish, I could follow every Company; but, as that was impossible to do at once, I resolved to follow first, the Guide to *Avarice*; a Monster too deformed to be described: But in Patches up and down, on the Wretch's tattered Rags was inscribed, *I lead to Wealth*. These Words, like a kind of Charm, blinded the Eyes of all our Company, and in them, the shocking Uglinefs of our Guide, whose Name, I afterwards found, was *Labour*, was quite lost.

WHEN the Gate was thrown open, we had the greatest Difficulty imaginable, to advance the first Step: They call it but one Step, altho' it is a Hill so steep and craggy, that nothing but immense Pains could surmount it; and the Difficulty was still increased by those who first arrived at the Summit of the Hill; for it was their constant Custom to face about, and throw Stones at their Fellow Travellers, in order to keep them down; nay, often to keep down those very Persons, by whose Assistance they had themselves got up. Indeed I observed, that, when any Set of People held together, and helped each other, it made the Way very easy to them all: But the general Method was to keep

keep others down, tho' at the Expence of deferring their own Rise.

WHILST there was such Toiling and Sweating to ascend the Hill, I perceived a little By-Path, unseen by any but myself, in which I walked up very easily. I asked the Guide the Meaning of this; when, looking at me very earnestly, he told me, that he saw I was but a Spectator, and came with them only for Curiosity, and not from any Inclination to *Wealth*; therefore his Tickets could not blind my Eyes, but I must have Liberty to explore all their Paths, and see Things as they really were.

THE Manner of marching of the whole Company was very particular; for, as the Path was narrow, they could not go many a breast, but extended a great length; and, instead of walking on as fast as they could, every third Step they kicked one Foot backward, to keep any other from coming near them; nor did any Tie of Nature or Obligation prevent their acting in this manner: Fathers kicked against Sons, and Brothers against Brothers; and whoever went one Step out of the Path, scarcely ever found his way back again into it.

SEVERAL pleasant Walks and Seats were to be seen at a small distance, which now and then allured some of our Company from us, quite worn out with the long March, and not able to sustain the Fatigue any longer. This happened very seldom, notwithstanding, except myself, they were all barefoot, and the Ground was so stoney, and strowed with Thorns and Briars, that every Step must give Pain unutterable: However, the longer they journeyed, the easier became the Way. At last the Guide cryed out; "We are now come very near the Palace of *Wealth*, for behold many of its Inhabitants." There were some few Men who looked rather half-starved, than like the Inhabitants of the Palace of *Wealth*, who came bowing and scraping to our Company. The Respect paid them by these poor half-starved Wretches, made them already forget the Pain of their Journey; and in these Submissions they fancied they read their own great Riches: and indeed these

these Men paid their Respects according to the Person's near Approach to the Palace, and greatly lessened them to those, who were far behind.

I BEGAN to be impatient, and asked the Guide, how long it would be, before we should arrive: he laughed, and answered; "The whole Company but yourself think we are already arrived, for behold the Palace there before you; I give it the specious Name of the Palace of *Walsh*, to allure my Followers, and they are so blinded, that to them it looks like a Palace; but your Eyes being open, you see plainly, it is the Den of *Avarice*!"

By this time we were arrived at the Gate, (which was one great Piece of Iron) that gave Entrance to this hideous Place: The way to open it, was hid to all but to our Guide *Labour*, who had a Key that unlocked it presently. The Multitude crowded in with such Haste and Impetuosity to be foremost, that many were trod to death in the Passage. The Inside of this imaginary Palace, and real Den, was frightful to behold; *Horror*, *Affright*, and *Anxiety* met us at the Door; and, taking our Guide by the Hand, said, they would lead us where we should meet our Reward. Many of us found great Difficulty to follow; for the Roof was so low, that we were obliged to go almost double; at last we came to a little Room so barricaded with Iron, that it looked like a Prison. Here sat *Avarice* herself, but her Deformity was so very great, she did not care to appear to the Eyes, even of her Followers, but hid herself behind a large Statue made of massy Gold. *Care* sat on a little Cushion made of Nettles: on the one Hand of her were Heaps of Bags of Gold, and on the other, Numbers of little Arrows so sharp at the Point, that their least Touch gave excessive Pain. Of these she had always a Supply from her own Bosom, so that they could never be exhausted.

ALL who had patiently born the Fatigue of the Journey, and could produce a Certificate under the Lady *Pleasure*'s own Hand, that she had never in her life granted them any the least Favour, were to be rewarded in this manner: *Care*, by the Command of *Avarice*, was to heap on their Backs Bags of Money, till they could support no more; and, notwithstanding to every Bag she fasten'd one of her Arrows in such a manner, that it must pierce the Person, on whom the Bag was laid, yet she was very seldom bid

to leave off. Some few indeed did go out of this *Den*, with as many Bags as they could carry; but I was told, they were not the true Votaries of *Avarice*, only came that way (although it was round about) in their Road to the Courts of *Ambition*, *Pleasure*, or *Pride*; to all which the shewing these Bags was a very good Passport; but all the rest bore the sharp Pains caused by the Arrows, and the Burthen of the Gold, till Nature, at length worn out, sunk under the Load, and Death alone relieved them from that Misery, which (poor deceived Wretches) they called their Reward.

IMMEDIATELY, on any one's Departure out of this Life, the next Heir appeared, and carried off as much of the Money, as he possibly could, setting out with full Speed, to *Pleasure's Court*, where he must pay half his Wealth for his Admittance, and might soon meet with Opportunities of squandering away the other Part.

AFTER I had seen several Instances of the same kind, I grew tired with the Reflection on the painful Reward these poor Wretches met with, for thus patiently wading through all the Dirt, and bearing the Torture of all the Thorns they found in their way to this dismal Place; and making what haste I could out of it, I hurried back to the Gates, where I presently mixed with a large Train, who were then just setting out for *Ambition's Court*.

THE Guide to this was called *Fallacy*, and, at first sight, appeared both in Height and Bulk, like a Giant or Giants; for the odd Mixture of its Dress made it utterly undistinguishable, whether it was Male or Female; but, when Curiosity had led me near it, and I wanted to know from its own Mouth whither, and to what sort of Palace it was going to guide us, it shrunk into a Shadow, and to my Sight the apparent Substance immediately vanished. But still it had the same Power of Speech, altho' in a very weak Voice; and told me, my Desire of knowing the real Truth, had given me power to see things as they were: but that to all the rest of the Company it appeared, as it had at first sight to me; for that their great Desire of finding it to be real Substance, had such an Effect on their Sight, as made them believe it was so: "But, continued this Apparition, I am not obliged to tell more of myself than you can find out; therefore I will not answer
" another

" another Question ; but whenever you speak, lest you
 " should corrupt my Followers, I will order all the Drums,
 " Kettle-Drums, and Trumpets to strike up, and try
 " if Noise cannot drown your Voice."

THIS Road was much pleasanter than that which led to *Avarice*, and we should have gone a great deal faster, but that the whole Procession went side-ways, each Individual fixing one Eye on the Guide, lest he should lose his Way ; and the other, on the Person next behind him, at the same time holding a Sword at Arm's length, that his next Neighbour might not come near him. I observed in the Face of each Person a visible Discontent, at not being able to put by this Sword. Here and there indeed, a Person of very remarkable Activity leaped over the Sword, and the Bearer of it : When this happened, the Person so jumped over, set up a Huzza, which was echoed by all behind him, till they were all hoarse, and had no Voice left. These Outcries served to no manner of purpose ; for the envied Man would not come back again, but triumphed in the Thought that he was got foremost.

IN this manner we marched till we came to the *Palace*. The Gates flew open at the Touch of our Guide ; and I found no Welcome was thought too great for this unsubstantial Being ; this Creature's Presence being necessary to keep the Court of *Ambition* from falling into the utmost Stupidity. The Moment it came near the *Throne*, it made a long Speech, to prove that Happiness was only to be met with in that Court. That *Alexander the Great* was a very great Man ; and if he had lived till that time, might possibly, if no Accident had intervened, been Master of the World. That *Julius Caesar* might have been long Emperor of the *Romans*, if he had not been murdered, &c. &c. &c. Then the Wretch ran out into a tedious Descant on the Horror of Murder, except when done to serve the *Great Princess's Ambition* ; but said, that Design indeed made it laudable. The Speech ended, Applauses resounded through the Palace ; and every one fancied that he resembled some of the Heroes therein mentioned. *Ambition* sat on her *Throne*, which every Art had conspired to adorn, clothed in Robes made so heavy with Lace and Jewels, that they seemed sufficient to weigh her down ; but when she rose and spoke, she made a Noise not unlike the blustering of the

Northern Winds, or the roaring of the foaming Sea. Her Arms were stretched beyond their natural Length, by continual Endeavours to reach at the Clouds; and her Eye-Strings were almost cracked, by being turned for ever upwards. Sometimes the vast Crouds of her Attendants, and the various Ceremonies she submitted to, in being always in public, almost tired *Ambition* herself, and gave her a moment's time for Reflection. But when ever that happened, a young Man clad in Robes of Gold advanced, and presented her a Schedule, which contained these Words:

"My great and dread Queen, sole Sovereign of innumerable Subjects, Commander of Armies, Director of Sciences; may your Slave presume to remind you, that the Property of this Palace, which is the Admiration of the gazing Multitude, and the Imitation of the greatest Artists in Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, &c. &c. is yours, and yours alone."

AMBITION, at these Words, smiled Applause, and thought the Fatigue of Ceremonies, with all the Farce and Pomp of Shew, too small a Tax to pay for such great and immense Advantages. Her Followers who had travelled long enough to reach the Palace, were thus rewarded. *Fallacy* blew a Trumpet; Drums, Kettle-Drums, all sorts of the loudest martial Musick immediately strike up. A Phantom, called *Fame*, got up to the very Roof of the Palace, and there fastned a Ladder of Ropes, as it appeared to me, (but to the rest a broad Stair-Case, every Step being, in their Eyes, cover'd with Velvet, and adorned with Diamonds) which was let down to the Ground, and *Ambition's* Followers all eagerly pushed forwards to climb it. At the first Step there was such a Confusion and Bustling, as made it difficult for any one to ascend: But the happy Person who gained that, marched onward, whilst the rest followed him one by one, still disputing the first Pass. It was remarkable, that every one caught hold of one of the Legs of the Person that was next before him, and endeavoured with all his Force to throw him off the Ladder. This sometimes succeeded; and sometimes in the violent Tug to pull another down, a Man so shook himself, that unable to recover and poize himself again, he was forced to accompany the Person so pulled down in his Fall. To me they all seemed to labour

hour and sweat every Step; but I was told, that fixing their Eyes on the *Phantom* on the Top, they for got or rather were insensible of their Pain. On the Right-Hand of *Fame* sat *Self-Conceit*, who was not seen to go up, but was borne on Wings, and privately seated there before any of the Company saw her. She had in her Hand a Looking-Glass, which had the Power of magnifying to such a degree, that all who got high enough to look into it, thought themselves ten times as big as they were before. When the Ladder was full, as it was a prodigious Length, (even from the bottom to the top of *Ambition's Palace*) it really was a very odd Picture to see such Numbers of People, (for the greatest Part of Mankind appeared to be there) hanging on one another's Legs. The happy Man who got first, as soon as he could reach *Fame*, and see himself in the Glass of *Self-Conceit*, for a few Moments sat down contented, contemplating his own Greatness. But whoever was next, being enraged at the Distance, which all were obliged to keep from him, who had once gained the Summit of the Ladder, called *Envy* from his Bosom, and sent her secretly to fasten a String to the Robes of this supposed happy Person, whom he stigmatized by every vile Appellation imaginable. *Envy*, as soon as she had done what she was commanded, ran down the Ladder letting out the String every Step, and made each Man forego his present Hold, and take this String in his Hand. As soon as she was at the bottom, the whole Company at once gave such a tug, as staggered the Man looking in the Glass in his Seat. It is true, they had several Pulls, before they could get him down; but from the time he felt himself thus tottering, Fear and Anxiety possessed him, and all his Happiness was gone. Besides, by endeavouring to keep his Eyes fixed on the Glass whilst he was so often shaken, his Head turned quite giddy, and he was disabled from taking the proper Methods for his own Preservation. At last, by one violent Effort, he was thrown from this much sought-for Seat to the very bottom, where a Gulph presently opened, and swallowed him; and as his Place was immediately supplied, he left no more Traces of him behind, than an Eagle does in the Air through which she has flown.

It was very odd to me, that no Man, when he came near this Seat, reflected on the Fate of those who went before him; but thought his Strength would infallibly secure him from falling. When I had observed many Instances of the same kind, I concluded, that if I was to stay there for Ages, I should see no Alteration in the Management of *Ambition's Palace*; and therefore made the best of my way back again, and mixed with those who were hastening to the Court of Pleasure.

THIS Road was so very broad, that we had two Guides, lest any of the Company should miss their way. One was in the shape of a young Woman, curled, adorned and painted in such a manner, that she appeared exceeding handsome. She walked all the way backward; for behind she was as deformed as her Face was beautiful. Her Name was *Illusion*. The other was a little Boy like *Cupid*, only he was not blind; and instead of a Bow and Arrow, carried a Shield, on which was inscribed the Names of every Pleasure pursued by Mankind. This he had an Art of turning so, as to shew to each Passenger the Name of his Favourite Pleasure. He was called *Hope*. We travelled very fast. In the way was a well-built convenient Castle, pleasantly situated, and on the Door was written, *Here is Amusement for whoever thinks proper to come in.*

WE were met at our first Entrance, by a middled-aged Woman, who informed us her Name was *Ease*. Her Behaviour was composed and chearful, and her Dress decent and becoming, without the least appearance of Ostentation. She shewed us the whole *Castle*; and in every Room was a Set of Company, employing themselves as best suited their Taste and Fancy. For my part, I had a great mind to stay here; for the whole Train was invited so to do, (and indeed I thought they would have done wisely in accepting the Invitation.) But this was not the design of our two Guides, *Illusion* and *Hope*, who entered into consultation to prevent the Number of their Followers being lessened. To every Man who had a mind to lead a married Life, *Ease* offered an agreeable modest Wife, and to each Woman who chose to enter into that State, an honest good Husband.

THEN came *Hope*, and turned his Shield to the Gentlemen, where was inscribed a Woman all *Perfection*. And to the Ladies appeared this charming Sentence, *A Husband*.

band so violently in love, that he shall transform you into a Goddess. To those who chose a single Life, *Ease* offered a good Collection of Books, agreeable Companions, and Tranquillity; but *Hope* immediately shewed them public Diversion, and an eternal Round of giddy Pleasures, to keep the animal Spirits in a perpetual flutter. Those whose Delight was placed chiefly in Conversation, *Ease* shewed into a Room, where they might meet with Men of Parts to converse with, almost whenever they pleased, in moderate Hours. This was overcome by the Appearance on the Shield of *Mirth at Midnight*. It would be endless to enumerate the Particulars of this whole Struggle, it is sufficient that our Guides got the better; and our Company was greatly increased, instead of being diminished. For when we left the *Castle*, many who lived with *Ease*, and had been contented with Amusements a great while, were glad of the Opportunity of following *Hope*, and his Comrade *Illusion*.

At the Entrance of the Palace, one of our Guides, namely *Hope*, left us; and in his stead *Certainty* with a smiling Countenance led us into a spacious Hall, where the whole Company appeared to be in Raptures, every married Woman found an Adorer in her Husband; and every married Man thought his Wife all Perfection, continually whispering in her Ears, *You are a Goddess*. Some of the Unmarried were led by *Illusion* into such various Diversions, that they had not time to be troubled with thinking one Moment. Others were conversing with the very Companions they chose, and Happiness was displayed in their Countenances. In short, nothing but the Face of Joy was to be seen.

I BEGAN to think, this was indeed the right Road to take; when on a sudden I looked up, and beheld at one Corner of the Room *Pleasure* herself pouring some Liquid of her own composing into a great Bowl; which I fancied would be a great while a filling; but to my Amazement, in a very small space of time, it was full to the top; and the moment a Drop ran over, the whole Scene was changed, and *Yawnings* were the only Sounds to be heard. She was invisible to all the Company but myself; for they were too much taken up with their own Enjoyments, to mind what she was about; otherwise they would have

H 4

stopped her Hand, before she overfilled the Bowl. Now as soon as the *Carolling* was heard, *Vulstion* opened a Door into another Apartment, to rouse her Followers from this Stupidity. Here was the oddest Medley of Confusion imaginable. The *new-made Goddesses* fell into such Breaks and Vagaries, that they all appeared mad. One moment they gave their Worshippers Laws, the next recalled them; then were angry they were not obeyed; then frowned, and bewailed their Misfortunes; that others could not find out what they had a mind to have, though they were ignorant of it themselves.

THEIR Adorers, otherwise called Husbands, restless to please them, yet finding it impossible, alternately grew outrageous, and fell into the most abject Submissions; then succeeded Jealousies, Quarrels, with the whole Train of domestick Ills.

THOSE who in the next Room were engaged in cheerful Conversation, mistook here roaring Noise for Mirth, and clamorous Arguments for Reason and Philosophy. And instead of conversing with one another to receive either Instruction or Pleasure, the End of their meeting seemed to be nothing more or less, than to displease, confound, and stun one another.

HERE every thing which we call Diversion was lost; for those who before seemed pleased and satisfied with what they enjoyed, now so eagerly grasped at so many kinds of Pleasure, that they turned themselves giddy with the Variety, and rendered themselves incapable of the Enjoyment of any.

HERE, the natural Appetite to be supplied with necessary Food was perverted into Gluttony and Luxury, which brought their constant Attendants Satiety and Diseases.

HERE Drunkenness prevailed, bringing in the Bloom of Youth, trembling Nerves, and shaking Limbs. In short, the whole Scene was so full of Misery, occasioned by *Pleasure's* excessive Liberality, in over-filling the Bowl, that I believe the whole Company would have been heartily glad, if she had never begun to fill it.

At the very Roof of this Room, across a Beam, sat perched a little ugly Monster called *Disappointment*. From its nasty Claws descended numberless Wires, and at the end of each was fastened a Hook, which the Monster could

could command, so as to hitch it in the Bosom of whom ever he pleased. When by this means he had, one by one, got into his Clutches the whole Company, he discovered himself by a scornful Laugh; and tugged at once his Wires, to make the Hook more tormenting to their Bosoms.

EYENAR one saw him, and Pain made every one sensible of his detested Presence. Struck with Horror at the Sight, I could not help inquiring how long these miserable Wretches were to suffer thus. When *Illusion* (who was now at least sure, having given up her Charge to the real Deity of the Place, called *Disappointment*) informed me, they might be all free, whenever they would consent to be touched by a Wand, which would immediately make them see the Impossibility of staying in the great Hall where *Pleasure* presides. But, continued she, "Many will sooner bear this miserable Situation for a great while, than consent to such Terms: And sometimes, after they have consented to this Condition, and have been freed from this dreadful Punishment, they return here again with the first Opportunity: But then we dismiss them on their Request. For we are very sure that People so blinded will never escape our Clutches for any long time; and then the Punishment is doubled, by Reflection on their own Folly." I was so uneasy at this dismal Spectacle, that I fled from it, and was resolved to indulge my Curiosity to the full, and go next to the Palace of *Pride*.

THE Name of the Guide to this splendid Palace was *Virtue*. She was in appearance so tall, that her Head seemed to reach the Clouds; whilst the Foldings, and Length of her Robe, hid her Feet from View. Her Arms were numberless, and even to me, at first Sight appeared of Bulk and Strength equal to the Task of supporting her Followers. The Moment she found I was only a Passenger, and not one of her Goddess's true Votaries, she lost the Power of deceiving me, and shrunk in my View into a Dwarf; her Head tottered with its own Weight, her Arms dwindled into Shadows, and I could plainly read in small Letters on her Breast, *My Name is Deception*; whilst to all her real Followers, the first Appearance still continued, and they rode on these Shadows with as much Ease as if they had been flying through the Air. This Guide did not suffer those of her Train to walk, but car-

ried.

ried them in her Arms, careſſing and embracing them all the way. Through many a Labyrinth ſhe went, through many a dirty Path ſhe labour'd. She had not always the Power of keeping thoſe ſhe attempted to ſupport, from touching the Ground; but as by her Endearments ſhe had the Art of making them loſe all uneaſy Sensations, ſhe ſeemed well ſatiſfied in the Conſciouſneſs of her deceiving others; and therefore thought no Pain too much, for thus gratifying the only bent of her Nature. The Palace itſelf was not ſo magnificent as I expected; it was indeed greatly ornamented; but the Structure did not equal what my Imagination had formed, and I was told that *Pride* had many other Ways of gratifying her Votaries, beſides that of ſumptuous Palaces and magnificent Appearances. The Gates flew open at our Guide's firſt Touch; and we were led through a great Number of Appartments, till we arrived at that where the Goddeſs ſat in State, and received the Homage of all her Followers.

At firſt ſight I was confounded with the Multitude of Objects which preſented themſelves to my View; but my Guide, who to me only was obliged to ſpeak Truth, informed me, that the Goddeſs's Father, and her own Offspring, numerous as this Aſſembly did appear, made up the whole of it; and then by Force (for it was Torture to her to let any Perſon into the Myſteries of the Place) ſhe went on in the following manner:

"Our great Miſtreſs's ever-venerable aged Sire, called *Folly*, who is above five thouſand Years old, brought forth his Daughter from his Head; and though he was then but an Infant, yet ſhe was born mature in Strength, and in all the Bloom of Youth: And we have a Prophecy amongſt us, that ſo ſhe ſhall remain while this World laſts. But her Caſe is very peculiar, in that no time can come when her Father will be releaſed from his Care: for the moment he ceases to ſupport her Head with his mighty Arm, all her Dignity (I ſunder at the Thought) muſt vaniſh and the Goddeſs herſelf ſink into nothing. All her Progeny you, who come

* N. B. As it was neceſſary to make either *Folly* or *Envy* of the Maſculine Gender, and as either would have done equal Violence to Mythology, I have choſe the former; becauſe I think the latter hath of the two the beſt Pretenſions to the Gender I have here aſſigned her.

" come only as a Spectator, see plainly are fastened to her Girdle with Cords as big as Cable-Ropes; but to those who come here as Worshippers of the Goddess, the Ropes are invisible, and the Connection between the Mother and her Children is not seen; so that, blinded by my Assistance, they view every thing according to their own Fancy.

" If you observe, your Fellow-Travelers are divided into several Classes; this is done, that we may distinguish which of *great Pride's* Children they like most, and to whom they chuse to pay their Court. There you see on the Goddess's Right Hand sits *Insolence*, with her Neck almost broke by continual Endeavours to lift her Head to the Clouds, and her Face distorted with contemptuous never-ceasing Sneers, looking on every thing around her as Objects of her Scorn. But you may see *Pride* holding in her Hand her favourite Daughter *Envy*, who of all her Children has been the most fruitful. For from an incestuous Amour with her Grandfather *Folly*, she gave birth to *Malignity*, *Spiteful Criticism*, *false Ridicule*, and all that numerous Race of Beings, whose whole Delight is in pulling others down. From her own skinny Breast, where is a continual Source of Venom, do all her Offspring take their Nourishment; and notwithstanding they delight to bite their Mother, yet such is her Fondness for them, that she never throws them from her Arms; but continues to embrace and feed them, without any Intermision; seeming pleased with the Pain they give her. These again engender by the Venom they suck from their Mother, and multiply daily. The monstrous Productions they bring forth are difficult to describe. They seldom come to Maturity, and are often so heavy and unanimated, that one can hardly say they live at all. Their Skin is as hard as Leather, and their Limbs distorted into various Folds and Sizes, which are called *Folio's*, *Quarto's*, or *Duodecimo's*, according to their Bigness.

" THEY are spread all over with black Spots, in colour not unlike Ink. These little ugly Monsters from the Time they are born, do nothing but quarrel and fight, which has the most Beauty; and their Claims are supported by their respective Parents, who take great Care of

“ of them, and endeavour by all means possible to keep
 “ them alive : But it is all to no purpose ; for the Space
 “ of four and twenty Hours generally puts an End to
 “ them, and they are never heard of afterwards. Some
 “ of *Envy's* Offspring indeed are barren, and do not breed
 “ at all ; and those who are so, spend their whole Time
 “ in sucking the Venom, and then spurring it out of
 “ their Mouths at the rest ; and this is accompanied with
 “ a Noise, somewhat like a human Voice, only so hoarse
 “ and loud, that it almost deafens all who come within
 “ the Reach of the Sound.

“ THAT horrible Figure on the left Hand of *Pride*,
 “ is called *Ill-nature* ; and altho' she never stirs from her
 “ Mother's Side, yet it is not publickly known whose
 “ Daughter she is ; nay, she herself sometimes disowns
 “ her Parentage, and insists upon it, that she made her-
 “ self : but the Goddess knows how to punish such In-
 “ gratitude, and will not let her have one Votary, till she
 “ has asked pardon, and acknowledged her Descent : then
 “ she has the Power of exerting herself as much as she
 “ pleases ; and it is amazing how many Inventions she
 “ contrives, to rack and torture the Minds of others.

“ PERHAPS you may be surprized to see here many
 “ Beings, of whose Existence you must be certain, and
 “ yet know not, that *Pride*, born of great *Folly*, was the
 “ Original of them all. Here *Cruelty* and *Tyranny* take
 “ up their Habitation, nay, even *Luxury* often worships
 “ our Goddess, tho' her Birth is dubious, and she pays
 “ her Court alternatively here, and to the Goddess of
 “ *Pleasure*.” I replied, that she judged right, for that
 I did indeed see many Persons there, of whose Descent I
 had been hitherto doubtful. I begged her to tell me in
 what manner *Pride* rewarded her Followers ; she told me,
 she could not stay any longer with me, for she was called
 upon to assist in that Ceremony, which could not be per-
 formed without her ; but if I would observe her narrowly,
 I should be able to satisfy my own Curiosity. In saying
 this, she left me, and advancing immediately to the
 Throne, threw herself at *Pride's* Footstool.

“ *PRIDE* raised and embraced her, saying : “ My Dear
 “ *Deception*, I must confess you perform your Duty, in
 “ bringing me and my Offspring those Worshipers, we
 “ so

“ so justly merit ; and, if it was not for my natural Antipathy to the Word *Thanks*, I am not sure, that I should not acknowledge you deserve them : but go, reward my Votaries in the usual manner.”

DECEPTION bowed low, and seemed greatly rejoiced at her Command ; she then went round to every Inhabitant of the Palace, who each of them gave her a little Picture, thro’ the Middle of which she made a Hole with a small Screw, (of which she was provided with great Numbers) and left the Screw in it. The moment my Fellow-Travellers saw this done, they all began to beckon, and call to her at once. She went to them as fast as possible one after another ; they caressed her at first with great Joy, but by their distorted Countenances, I visibly perceived, she contrived some Method of putting them to great pain.

WHEN the Ceremony was over, I called to her, and begged an Explanation of what I had seen. She frowned, and expressed much Ill-Humour, at being obliged to gratify me, and then began, by saying ; “ I thought your own penetrating Eyes would have unravelled the Mysteries of this Place ; but since I find it is otherwise, and it is my unhappy Lot to reveal them unto you, know that all those Pictures, through which you saw me put the Screws, are hieroglyphical Representations of some Virtue or Faculty of the Mind : for example, that given me by *Insolence*, is a Representation of *Greatness of Mind* ; that by *spiteful Criticism*, of *Learning and Understanding* ; that by *false Ridicule*, of *true Wit* ; that by *Ill Nature*, of *Justice* ; that by *Envy*, of *Penetration* ; and so all the rest. I have the Power of screwing into the Bosoms of all who love and caress me, that Picture, of which they make choice. This puts them to great pain, but yet they are so eager to have it done, that they suffer it very patiently. Sometimes, when I meet with any small Seed of that Virtue or Faculty of the Mind, which my Picture only falsely represents, I am at great trouble to root it out ; but then the Reflection, how much I impose on these Fools, (who by cultivating and improving this Seed, might really possess what they suffer so much only to fancy they possess) doubly overpays my Labour, and I am ready to burst my Sides with laughing. The moment I have screwed my Picture

"quite into the Bosom of my Goddess's Worshippers, they
 "have a Power of turning their Eyes inward, and look-
 "ing at it for the rest of their Lives. In this, and in en-
 "deavouring to prove to others that this Representation
 "is Reality, they spend their time, and grow very fond of
 "all those who either do believe them, or tell them they
 "do; but those who are too faithful to try to impose on
 "them, and would be glad to take from their Bosoms
 "this painful Screw, and in its stead place there what is
 "truly valuable, they hate and never forgive. This is
 "the Cause of a very great part of the Discord and Con-
 "tention in the World. But whenever two People meet
 "who have the same Representations in their Bosoms, they
 "are then apparent Friends, though generally secret Ene-
 "mies. I have no power to do this to any but those who
 "voluntarily care for me; and, with the Exception only of
 "some few Persons whom Curiosity draws hither, all who
 "enter this Place are fond of me."

HERE she ceased: I stood a small time astonished at
 what she had told me; and then desired her only to in-
 form me of one thing more, namely, whether *Pride* never
 rewarded her Followers with fine Equipage, Grandeur,
 Finery, &c. My Guide smiled, and said that was the com-
 mon Question of the Curious. But, continued she, "My
 "Goddess scorns to give such Rewards, her Votaries are
 "often seen in Rags: But *Vanity*, who is so distant a Re-
 "lation of hers that she will hardly deign to own her,
 "keeps her Court not a great way off; whither if you
 "will go, you may see what by Mistake you imagined
 "was to be found here."

I PRESENTLY set out as directed to *Vanity's* Court;
 but the Road was so encumbered with *Ribbands*, *Fringes*,
Gold and *Silver Lace*, and all Sorts of Finery, that my
 Feet were entangled every Step I took; and the prancing
 Horses which drew after them *gilt Coaches* and *Chariots*,
 were like every Moment to have run over me; so that it
 was so tiresome, I left it, and turned up another Path, and
 endeavoured to find my way back again to the Gates, ve-
 ry melancholy that I had found no Palace where I could
 wish to stay: but I had now no Guide, and was bewil-
 dered in my own Thoughts; when turning my Eyes on
 my Right Hand, I saw, in a narrow winding Lane, a small
 Party

Party that seemed to walk cheerfully on, notwithstanding any Difficulties they encountered on the Road. Curiosity led me to join them; and as soon as I came within their reach, the hindmost held out a friendly Hand to help me on; for here, quite contrary to all the other Companies I have described, every one helped his next Neighbour as much as lay in his power, which softened the Roughness of the Way, and made the most rugged Paths seem easy to us. Our Guide's Name was *Patience*, and her continual Smiles and merry Countenance gladdened our Hearts, and made us forget every disagreeable thing in our Passage. Just as we were getting out of this intricate Path, and saw before us the most beautiful Prospect imaginable, at the very opening of the Gate that led to this charming Scene, were *Avarice*, *Ambition*, *Pride*, and *Pleasure*; in short, all the Deities at whose Palaces we had already been, were assembled, in order to prevent our entering it, and by the Arts they used, they greatly lessened our Train. But we the few resolute who overcame them, the Moment we had forced our way through, were delivered by *Patience* over to *Truth*, who conducted us on to the Palace of *Benevolence*. Under the Direction of such a Guide, we seemed to fly rather than walk; the Prospect enlarged, and the Road grew broader every Step we went. When we arrived, at the Command of our Guide all the Gates flew open; and the Countenance of all the Inhabitants was enough to infuse Joy and Gladness into the most insensible Hearts. The Goddess of the Place, who is called *Benevolence*, or *real Love*, makes it her whole Study hourly to enhance the Pleasure of her Followers. On her Right-Hand sits *soft Compassion*, ever studying the Good of her Objects; and on her Left is placed *gentle Tenderness*, with eyes overflowing with Tears of Sorrow or of Joy; though in this happy Place the latter was most times the Case. In all the other Palaces I had heard of these two Beings, especially in that of *Pride*, but till now never saw any Signs of them. I had so often heard it disputed whether they had any Existence at all, that I was overjoyed at the Sight of them. The very Words *Malignity*, *Anger*, *Strife*, *Envy*, &c. were banished hence; and what elsewhere would be called the Height of Friendship, here was but the common Behaviour of every Man to his Acquaintance; the

Rule

Rule of their Lives was the Gospel. In short, here Christianity was really taught and really practised. Error and Infirmities even here crept in, but they served only to promote the Humility and Penitence of the Offenders, and exert the Compassion and Good-Nature of all the rest. The Sentence, *They deserve no Pity, because it is their own Fault*, however common it may be in the World, was never heard in this Place; on the contrary, Compassion was here heightened, in proportion, as the Grief of the Sufferer must be the greater. Here an innocent Inclination was always sure to be gratified; because the very hinting such an Inclination was Reason enough for whoever heard it, to endeavour to fulfil it without any *why's* or *wherefore's*. If it would but stand the Test of being innocent, all farther Examination ceased. Here all common Amusements were heightened into Pleasures, by being participated with others; and the Moderation with which they were enjoyed, prevented any ill Consequence from attending them. Here every relative Duty, such as that from Parents to Children, and that from Children to Parents, &c. were so exactly performed, that no Complaints of heart-breaking Torments from the ill Usage of others were ever heard; nor was that sort of Melancholy to be seen on any Countenance, that indicates a Mind tormented by tender Grief. Here every Seed of real unaffected Virtue was cultivated and improved; and, consequently, all the real Happiness Human Nature is capable of was here enjoyed, and doubled by the Hopes of yet greater.

I Was so pleased with this Scene, that I wished never to lose the View of it; but alas! I awoke, and all the Vision vanished from my Eyes.

F I N I S.

